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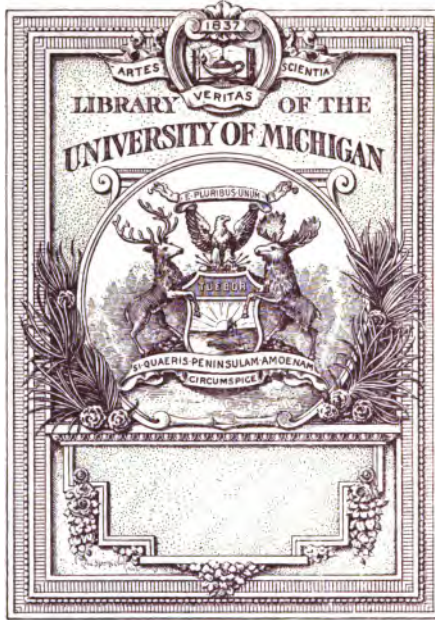
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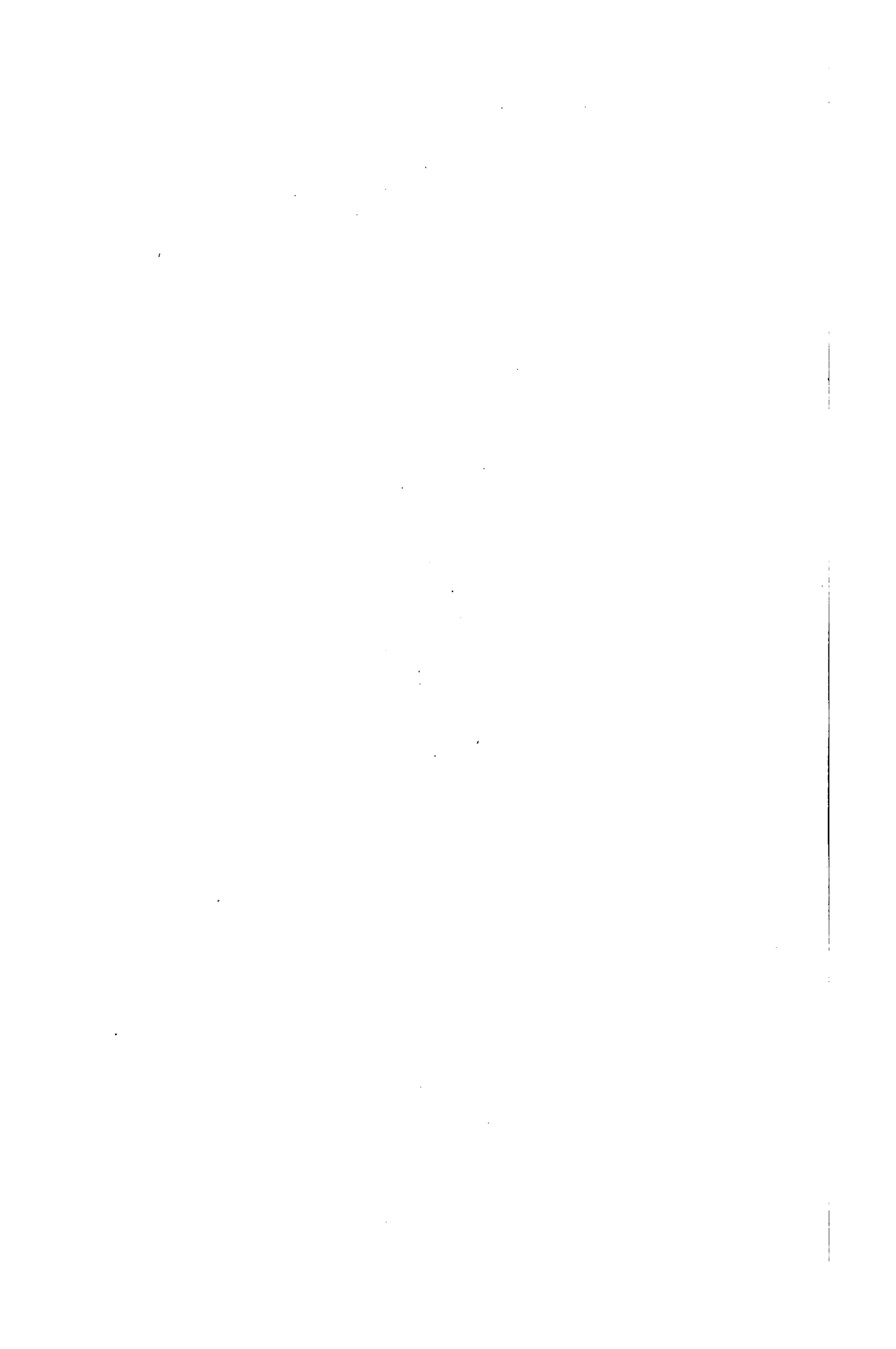
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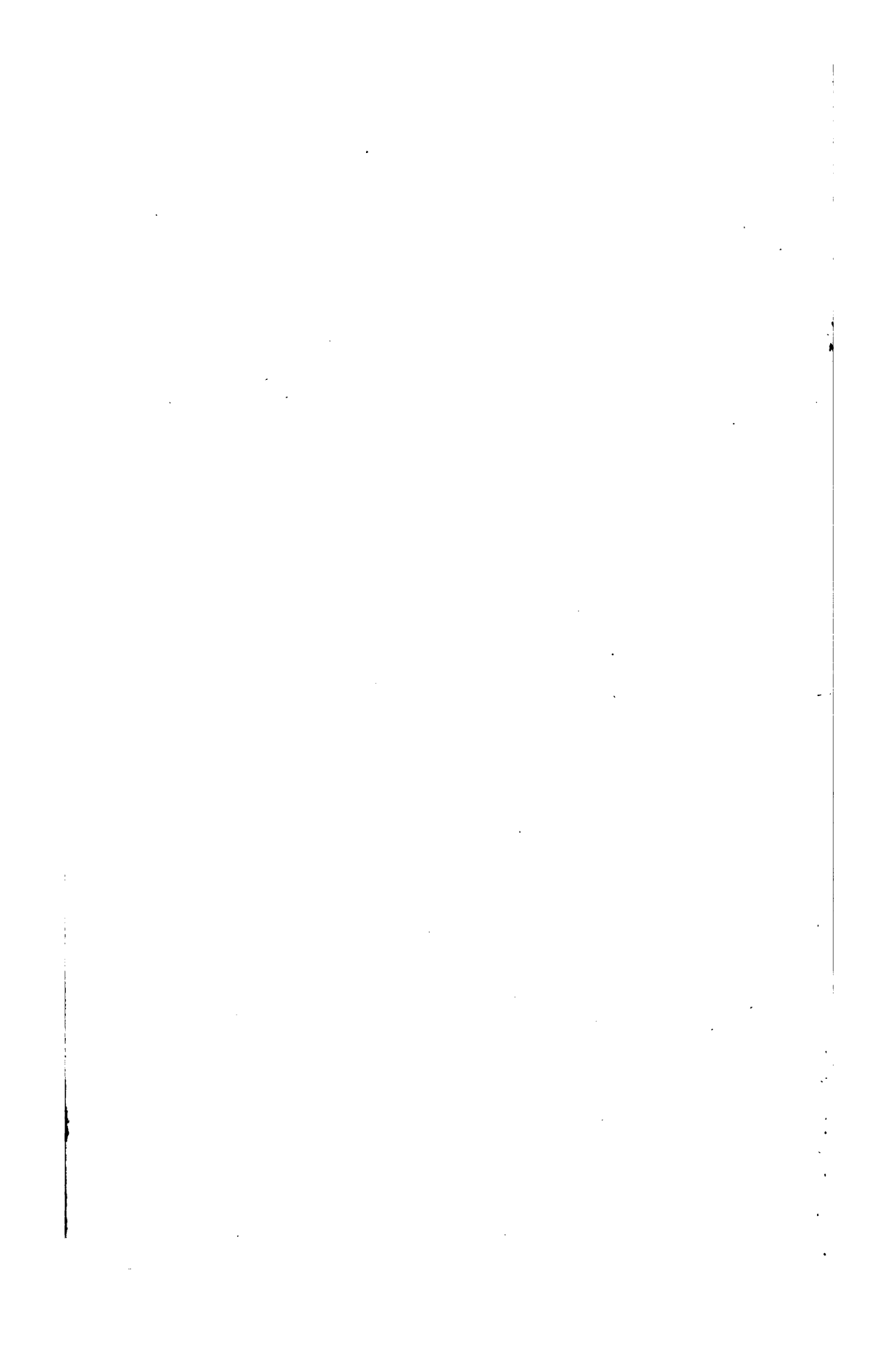
THE
MAKING OF A MIRACLE

THE TRUE STORY OF
NEW POMPEI

T. W. S. Jones BY
T. W. S. JONES



LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1907



ERRATA.

Page.	Line.	
9	— 9	for 'Colaruccio' read 'Colacurcio.'
10	— 23	„ 'redeemng' read 'redeeming.'
48	— 1	„ 'University of Padua' read 'University of Rome.'
120	— 29	„ 'subterannean' read 'subterranean.'
125	— 4	„ 'twelve (years)' read '(twelve years).'
175	— 6	„ 'Norcira' read 'Nocera.'
176	— 28	„ 'and priests' read 'priests.'
„	— 29	„ 'leaving' read 'leading.'
177	— 3	„ 'Pontiflex' read 'Pontifex.'

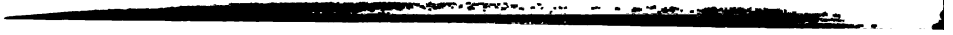
92 — 9 It would be correct to double the *m* in the word Castellammare — Bishop of 'Castella' becomes 'Castellam'--'mare' follows in the next line.

...ology of the Spanish religion has been more cordially accepted by the populace, and has more thoroughly dominated and coloured popular life; Spain itself cannot outrival South Italy for excess of superstitious devotion, nor can the Eternal City outdo fair Naples in hearty acceptance of the grossest materialistic travesties of Gospel truths.

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Revised 1-25-34, EWG



PREFACE

'Look at Popery taking off the mask in Naples!'

LETTER OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

VERY few words are necessary to explain what have been the author's aim and hope in compiling the ensuing account.

He has wished to set before his countrymen at home a true and vivid picture of Romanism as it lives and moves and grows amid congenial surroundings in its native land of Italy, the chosen home of the Pope-King, the cradle of the world-wide superstition that has become so gigantic and so formidable.

Until the great year 1860, when the kingdom of Naples cast in its lot with united Italy, Romanism reigned without a rival and without control in the fair Southern realm of the Two Sicilies; here it expanded in unchecked freedom, and it would be difficult to point to another region where the peculiar mythology of the Romish religion has been more cordially accepted by the populace, and has more thoroughly dominated and coloured popular life; Spain itself cannot outrival South Italy for excess of superstitious devotion, nor can the Eternal City outdo fair Naples in hearty acceptance of the grossest materialistic travesties of Gospel truths.

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A typical, but not extreme, instance of modern Romish religionism *at home* is supplied by the story of New Pompei and its great Sanctuary of 'the Madonna of the Rosary,' a Sanctuary which is the newest, the most fashionable, the most widely popular, the most successful of the countless 'miraculous' shrines devoted to the worship of that deified mortal, adored by *good* Roman Catholics the world over—that goddess who has inherited the attributes of many different Greek and Roman goddesses, and who is revered, not only as 'Mother of God,' but as being equal in power and glory with her Divine Son—the Papal Mary, the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, the crowned Queen of Heaven, Victrix over heretics : in whom it is hard indeed to recognize the meek and holy Mary of the Gospels.

The authentic story of the wonder-working 'Madonna of New Pompei' (her votaries fondly style her 'la Prodigiosa Vergine di Nuova Pompei') is derived from the accounts published by the founder of the Sanctuary, Don Bartolo Longo.

He glories—and he well may glory—in the fact that the Sanctuary which he, a mere layman, originated and carried on to 'its present triumphant success'—success not inferior to that of world-famous Lourdes—is under the special patronage of the reigning Pope Pius X., as it was under that of his immediate predecessor, Leo XIII. Two 'infallible' Pontiffs have stamped the seal of their official approval on New Pompei and its shrine ; their solemn benediction has been given to the enterprise and its promoters.

Let those who study the record here presented to them bear in mind the significant fact that the Roman Catholic

Church, through its official head, has identified itself with New Pompei.

It is only requisite to say further that the author of this story of the 'Making of a Miracle' has watched the enterprise of Signor Longo at New Pompei through every stage of its advance, and that his relations with the founder of the Sanctuary have always been friendly.

A. E. K.



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THE MAKING OF A MIRACLE

I

THE PILGRIMS

'I stood within the city disinterred ;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
The mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood ;
I felt that earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not. Through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining ocean flood,
A plane of light between two heavens of azure.
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;
But every lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought, and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move or grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life, even as the Power Divine,
Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.'

SHELLEY : *Ode to Naples.*

MODERN pilgrims are less picturesque than those of the olden time. They dress in the unlovely fashion of to-day ; their aspect and their speech tell of prosaic modern life. Yet no mail-clad Knight of the Red Cross, no medieval palmer with 'cockle hat, staff, and sandal shoon,' was more imbued with the ancient spirit of pilgrimage than are those who resort to the many wonder-working shrines of

Italy to-day. There is, as of old, a strange blending of the spiritual with the mercenary ; of joyous pleasure-seeking and of penitential woe ; of the love of lucre and the longing after God.

These mixed elements may be seen in full play among those who mingle with the steady stream of pilgrims flowing towards the great shrine of ' the Madonna of the Rosary ' in Valle di Pompei, and in the management and the history of the Sanctuary itself.

It boasts of far higher spiritual privileges than those attaching to older rival shrines of the Virgin, and its frequenters, as befits them, do not indulge in all the wild gaiety, the ostentation of magnificence, which characterize such festas as that of the yearly pilgrimage, beloved of many a Neapolitan family, to the renowned Sanctuary of Monte Vergine.

Let us look for a moment at the ways of this typically Neapolitan religious festival.

Well-to-do ' pilgrims ' repair to it in roomy open carriages, drawn, as a rule, by three horses, harnessed abreast, with richly and fantastically ornamented trappings and jingling bells, their heads plumed with brilliant feathers and wreathed with gay ribbons and flowers. At these festas prizes are given for the best-adorned carriages and the finest steeds. Happy are the winners ; their chariots are described and their names published in the daily papers.

The return from the Sanctuary of Monte Vergine is a very picturesque event, drawing crowds of spectators, and traffic in some of the main streets is suspended, so that the madly racing, gorgeous carriages, hung with rosary strings of chestnuts, may pass safely, with their loads of toys and sweets for the children, and their indispensable tiny water-barrel to drink from by the dusty way.

But the great attraction centres in ' their Majesties,' as the lady pilgrims are called. They are glorious in silks and satins, green, blue, rose-colour, red, or golden yellow ; in Canton-crape shawls, immense pearl earrings, brooches, and bracelets of heavy gold. For this one day's display they will have saved and stinted, so as to be able to redeem their heirlooms

from the pawnbroker, the chosen guardian of such treasures. On they dash in all their splendour, only slowing up as they approach some denser crowd, to give the admiring, shouting, applauding people a better chance to inspect their magnificence, and to vociferate their approval. Dear is this approval to the hearts of the gorgeously clad 'pilgrims.'

The pilgrims to New Pompei do not conform to all these time-honoured Neapolitan fashions; theirs is a soberer pilgrimage. Peasants from the inland districts travel in carts, waggons, vehicles of every sort, drawn by horse or mule or ass, and frequently fitted with awnings to exclude the blaze of sunshine, or overarched with leafy branches of vine or fig. They go singing on their way in gladness of heart; these Southerners are frolicsome even in their piety. On reaching the outskirts of the city they descend from their conveyances, and walk in procession to the church, chanting litany or hymn. A cross is borne before them, and thus they approach the Sanctuary in orthodox pilgrim style. Laughter is hushed; all thoughts seem bent on the sorrows or the sins that have led them to seek the Virgin's shrine. Such is the pilgrimage of the simple folk from the inland.

But visitors from North, Central, Southern Italy, from France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, from the British Isles, and from America avail themselves of train service. Special pleasure-trips are run, but many pilgrims come by ordinary train. We meet them thronging the railway-station at Naples, or perchance travel with them in the same carriage on their way to the famous Sanctuary.

The public is solicited in every way to make the journey; advertisements are not lacking, nor any of the wonted devices for floating a business enterprise. Interested waiters in the hotels, zealous devotees on the way, beset the tourist in Italy, set forth the wonders of New Pompei, and extol the triumphant faith of the founders.

'Everyone goes to New Pompei,' the traveller is told—
'everyone, gentle and simple, rich and poor; everyone, from the fair and honoured Queen Margherita, to the peasant by

the way. You really must go, too. Protestants and unbelievers are found visiting the Sanctuary, it is such a wonder—a miracle of faith and of modern philanthropy; a shrine where prodigies of supernatural power put scepticism to confusion; a city that at the Virgin's bidding has risen from the ashes of pagan Pompei!

The zealots have learned their lesson well; their voices faithfully echo the utterances of the Sanctuary and of its promoters. We set forth towards New Pompei.

Our way is the usual railway ride from Naples towards ancient Pompei. Skirting the Bay along the lower slopes of Vesuvius, we pass over lava-beds, over buried cities half unearthened, where the victims of long-past volcanic convulsions are still discovered. We note the bridge, graced by the effigy of St. Januarius, with hand outstretched towards the volcano, as if to command its fiery streams to stay. The Bay opens out before us. Naples is seen behind us, piled up on terraced heights towards the crowning fortress of St. Elmo, with the white convent of San Martino before it. Across the blue waters of the Bay we look towards the Sorrentine promontory, and discern beyond it the fair isle of Capri, and Ischia in the remoter distance. There, far away, is Cape Misenum, there Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts; there renowned Baia, the pleasure resort of luxurious Rome in its Imperial days. Nearing Pompei, we have on our right the sea, on our left the heights of Vesuvius. The hollow of the Atrio del Cavallo divides the active cone from the serrated rocks of Monte Somma. This vast hollow is the now silent crater of what *was* a single mountain in the terrible year A.D. 79, when from that great crater suddenly burst forth the rivers of molten lava, and the dense clouds of vapour, ashes, and lapilli which overwhelmed Herculaneum, Pompei, Stabia, and many other cities on the mountain and along the shore.

Doubtless among the pilgrims there will be some sincere Romanists who are alive to the enchantments of the scene, and some acquainted with the glories of its past. For them

this will be the most delightful pilgrimage possible, for to the beauty of the scene and to its unequalled historic associations are added extraordinary spiritual attractions. The earnestly believing Roman Catholic pilgrim, studying his 'Guide to the Sanctuary,' reads: 'Each Mass said at any one of the altars frees one soul from Purgatory.' He learns that 'he is approaching the Throne, the Pavilion, the chosen Dwelling-place of the "Queen of Heaven"; and he cherishes the hope that not only is he acquiring merit by this pilgrimage to Her favoured shrine, but that She may deign to reward his faith by some special miracle worked on his behalf when he has knelt in homage before Her wonder-working picture.

Is it not the boast of the guardians of the Sanctuary that, since its erection, the 'Queen of Heaven' has taken the often-destroyed cities near Valle di Pompei under Her special guardianship, and has suffered no great harm to come to them? Look at Torre del Greco, the seven times destroyed city, seven times rebuilt, and note the prosperous aspect it wears to-day, thanks to the holy 'Mother of God' adored in the neighbouring Sanctuary.

The Neapolitan pilgrims are telling stories of the helplessness of 'commonplace saints and Madonnas of no special eminence' to stay the threatening lava-flow in former eruptions; but their trust is constant in the great and mighty Madonna of New Pompei to avert all future catastrophes from the region honoured by Her presence. Was not Her shrine singled out for especial patronage by the Pope so devoutly attached to the cult of the Blessed Virgin, Leo XIII. himself?

From Torre del Greco the train runs on past Torre Annunziata and Torre Centrale to the station of Pompei. Strangely sounds that name as called out by the guard at a modern railway-station—the name of Pompei, the City of the Dead, where every successive excavation is a new revelation of the past. But we are not now concerned with the history of that once gay and luxurious little city, suddenly smitten in the pride of its sin, and mysteriously preserved, the embalmed corpse of dead Roman life, for the wonder and the awe of

to-day. We think rather of the connection existing between the old Pompei and the new.

The founders of the Sanctuary insist much on that connection. It was, they say, the Madonna's will expressly revealed which determined their choice of the site; it was Her command that on the spot where all the vices of the old pagan world had held high carnival, on the land close to the old pagan amphitheatre, She would choose to manifest Her glory in wonders of healing for the regeneration of society, for the redemption of the age, for the 'restitution of all things.'

The train runs on to the station of Valle di Pompei, only a 'little mile' further; and the pilgrims, leaving the train, betake themselves to the broad road leading to the Sanctuary. It is used for the Stations of the Cross, and styled the Via Sacra, like a more famous ancient pagan road. At the top of this Sacred Way stands the cluster of buildings which constitute New Pompei, the 'City of the Queen of Heaven'—the domed church, the orphanage, the tower used as a meteorological observatory, the 'Hospice for the Children of Criminals.' It cannot be denied that admirable discretion has been shown in the choice of a site, whether we ascribe that choice to the command of the Virgin, with the founders, or to their own merely human foresight and business instinct, according to the judgment of jealous detractors. Here are all the charms of the loveliest scenery of earth blended with the unequalled interest of ancient Pompei, where met the olden Oscan, Greek, and Roman civilizations. Above us towers the threatening height of Vesuvius, with its ever-burning fires, the mountain in whose caverns Spartacus gathered his army of revolted slaves, and whence he led them to their heroic but ineffectual battle against the tyranny of Rome. Beyond stands the Castle of Nocera, associated with legend and history of more modern times. Certainly Bartolo Longo, the founder of the Sanctuary, and his Countess-wife were well advised when they resolved to instal this new wonder-working shrine in so attractive a situation. They were not blind to the picturesque of the moral contrast between the evil fame of old Pompei and the glories of their own deified Patroness, nor to the

perilous charm of a new miraculous centre of world pilgrimage placed under the very shadow of Vesuvius ; rather do they insist on the Divine wisdom of the heavenly mandate which, as they assert, compelled their choice. It may be added also that there was considerable worldly wisdom in locating the Sanctuary so near Naples, the largest and busiest city of Italy, the commercial centre of the South, the meeting-place of countless travellers passing between the Old World and the New, between the British Isles and Greater Britain. For not a few of these pilgrims of pleasure, of commerce, of art, and of antiquarian research are induced to join in the pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of the Madonna of the Rosary at New Pompei.

II

'WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?'

LEAVING the train at Valle di Pompei, we ascend the Sacred Way. If it be one of the great festa days of May or October, we shall find it thronged. Train after train coming in brings crowds of pilgrim visitors, some intent on acquitting themselves of heart-felt vows made in hours of distress, in homes shadowed by sorrow or sin, in dark days of sickness or impending death; some moved by curiosity, enjoying an outing agreeably flavoured by religion; some, wholly untouched by pious feeling, acting as escort to a devouter relative, and evidently weary of the ceremonial routine—a dear price to pay for the carousal that forms no unfrequent part of this religious picnic.

The Via Sacra is thinly bordered by houses, beginning with the 'Trattoria' outside the railway-station. This does a brisk business, much aided by its agents, who mingle with the crowd. A more distinguished restaurant, avowedly run in the interests of the Sanctuary, stands at the upper end of the Via Sacra, where it forms an angle with the great Provincial Road leading in one direction to Salerno, in the other to Naples and the various centres of the Southern Provinces. On this highway, fronting the Bay, and stretching back toward the slopes of Vesuvius, stand the clustered buildings of New Pompei, dominated by the church, as we have already described them.

Again we admire the admirable judgment which has ruled this choice of site. Bands of pilgrims approach in both directions, from Naples and from Salerno, from Torre and from Cava and Nocera. Travelling on foot, on donkeys, in carts,

in carrozzellas, they seem to come from everywhere, and to be of every class—prince and peasant, priest and beggar, artisan and pedler—all swayed by one impulse, all intent on one object—the Sanctuary of the Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei.

It may be asked, What constitutes a Sanctuary? In his 'Lotte e Vittorie del Santuario di Pompei,' ('Struggles and Victories of the Sanctuary of Pompei'), the priestly Doctor and Professor Giuseppe Colaruccio supplies a definition of 'Christian Sanctuaries' quite bewildering in verbosity, from which the patient reader gathers that Sanctuaries are certain holy places 'found only in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church,' to which Church alone the Almighty has conceded 'the prerogative' of miracle-working, as a testimony of her Divine origin; and that the place in which 'the extra-natural condenses itself in some surprising way by means of miracles' is rightly called 'a Sanctuary.'

As a Sanctuary, then, New Pompei claims to be a visible proof of the Divine prerogative, the *exclusive* prerogative of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a 'holy place' where the 'extra-natural condenses itself in a surprising way by means of miracles'; it is recognised as such by the full authority of the Papacy.

This is what 'we came out for to see.'

If we would more fully realize the stupendous claims advanced for New Pompei in particular, we must consult the special literature of this Sanctuary, printed and published at its own printing-office by the energetic founder, Signor Bartolo Longo.

'God,' we read, 'has willed to save the modern world by the Rosary of His Divine Mother. The Sanctuary of New Pompei offers salvation to the lost; . . . it is the spiritual restoration of society by Christ and the Most Blessed Virgin. Our age, in its civil disturbances, its wars, its moral perversion, is in some points a reproduction of the times of St. Dominic' (the originator of the devotions of the Rosary). 'The banner of the Rosary is anew unfurled by a Pope of

whom history will speak as one of the greatest champions of the Rosary' (a boast quite justified by the express words of Leo XIII.). 'God, through this Holy Image venerated in New Pompei, has shed forth those many mercies which have moved the world.'

This, then, we 'came out for to see'—that domed church proclaimed by Pope and by Jesuit, by the authentic literature of New Pompei and by the Romanist press, as the sacred spot where the Madonna has elected to show the wonders of her queenly grace for the salvation of modern society.

Rather, it is the temple of a renewed attack, under the banner of the Rosary and in the spirit of the Inquisitor Dominic, on the religious liberty of the world, and on the sole sovereignty of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

If we enter the church, and are permitted to see the miraculous picture—the 'Holy Image,' according to Pope Leo—we shall be looking on what that Pope recognises as the instrument God has used 'to move the world.' He and the founders of the Sanctuary would have us believe that when we enter there we are admitted into the presence chamber of the Queen of Heaven, verily present, through a supernatural power in her painted image, to inaugurate a new era, a new dispensation of redeeming, regenerating grace. If closely pressed, the devotees will own that the image has no inherent virtue of its own, but it is 'a chosen instrument'; it is the vehicle of miraculous and saving virtue. The Cardinal Lucido Maria Parrochi, writing Signor Longo, says:

'You know how great is the devotion I profess to this thaumaturgic Image. . . . It is the outgoing of the miraculous efficacy of the Image that makes the Sanctuary a Beacon of Divine Light.'

It is this localization of the supernatural which is the secret of the success of the undertaking. But though the thaumaturgic force is supposed to be centred in the Image and Sanctuary, yet these are presented to the world as a centre whence miraculous power goes forth to all the altars of the Madonna of New Pompei, to all the reproductions of her picture, and is communicated by her special rites and prayers to every

congregation and every devotee making use of them throughout the world.

In this respect the Sanctuary of New Pompei stands unique amidst rival sanctuaries. Its special Madonna has now her altars in many places in Italy, in France, in other European countries, in every quarter of the globe where Roman Catholics are found. Thus the Sanctuary resembles nothing so much as the power-centre of some electric station, generating currents that travel far and wide; but the messages flashed from it are laden with the most fatal errors of degenerate Romanism.

To me New Pompei is a power-centre of Antichristian error, and its message, flashing East and West, North and South, is 'another Gospel' than that of Paul—the Gospel of the Rosary.

III

THE FOUNDERS

IN the midst of a beautiful valley on the south-east or Ionian coast of Italy, between Brindisi and Gallipoli, lies the quiet little commune of Latiano, a modest country town of the province of Lecce. Its whitewashed houses rise tier above tier amid the green encircling hills, rich in silvery green olives, in orange and lemon groves, whose golden fruit gleams amid polished evergreen foliage, in fruitful vineyards. This peaceful pastoral spot is noted for its cleanly ways; its women are admired for their classic Greek style of beauty; its inhabitants at large for their quiet, frugal, laborious lives of Arcadian simplicity. One of the more opulent families of Latiano was that of Dr. Bartolomeo Longo, to whom, on February 10, 1841, was born the son whom he named Bartolo, and who became one of the founders of the Sanctuary of New Pompei. A life of Bartolo, published by his priestly coadjutor Romanelli, is one of the most authoritative sources of information as to the Longo family and its widely celebrated son.

Dr. Bartolomeo Longo, skilful in his profession, and deservedly prosperous, was held in high esteem at Latiano, and consulted by its inhabitants in many a little difficulty of their rustic lives. His wife, whose maiden name was Luperelli, by her sincere but superstitious devotion to the Virgin, did much to determine the future bent of her son's mind. It would seem, too, that in the Longo family there was a strongly Dominican Inquisitorial strain of Romish piety. An ancestor, Angelo Longo, being Mayor of Latiano, and learning that on a great Church festa a cartload of wood had been driven into

the town, convoked the inhabitants, and caused the oxen to be unyoked, and cart and load to be consumed in one vast pyre—an *auto-da-fé* indeed, in expiation of the 'sacrilege.' The poor carter, vainly weeping and imploring, was a helpless witness of this sacrifice.

When old enough to leave home, the boy Bartolo was sent to Francavilla Fontana, there to be educated by certain monks called the Scolopii. Here he was plunged in an atmosphere of fantastic legendary superstition. Francavilla had its own 'miraculous' image of the Virgin, enshrined in a 'miraculously' discovered cave. A huntsman, aiming at a stag, was amazed to see his arrow pass over the thick leafage which hid this cave, and then return and fall at his feet. Search was made, the mystic cavern was discovered, and in it the statue, which the erudite and sceptical recognised as ancient Greek sculpture, a relic of the palmy—and pagan—days of Magna Græcia; but by medieval faithful followers of Rome it was acclaimed as an undoubted miraculous Madonna, and thenceforth duly adored as such.

The monkish masters of young Bartolo's mind fully accepted this and cognate legends as historically, and indeed as Divinely, true, and trained him carefully in their own ideas. 'Do not send your children to the Friars; they can only make sheep of them,' is a saying quoted with approval by an intelligent Roman Catholic writer. But it was under such masters that the boy remained during the eleven fateful years between 1847 and 1858—the memorable period when Italy, with Europe, sought for freedom through revolution, was crushed and silenced for a little while in 1848, until with 1858 there dawned the great day when the Italian peoples rose again in the name of Freedom and of Right, and were crushed no more, but went on to achieve independence and unity.

Strange is the attitude assumed by some modern champions of the Papacy, that power which was wont to rule with a rod of iron over the thrones and peoples of the South, and which only yesterday, by the mouth of Pope Leo XIII., was denouncing as a pestilent heresy the liberty of private judgment in religion. Passing strange it is to find the defenders of a

Power essentially despotic vilifying the dead and gone despotism of the Bourbons, its ancient and natural allies, and styling it Satanic and ferocious, a relentless enemy of Southern national life ! But this singular attitude has been forced on very excellent Ultramontanes by the imperative necessity of conciliating if possible the popular feeling of modern Italy, and they willingly ignore the intimate connection between the sins and errors of the Bourbon dynasty and the fatal dominion that Papal Rome so long exercised over sovereign and subjects in the South.

To those who have long been in contact with the inner life of Romanism the matter is not so very surprising, for the history of the Church is one long tissue of conflict between rival Popes, rival Orders, rival monasteries, rival shrines, rival images and pictures. A fair outward show of unity is maintained, and dazzles the simple mind of a Protestant observer too often ; but even the story of such an enthusiast as Don Bartolo Longo and of his wonder-working shrine will show us as in a mirror a reflex of the fratricidal strife which has too often rent the ' Holy Catholic Apostolic Church,' as well as of the years of storm and stress in which he grew to manhood.

The Bourbon rule after 1848 was branded as ' the Negation of God.' The Papacy, fully aware of the growing storm of popular wrath, planned to do away with Austrian supremacy in the North, and to confederate all the smaller Italian States under the headship of the Pope.

With the enthronement of Cardinal Ferretti-Mastai as Pope, with his concession of political amnesty and his promise of liberal reform, the hour of freedom seemed to strike. All Italy gave itself up to a madness of joy and hope, and acclaimed Holy Church as its redeemer. Sicily watched and waited, glowing with expectation. Naples called aloud for ' the Constitution.' Milan had its glorious ' days,' which revealed a brave people impatient of the foreign yoke.

But the sky soon darkened. Milan was reoccupied. Piedmont was defeated at Novara. The Pope Pius IX. failed Italy, and fled to Gaeta, and the people learned how vain it

was to look to the Vatican for constitutional freedom. They learned, too, in hours of disillusion and defeat how to fight their own battle and ultimately win their own freedom.

All these complicated events, all this reawakening national life, deeply impressed the lad Bartolo. Some people trace to his experience during these days the 'opportunism' of his riper years, his more or less successful efforts to associate with his Sanctuary the national aspirations after liberty and glory which defy disaster and survive defeat, and his attempts to symbolize in his wonder-working shrine conciliation between Papal and Italian Rome. He wishes—so he has told the world—to enlist public opinion, the mightiest known force, on his side in his efforts 'to regenerate society.'

'What power is more deeply rooted in public opinion than the Papacy? But is not patriot passion in Italy as great a power? Let the two be reconciled; then shall we find our lever to move the world.'

This, in briefest summary, is Don Bartolo's supposed 'opportunism.'

The young Bartolo's school-days with the monks being over, he applied himself in Lecce to the study of the law. We find him in Brindisi when the Italian Revolution triumphed in the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and the annexation of Naples to the Italian kingdom. From Brindisi the young lawyer came to Naples. Free now from monkish discipline, associating freely with others full of young enthusiasm for the New Italy, he took part with those who rebelled against the tyrannical superstition of his childish years. The reaction in his case was violent. He shook off moral restraints; he led a life of wild gaiety; he expressed in caricature and satire an almost virulent hatred and scorn of the Papacy, of its priesthood, of its monastic Orders. His biographer tells us that he would grind his teeth with rage if he but heard the name of the Grand Inquisitor Guzman, better known as St. Dominic, or any word in praise of the Dominican Order.

At this period he came in contact with the once well-known Father Passaglia, famed for his protest against the temporal power of the Papacy, and with the once-hopeful 'Società

Emancipatrice Cattolica,' which, with its nucleus of 700 priests and 800 laymen, its centres in Florence and Naples, its actual control over seven city churches, was dreaming of a reform in the very bosom of the Church, to be carried out jointly by priests and laity, the Italian Government aiding, and to result in a truly National Italian Church. The generous project was, like all its successors, a predestined failure. Rome, with her immemorial patience, could 'let the children play,' sure of counterplotting their schemes when the inevitable political crisis should arise to make her aid indispensable to the Government; and her calculations proved only too correct.

This reforming society attracted Bartolo. Unhappily, his connection with it brought him acquainted with so-called reformers and insurgent priests of the lowest type. By one immoral priest in particular he was led into wild excesses, while the pantheistic teachings of professors sapped his faith. Too easy was it in former days for students at the University of Naples to sin like Bartolo. In what esteem the class was held may be gathered from the notice, said to be still extant, inscribed on a convent wall: 'Loose women, students, and all such filth, are not allowed to live near this enclosure.'

Fluctuating between the teaching of Hegel and the longing after the living God, like many other doubters, he became a prey to superstition, and was infected with the prevalent mania of spiritualism. Italy was then overrun with mediums, with crystal-gazers, with all the hosts of modern fashionable wizardry, and with the more 'ancient and honourable' sisterhood of gipsy palmists, local witches young and old, and fortune-tellers; and men of not less intelligence and of higher attainments than Bartolo shared in the craze, and became avowed spiritualists. For the masses, accustomed to so-called 'miracles,' authenticated by the Church, but no loftier in character than the cheap wonders of the modern Theosophist, belief in new marvels was only too easy. Spiritualism ran riot in Naples, and Don Bartolo fell a victim to the prevalent delusion. So fully did he become possessed by it that his highest ambition was to be received and acknowledged as a sort of high-priest among the spiritualists, and he humbly

submitted to all the rites and ceremonies essential for his full initiation into the mysteries of this new religion, which proclaimed itself far superior to all others.

This narrative of Bartolo Longo's early errors is essential to the illustration of his mental character. We read in his Life how by penances not unlike those of a Hindu fakir he prepared himself for consecration as a spiritualist high-priest. By just the same kind of 'bodily exercise' would he now have the devout worshippers of Mary and the Saints subdue their physical nature and render it susceptible of ecstatic devotion.

Once he sought counsel of 'the spirits' as to success in University examinations, and worldly matters less important. To-day it is 'the Madonna' whose aid and advice are implored in like fashion by visitors to her favourite shrine, with the full approval, and more than the approval, of the good Bartolo. The Sanctuary is a sort of private inquiry bureau; the homeliest worldly matters are fit subjects for devout inquiry there.

These statements of ours do him no wrong; they are derived from his own printed and published works.

We may learn much from the story of his conversion, which will also make us acquainted with priests and monks who subsequently aided in his great enterprise at New Pompei.

He had learned to look on the excesses of his student life with horror; he wished to renounce and to expiate his past sins; he sought to strengthen himself against temptation, and to win Divine pardon by self-inflicted bodily penance. 'To deny himself all that he most ardently desired, to torment his senses continually,' became his fixed purpose; and by long perseverance in self-torturing effort he trusted that at some far-off period, dim and distant, he might yet earn forgiveness. So little had he ever heard of the true message of Christianity to a world groaning under sin, of the blessed possibility of instant, yet ever-enduring, pardon and peace and purity and heaven—'all the heaven of glorious love.'

While engaged in this hopeless conflict he met an old friend. A few words sufficed to send him as a penitent seeking help to the feet of a confessor, Padre Alberto Ra-

dente, an expert in demoniacal possession and a master in mystic theology. But deeply read as the venerable Dominican might be in occult and theological lore, he seems to have been no real discerner of spirits. He dared not encounter so dangerous a penitent quite alone. A safer position in another confessional, with a second priest stationed near to help in case of need, were necessary before he could hear the confession of this very sinful young man. He heard it at last, and he prescribed the course that the penitent must pursue. All his penitential exercises must be directed towards the rightful object, the Sacred Heart, and he must enter on a course of philanthropic effort. Really, he was set to work at collecting small sums for religious objects, and at paying visits to the great hospital of the *Incurabili*. His biographer tells us, as a proof of the reality of his conversion, that, having been fanatical in his unbelief in Christianity and in his devotion to spiritualism, he now became quite fanatically intolerant towards opponents who dared to dispute his new views of philosophy and religion. The biographer describes Bartolo as 'a born lawyer.' With equal truth he might be described as 'a born bigot,' unable to take any other point of view than his own at any period of his changeful religious history.

The convert, in all his new-born zeal, soon came under the commanding influence of Don Placido, the latest in a long line of able and eloquent ecclesiastics who have powerfully affected the religious life of Naples. Of these we may instance Father Rocco, a gifted preacher beloved of the Lazzaroni, and high in favour at the Bourbon Court; St. Alfonso de' Liguori, known to the Catholic world as the founder of the Redemptionist Order, who, though a canonized Saint and Doctor of the Universal Church, actually died under the Papal ban, having been degraded from his high position in his own Order; and Father Curci, the noble translator of the Vulgate New Testament into Italian, whose spiritual purity and enlightened advocacy of Bible study won for him no favour at the Vatican, but were prized by true Christian hearts throughout all Italy.

A type of priestly character widely differing from that of

Curci, but much more common in Naples, is presented by Don Placido. He had organized a highly popular nightly service in the Church of Gesù Vecchio, at which a poor old rag-gatherer gave exhortations, for Don Placido justly valued lay preaching, and was wont to say : ' You will hear from the lips of the rag-gatherer things that the priests themselves do not know.'

Placido relied on two great forces in these evening services. One was the terror of the wrath of God—and nightly did the darkened church resound with the most appalling descriptions of the future doom of the wicked ; the other was artfully planned theatrical effect.

Don Bartolo looked on with delight at the triumphs of his friend's scenic art. Amid the blaze of a hundred candles reflected from glittering priestly robes and richly decorated altars and shrines, the figures of Christ and His Virgin Mother, ' moved by the simplest mechanism,' would be seen rising and ascending heavenward, then mysteriously vanishing behind the festal draperies of the church. And the spectators, following the upward flight of the sacred shapes with eager eyes, would be dissolved in tears as they disappeared from view, and, weeping, would utter fervent prayers.

Don Bartolo laid to heart the great effect wrought by this mere theatrical illusion, and we may not unjustly deem that this early experience guided him when he invested with scenic splendour and pomp of ritual display the devotions of New Pompei. It is only fair to note that Bartolo's priestly biographer expresses disapproval of the peculiar theatric methods of Don Placido. That able priestly organizer has passed away, but his church, the Gesù Vecchio, is still popular, and his methods live on at New Pompei.

As much of Don Bartolo's success at New Pompei was due to his wife, it is now expedient to follow the biographer Romanelli in telling the story of his marriage. It is not wholly edifying.

In 1866 Bartolo was engaged to a beautiful young Italian girl, the daughter of the director of an Italian bank, who was

in a good social position. We will call this young lady Annina. Between her and Don Bartolo there was a strong mutual attachment, at once passionate and pure. The father had only stipulated that the young pair should live near him after their marriage, and Bartolo, being entrusted with a large sum for the purchase of the bridal jewels which Annina's father destined for his daughter, returned to Naples to arrange for his wedding.

Unhappily for Annina, her betrothed lover now fell under the influence of Father Ribera, a priest whom Romanelli commends for his 'exquisite and prudent dissimulation,' an art which he deems invaluable to a priest, and who used his ascendancy over Bartolo ruthlessly, commanding him to break off his marriage engagement, no matter at what cost to himself and his promised bride. The young man obeyed, writing to Annina's father a letter described as being cold, cruel, cutting as steel.

At first the father was violently enraged against the girl's false lover, and threatened him with the law; but when he learnt under what pressure Bartolo had acted, his wrath seemed merged in pity. 'Poor lad!' he exclaimed, 'I am sorry for you; the priests have turned your brain.'

It is not surprising to learn that the deserted girl was inconsolable under her cruel disappointment. Her health rapidly declined, and ere long she died, the victim of consumption—and of a broken heart.

Before long the real motive of Father Ribera's action revealed itself. The priests had their eye on another bride for Bartolo Longo. This was Marianna, Countess di Fusco, widow of Count Albenzio di Fusco. Her maiden name was Fornararo.

A great sorrow had befallen this lady when she first met Don Bartolo. She had taken up her abode, with two of her children, in a *ritiro*, under the protection of some ladies of distinction. The children were one day at play in the garden, while their mother was engaged in morning prayer, and one of them, chasing a beautiful butterfly, stumbled into an old well half hidden by the grass, and perished there before help could arrive.

This grief was still fresh when the Countess was induced to receive Bartolo, just recovering from fever, into her home in the *forastieri* of the convent. She greeted him as 'another son,' but it was not very long before she accepted him as a husband.

To Countess Marianna is due the credit for the initiation, and for much of the success, of the Sanctuary of New Pompei. Her merits are widely recognised, as may be judged from the rather ungallant inscription beneath her portrait, as publicly sold : 'Hic valet magis Papessa quam Papa.'

On his marriage with the Countess di Fusco, Don Bartolo was entrusted with the administration of her modest fortune in her interests and those of her children. Her property consisted of fields and lands bordering on the unburied ruins of old Pompei. The estate was not very valuable. Either the ground was not naturally fertile or it was indifferently cultivated.

In 1873 the family spent the summer on their own land in Valle di Pompei, and subsequently made it their permanent home. Bartolo tells us that both he and his wife became painfully impressed by the ignorance of the people in their neighbourhood as regarded religion. 'Some did not know how to make the sign of the cross, others had never been to confession in all their lives, while most of them lived like savages.'

It was but a poor scattered population of field labourers, dwellers in mere huts and cots, that was thus spiritually destitute. The region had become 'desolate,' the soil was marshy. Two ancient churches in this region had fallen into ruins; one modern erection, the Church of St. Salvatore, supplied the religious needs of the 'few inhabitants' of the valley, aided apparently by a little Confraternity of the Rosary.

It is suggested that to their compassion for the lamentable spiritual condition of their poorer neighbours, and to their zeal for the salvation of these ignorant souls, was due the enterprise on which Bartolo and his Countess-wife were shortly to embark, and which, beginning with one little country church,

one insignificant Confraternity of the Rosary, developed into the present Sanctuary of Valle di Pompei in all its grandeur, into the Church of the Sanctuary, with its altars and *altarini*, and manifold resources—its school for orphan girls, its institute for the sons of prisoners, and its publishing establishment.

All this is due to the initiative, to the administrative genius, the tact and energy, of the wedded pair whose union was brought about in the manner we have already set forth, and primarily by the 'exquisite and prudent' dissimulator, Father Ribera. Doubtless the Father would fully believe that the end sanctified the means, and that the broken vows of Bartolo, the broken heart and sacrificed youth of Annina, were but necessary steps towards the 'greater good' that resulted from Signor Longo's union with the widowed Countess di Fusco.

IV

CONVERSION AND FIRST ATTEMPTS OF THE FOUNDER

THERE is much to move compassion in Bartolo Longo's own description (in his 'History of the Sanctuary of Pompei') of his deplorable state after he had escaped from the snares of spiritualism. Though confused and wordy, full of exaggerated expressions and inflated rhetoric, his narrative conveys an impression of great and real mental distress.

'When I had escaped,' says he, 'from the dark and dreary thicket of errors in which I had lost myself . . . my soul could not find peace'; and he expatiates on 'dense clouds of thoughts of darkness . . . weariness, fainting, and desolation'; on 'sharp, implacable, incessant strugglings with Satan'; on 'furious tempests,' raised by the arch-fiend, 'which made me bite the dust. . . . And yet my soul sought violently (!) after God. . . . God alone could satisfy the restless desires of my heart, torn by so many and so fiery passions.'

These passages occur in his story of his 'conversion,' a conversion unhappily very different from that of the truly penitent Christian who 'simply clings' to the Cross of Christ. We hear this poor soul crying, like the Apostle Paul himself, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?' But when we look to see him brought into the full light of salvation, and to hear his cry of rapturous gratitude, 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!' this is what we find instead:

'One day in the October of 1872 the soul-storm swept over me and distressed my heart more than ever. . . . I left the

Casino di Fusco, and walked hurriedly through Valle, not knowing whither I went. . . . At last I came to the wild and savage spot that the peasants call *Arpaia*, as though it were the abode of the harpies.

'All was wrapt in deep silence. I looked around; no living soul was near. Suddenly I stopped. Amid the darkness and desperation of my spirit a kindly voice seemed to whisper words which I had often read, words which my departed friend, my soul's friend, had often repeated: "If thou seekest salvation, *propagate the Rosary*. . . . It is Mary's promise: *He who propagates the Rosary is in a state of salvation*." The thought was as a lightning flash piercing the darkness of a stormy night. But Satan, seeing me about to break from his toils, now drew them tighter. It was a final, a desperate struggle. . . . I raised my eyes and my hands to heaven, and cried to the heavenly Virgin: "If it be true that Thou didst promise St. Dominic 'that whoever propagates the Rosary shall be saved,' I will save myself; I will not leave this world without having 'propagated the Rosary.'"

'I heard no answering voice. The silence of the tomb reigned around me. But the tempest of my soul was stilled, and I dared to hope that *perhaps* my cry of distress would one day be heard.

'The ringing of the mid-day *Angelus* came to my ears. I knelt, repeating the prayer offered to Mary by all the believing world at this hour, and found a tear stealing down my cheek as I rose to my feet.'

Is this a Scriptural conversion? The despairing penitent lifts his eyes, his hands, his heart to *Mary*, not to Christ, not to the Heavenly Father. The Gospel summons is, 'Look unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' The voice of Jesus says: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; 'He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Does the doubting heart reply: 'Jesus is no longer here with us on earth'? Is Mary, then, still on earth? The clear teaching of the Church, and of the Rosary also, answers, 'No.' But Christ is with His people always, even unto the end of the world. He has said

it, He who is the Truth. And the ascended Lord, according to His faithful word, sent the promised Comforter, the blessed Spirit of God, to lead His people into all truth. Alas! that this wretched penitent sinner, Bartolo Longo, sought the help of neither Father, Son, nor Holy Spirit in his hour of need, and that the only ray of comfort shed on his benighted spirit came from the memory of the oft-repeated falsity: *He who propagates the Rosary is saved!*

Such as it was, the incident just related marks the beginning of a new epoch in the life of Bartolo Longo. It began, not with his return to the Roman fold, nor with his entering on a long course of penitential discipline and philanthropic effort under very distinguished directors. All his painful exertions had availed him nothing till the mysterious whisper came on his ear in the Valley of the Harpies: 'He who propagates the Rosary is saved.' Then, with renewed courage, he set himself to 'save himself'—it is his own phrase—by 'propagating the Rosary.' It was his last resource, his last hope.

It is worth while to dwell for a moment on the nature of his previous ineffectual efforts to work out his own salvation. 'Early every morning he went to church, and there heard eight or ten Masses in succession, kneeling on the bare marble pavement, which in winter was icy cold. He read ascetic books; he took to murmuring prayers in endless repetition, his whole frame often trembling with nervous excitement. Anyone looking on him would have thought him mad, for his eyes glared wildly, his hue changed from pale to dark red, and again to pale; the veins of his neck and temple became swollen and yellowish.' Such, in brief, is the description given of this poor Bartolo while he was trying 'to purify his soul in the cleansing of the Sacraments' by Father Romanelli in his book, 'Don Bartolo in his Life and Apostolate.'

And all these piteous efforts had profited him nothing! He turned with all the more ardour to the one hope of salvation held out to him in the Rosary.

FIRST ATTEMPTS.

How could this vowed champion of the Madonna begin his 'propagation of the Rosary' amid a people living in scattered huts and farms, a people having no place in which they could gather for an hour or two on Sundays? The only way was to go in person to visit them in their little homes, and to distribute among them Rosary-beads, medals, and such objects of devotion. These, being offered freely, were willingly received, and even sought after, on account of their supposed money value. 'But what did it profit?' says Bartolo with simplicity. 'Only a few knew how to repeat an *Ave Maria*.' During these visitations, however, he learned that they had a profound religious feeling for the dead. 'They were always deploring the fact that the remains of their dear departed were carried to the cemetery like the dead bodies of animals—that is, without the attendance of any pious guild, such as I have seen in neighbouring cities, following the corpse and reciting the Requiem prayers for the departed soul. They were also troubled that no anniversary services were held to keep in perpetual memory their departed fathers. Here was a feeling of which I could make use. My first step towards winning the hearts of these poor people must be to form a guild which would provide pious attendance on funeral occasions. But where could such a guild assemble?'

The perplexed missionary of the Rosary, 'having nothing else to do, and no one to converse with,' went out shooting on a certain fine day in October. Taking his way beneath the long lines of poplars that border the River Sarno, he met a young man, 'tall, wearing gold spectacles, affable in manner,' who also was out shooting. Bartolo was delighted to find that the spectacled sportsman was a priest, of good ability, and very sympathetic. This priest, Gennaro Federico, belonged to Valle, and was destined to become the constant friend and faithful fellow-worker of Signor Longo.

The latter soon confided to him his project of founding among the peasants a guild, in which they could become acquainted with each other and learn how to say the Rosary,

covenanting also to supply medicine and assistance to such members as might fall ill, and to attend on the burial of the dead.

'It will be very difficult,' was the discouraging response; 'these peasants have lost all confidence in that sort of thing.'

But Bartolo persisted, asking particulars as to the special customs of Valle. He was told of the popular festas, with noisy sports and games and lotteries, to which came women in crowds, hoping to win a gold ring, or perhaps a pair of earrings.

Here was an expedient. 'I would open a great "Tombola," or popular lottery, and the prizes should be rosaries, medals, images, pictures of the Virgin of the Rosary. Thus in a few years every person in Valle would possess a rosary, and every house be graced by a rosary image.' Thus, earnestly 'propagating the Rosary,' Bartolo might hope to attain the promised 'state of salvation.'

The first Festa of the Rosary was held in October, 1873. Bartolo had provided the necessary prizes, buying some with his own money, and obtaining others from kindly ladies of the Neapolitan aristocracy, who, at his personal request, gave him saintly images, medals, rosaries, scapulars, and such-like religious trinkets. Laden with these, and with many crucifixes, he returned from Naples to Valle, to organize his 'Tombola.' Tickets for the lottery were a halfpenny each. The first five prizes were jewels of Neapolitan gold, of much apparent but little real value; eight hundred other prizes were crucifixes, rosaries, and pictures. In addition to the lottery there were to be fireworks, games, and the city band of Pagani. The necessary religious element would be supplied by the parish priest, who would celebrate High Mass, and by Bartolo's own friend and confessor, whom he engaged to deliver an eloquent discourse on the Rosary, bringing him from Naples to Valle at his own expense. The only picture of the Rosary Madonna in the region, a chromo-lithograph belonging to Bartolo, was to be displayed for public veneration. All being ready, he waited the dawn of the festa day, the third Sunday in October.

It was unpropitious. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, lightning flashed and thunder rolled. The people could not gather in the little parish church; the band could not come from Pagani; the assembled priesthood and other invited guests were imprisoned in the church; and, alas! the peasants who *were* present failed to understand the learned discourse of Don Bartolo's confessor. No wonder that the poor organizer of the festa was discouraged, and began to fear that the Madonna did not smile on his enterprise. Would she fulfil her promise of salvation to this unsuccessful 'propagator of the Rosary'? But he persevered.

The second festa, in 1874, succeeded better. To provide against what he terms the 'malignity' of the weather, he determined to *give* to every family some memento of the festa—a rosary or a picture of the Virgin.

Eight days beforehand he sent out what is called a *bando*—an announcement by word of mouth—choosing as his messenger a woman well known for her ringing, powerful voice. She played the part of crier, while he himself scoured the countryside, begging offerings of Indian corn or cotton, or any humble thing, to increase the importance of the approaching festa. House by house he visited, inviting the inmates to come to the parish church, and to enjoy the wonderful sights to be seen on the Provincial Road, and especially the 'Tombola.'

The festa was something of a success. He had provided a new lithographed picture of the Rosary Madonna, encircled by fifteen little pictures representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and this he left exposed for worship in the parish church, under a *baldacchino*, that umbrella-like canopy which is generally carried over the Host. He had also induced the parish priest, who could preach in dialect, to deliver such a discourse on the Rosary as the peasants could understand. Alas! the perverse priest chose only to expatiate on the *Salve Regina*.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the festa went off well. The lotteries, the fireworks, the great drum of the band, the public games, the races in sacks, 'greatly delighted the people.'

But it passed away 'like the flowing of a river which does not fertilize the ground.' The Rosary had not been learnt, much less understood. 'I was discouraged,' says Bartolo, 'yet not so discouraged as to desist.'

Was it, he asks, a Divine inspiration that suggested his next step? After consultation and discussion, he resolved upon commencing a mission, which, 'stirring souls by meditation on eternal truths, might awaken in these uncultured hearts the hope of pardon by means of devotion to Mary, and especially to the Rosary.'

It is singular to find the poor hero of our story only resorting in his last extremity to the power of Eternal Truth.

He had tried so many expedients: the distribution of medals, pictures, and crucifixes; the highly popular 'Tombola,' with its hundreds of prizes so cheaply acquired by the outlay of a halfpenny; the bombs and crackers and rockets, and all the artillery of Neapolitan fireworks; the diverting sack-races; the inspiring music of the Pagani band; and though all had pleased for the moment, all had failed to win him converts for 'the devotion of the Rosary.'

So at long last he bethinks himself of Eternal Truth, and judges that ignorant hearts may be touched and enlightened by the eloquent discourses that deal with time, eternity, sin, and the judgment of God on sin, and the hope of salvation. So touched, these hearts may be gained to 'the devotion of the Rosary.'

Surely here are illuminating facts as to the 'true inwardness' of the religion of Rome working in common life.

It now behoved Bartolo to make arrangements for his mission, and to secure three suitable missionaries. After long and fruitless attempts the Bishop of Nola quite unexpectedly authorized 'three holy priests' to undertake the mission—the Canonico Santarpia, the Canonico D. Giuseppe Rossi, and the Apostolic Missionary D. Michele Gentile. They were hospitably entertained by the Longo family in their casino.

This mission is chiefly memorable because it was now, in a conference between Signor Longo, the three missionaries,

and the Bishop of Nola, that the plan for building a new church, a church of the Rosary, first took rise. Bartolo had expressed to the Bishop his long-cherished wish 'to erect an altar to the Mother of God, under the title of the Most Holy Rosary, to keep alive that beautiful devotion so useful to the soul, so highly approved of the Church'; and the Bishop, 'deeply touched with the sad condition' of the people of Valle, declared that he 'felt it his duty' to provide a church in this region which could accommodate all the population.

For many years, it appeared, the Bishop had meditated this subject, and tried to find a proper site. The zeal of Bartolo, his possession in right of his wife of a small estate in Valle, now removed every difficulty.

The full episcopal sanction for Bartolo's cherished enterprise was secured, and henceforth it became the business of his life, not only to 'propagate the Rosary,' but to create a sanctuary which should be a world centre of that 'beautiful devotion.'

We have now to describe his success.

THE SANCTUARY CHURCH

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MYTHIC
MARY

FRONTING the sea, on the ground sloping gently backward toward the heights of Vesuvius and Somma, stands the domed church, slightly removed from the Provincial Road, and approached by a flight of steps. We pass from the full blaze of day into the 'dim religious light' of the interior, and realize that we are now within the mysterious precincts of the sacred fane where are really being enacted sad tragedies of soul life and mysteries other than those of Eleusis, but as pagan, as antichristian, perhaps more hurtful.

The church is no cathedral as to its dimensions, but is certainly beautiful, simple and pure in style, as are few churches in these regions. You acknowledge the truth of the assurances pressed upon you that all is real, nothing imitation; nor is there anything gaudy. Gold, silver, marble, are really what they seem to be; the colouring of picture and image and mosaic is at once rich and harmonious. There is majestic symmetry in the arch from which springs the dome of the high altar, over which reigns enthroned the miraculous picture of the Virgin—that centre of thaumaturgic energy which makes the church a sanctuary, and imbues with healing power the very oil of the silver lamps burning before the shrine, the very petals of the roses that adorn the altar, the very dust of the sacred pavement. The enamelled blue ceiling is studded with rock-crystal stars,

through which shines the electric light, giving the effect of a star-lit sky. Over the entrance hangs the organ gallery, in a kind of vestibule. The organ, you are informed, is one of the best in Italy, costing about four thousand pounds sterling.

The church is cruciform. The altar in the right arm of the cross is dedicated to St. Joseph ; that in the left arm is dedicated to the guardian angel of the Sanctuary, St. Michael.

We shall deal separately with each altar and altar-piece, this being necessary to show how Rome gathers to herself the various 'devotions' or 'religions' that have taken hold of the peoples, and makes them profitable to the treasury of the Papacy. But now we call your attention to the painting enthroned above the high altar.

It is the picture of 'the Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei,' which, by the high command of the Church, is distinguished from all other Madonnas, and is not to be confounded with other Madonnas *of the Rosary*, but recognised as *the Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei*.

This is the talisman of the Sanctuary, shedding thaumaturgic grace over all the appointments of the establishment. Bought originally for a few francs, it was handed over to Don Bartolo for use in the little congregation of the Rosary at Valle de Pompei. 'It was a loan only,' says the heir of the original possessor. 'It was a gift,' retorts Don Bartolo. Strange that a holy, wonder-working picture should be the theme of such a dispute, that it should be called in question before a civil tribunal !

It is too true, however, that the gains which the picture has brought to New Pompei have stirred up the heirs of Father Radente, from whom Don Bartolo received it, to claim it as their property.

Don Bartolo has resigned the church, with all its belongings, to the Pope, but not so are the heirs of Don Radente appeased. 'The picture,' they say, 'was not Bartolo's to give ; he held it merely as a loan, and as a loan made before its value as a miraculous image had become manifest.'

Now it is found well worth while to dispute the possession

of the picture, once so lightly esteemed, with the too successful Bartolo, and the case of the Madonna has been several times before the courts.

This picture is the symbol of the mediatorial reign of Mary.

Turn now to the altar with the picture of the 'Transit of St. Joseph.' Here we may see how myth begets myth. The venerable fable of the Assumption of the Madonna has a natural corollary in the 'Transit of St. Joseph,' both extraneous. Already it is recognised that the position of Joseph in the kingdom of grace ought to be higher than that of Mary. 'Mary commands Jesus as His Mother; Joseph commands Mary as her Husband. Is not the husband the head of all?'

Such reasonings may be heard even from English Romanists.

We note in passing the altar of St. Michael the Archangel, the protector of the Sanctuary.

The altars to St. Dominic and to St. Francis of Assisi call to remembrance two widely differing personalities—one the stern Inquisitor, to whom the Church owes the Rosary, which, Pope Leo says, is a charm potent to cure all the ills of the world; one the sweet-souled *poverello* (poor little one) of Jesus Christ, who sought in all humility and love to follow his Divine Master. Their respective followers had no love for each other. The reason why Dominic and Francis are honoured alike in the Sanctuary Church is to show that *here* all rivalries are reconciled, and brother wars no more with brother.

We turn to the picture of the visionary nun, Marguerite Marie Alacoque, remembering that to her hysterical ecstasies we owe the widely popular Devotion of the Sacred Heart, a devotion based on the hallucinations of a radically unhealthy mind. Her ideal of saintly love for Christ is so grossly material, not to say fleshly, that her actual words are hardly printable.

The altar and picture of St. Vincent Ferreri is installed in the Sanctuary to symbolize all the purgatorial arrangements

of Romanism. It seems to us that by these Rome bears her unconscious witness to the fact that, despite her multiplied means of grace—confession, penance, absolution, devotions paid to Saints, to Madonnas, to the Divine Redeemer Himself—she does not, and dares not, offer to her votaries the full and free salvation of the Gospel.

While we linger before the altar of St. Vincent Ferreri we call to mind the formal statement, constantly republished in the official Calendar of the Sanctuary, 'These altars are *privilegiate*' (privileged), followed by the plain explanation of the term 'privileged': 'Therefore, for every Mass celebrated at these altars one soul is released from Purgatory.'

Keeping this in mind, we remember with some perplexity that solemn funeral service, the *Triduo*, celebrated at New Pompei for Pope Leo XIII. In the official announcement of this grateful tribute to Leo it was stated that 'all the Masses celebrated during the *Triduo* in this Sanctuary will be offered on behalf of the blessed soul of the late Pontiff at the altars which he enriched with indulgences and declared "privileged."'

Here is a puzzle. If the celebration of one Mass at any one of these altars delivers one soul from Purgatory, if the priests have the power of applying to *any individual soul* this liberation from Purgatory, why is the virtue of more than one Mass at more than one altar necessary on behalf of the departed Pontiff? Why must Mass be celebrated for *him* at all the altars of the Church? Why the thrice-repeated services of the *Triduo*? Why, months after, was the solemn funeral service, with all its attendant rites, repeated again, not only at New Pompei, but at all 'privileged' altars throughout the world? Can it be that greater efforts are needed to set free the soul of a saintly Pontiff from Purgatory than to ensure the liberation of the simplest believing layman?

Leaving these difficult questions unanswered, we turn our attention to the dedicatory marble tablet visible on our right hand as we enter the church :

Augustæ · Dei. Matri
 Albigensium
 Aliorumque · Hostium · Christiani · Nominis
 Domitrici · Sacrum ·
 Rafael · Monaco · La Valette
 Card · Episc · Ostiens · et Veliternen
 Ab · Apostolica · Sede · Patronus
 Soci · Sanctitate · Datus
 Templum · Veterum · Pompeiorum
 Ruinis · Impositum
 Christianæ · Pietatis
 Propitiæque · Precantibus · Deiparæ
 Monumentum
 Nonis Maiis, An. MDCCCXCI
 Solemnibus · Cærimoniis
 Consecravit ·
 Leone XIII · Antistite · Maximo
 Quo · Auctore
 Cœlestis · Reginæ · Victricis · Honor
 In · Orbe · Catholico ·
 Amplificatus · Est ·

From this inscription we learn that the church is dedicated to 'Mary, the August Mother of God, the Conqueror of the Albigenses and all other enemies of the Christian Name.' History tells us of that 'conquest' of the Albigenses, and the tale is of relentless massacre, of a harmless people hunted down with fire and sword, and put to cruel torture. Was it *Mary* who thus persecuted an unoffending race to death? Was it she who lit the fires of exterminating warfare, who kindled the martyr-pyres in which simple followers of Christ were burned to ashes? Surely the greatest possible wrong and dishonour is done to Mary, the Mother of Jesus our Lord, when she is officially described as the instigator of the frightful crusade against the Albigenses, and of all its complicated unspeakable horrors. Yet this injury is done her in the name of great princes of the Roman Church—of Cardinal Raffaele Monaco La Valetta, and of Leo XIII. himself.

Another tablet near the entrance is dedicated :

'To LEO XIII.

'In token of the special attestation of kindness shown to this Sanctuary in the Brief of the xxviii. March, 1890, in which he declares himself its Protector; the Consorts, Bartolo Longo, Advocate, and the Countess Marianna de Fusco, have placed this.'

The church was consecrated, as the dedicatory tablet informs us, on May 9, 1891.

We inspect the visitors' register, and note the names of famous men of science, of statesmen, senators, deputies, Ministers of State, of high-born dames and Court ladies. Some have come moved by simple curiosity, some stirred by devotion as great as that of the Italian Queen-Mother, whose royal gifts contribute to the splendour of the shrine, but whom the officials of the Sanctuary, mindful of loyalty to Rome, received merely as 'Margherita of Savoy.' Here is evidence of a widespread popular interest awakened by this great religious enterprise, and remembering the buildings clustered round the church—the orphanage, the refuge for children of criminals, the printing and publishing establishment, the new little township, with its railway, post and telegraph—we recognise the material success that has been attained, and which is really astonishing, in view of the long-continued determined opposition which has met the undertaking at every stage.

The promoters have been assailed in the most unsparing terms, their methods violently denounced. The priest Romanelli, once a most helpful coadjutor, left them, and set up a rival establishment in their neighbourhood. The Roman Catholic as well as the Liberal press showed itself hostile; the reigning Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal San Felice, and the local clergy were openly unfriendly to the 'new devotion'; even Signor Longo's own friend, the Bishop of Nola, showed signs of defection. But the energetic advocate proved himself resourceful. By offering the Sanctuary to the Pope he freed his undertaking from all local ecclesiastical restraint. The church became the personal property of Leo XIII., his 'pet church,' and under the supervision of Cardinal Monsignor La Valetta it was consecrated in the Pope's name, as recorded in the dedicatory tablet.

The Papal Brief by which the intervention of the Pope was effected, and which was duly published and circulated, runs as follows :

‘It is not unknown to us how our beloved children Bartolo Longo and his wife, the Countess Marianna Fornararo, Countess de Fusco, under the direction of the Bishop of Nola, have erected from the very foundations in Valle di Pompei, not far from the ruins of that once most flourishing city, a new and august temple, enriched with a great quantity of ornaments, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the most holy title of the Rosary, as pleasing to her as helpful to us, and having erected it, with equal ardour and industry are trying to complete it.

‘The fame of this Sanctuary has gone on increasing among Christian peoples, so that many are they who implore the aid of the Virgin Mother of God, who there shows forth her patronage by many and many manifestations to those who go there trustingly as pilgrims, or who at least trustfully have recourse to her.

‘LEO XIII.

‘(Signed by his own hand).’

Signor Longo describes in the *Rosario e la Nuova Pompei* how, during a period of great discouragement, he and his consort sought an interview with the Pope, who received them, as usual, with all the tender kindness of a most loving father, and then, with an air of Divine majesty, said in a tone which poured new life and strength into their sad and weary hearts: ‘Go, rest assured, and say to all; “The Pope is with us.”’

Bartolo is consoled when he recollects how the Sanctuary has been sanctioned by more than forty Briefs, that Leo has bestowed on it such indulgences and privileges, and has distinguished it by such acts of special favour as to make it pre-eminent over *the oldest and most venerable Sanctuaries of the world*. ‘Listen,’ he says—‘listen with deep emotion to the words of the venerable Pontiff: *We from the beginning of our Pontificate have regarded Valle di Pompei as a spectacle of faith and piety, revived by the will of God in the midst of a Christian people.*’

Christians, looking heavenward, say: ‘If God be for us,

who can be against us?' The founders of New Pompei, looking Romewards, say exultingly, 'The Pope is with us,' and tell with rapture how, when he placed the glorious banner of the Roman Pontificate on the pinnacle of their Sanctuary, he said: 'The Sanctuary of Valle di Pompei is *mine*. It is given to me that I may transmit it as a gem of inestimable value to the Pontiffs who shall succeed me.'

Pope Leo and his actual successor, Pope Pius X., by their official recognition of the Sanctuary, and their paternal approval of all its arrangements, have stamped the whole enterprise with the 'image and superscription' of the Papacy, and made it current coin of the Catholic realm, to be accepted as such by all loyal Romanists the world over.

Often when our English friends, being brought into contact with certain phases of Romish faith and practice, are startled by some grossly foolish superstition, by the evident contradiction or plain blasphemy of some Antichristian error, the more prudent partisans of Rome will unite with Protestants in deploring the ignorance and the degrading superstitiousness of the common people, and will remind us how similar follies can still be found, relics of past error, in our own favoured land. To the retort that such lingering superstitions are often survivals from the legends, practices, and teachings of their own Church in the days when it was dominant in Britain, and that they are strongly discouraged by all Protestant ministers of every denomination, the champions of Rome will reply: 'These beliefs of which you disapprove are not *dogma*. This superstitious practice is only a *devotion*, a matter of private individual action. The Church is in no way responsible for such doings.'

This not very efficient defence, this plea of non-responsibility, will not avail in the case of New Pompei.

To prove the continuing protection and authority of Rome as guarantees of the Sanctuary and all its subordinate institutions, Signor Longo publishes on the title-page of his periodical entitled, *Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei*, the following lines:

‘THE BENEDICTION OF POPE PIUS X.

‘I bless from my heart all the Associates of the Sanctuary of Pompei, all the Readers of the periodical, *The Rosary of New Pompei*, and all Benefactors of the Orphan Girls and of the Children of Prisoners, and all those who co-operate in the Holy Cause of the Madonna of Pompei.’

When we shall have described some of the special official festal celebrations of the Sanctuary, those who have followed this account will be able to convince themselves that all New Pompei is but the manifestation of present-day Roman Catholic officialism.

First, there is the laying of the foundation-stone. It is thus recorded: ‘Thirty years are the connecting-links that unite . . . the foundation-stone of the temple and the White Virgin which towers over the summit of the monumental façade,’ a sufficiently fantastic way of conveying the simple information that thirty years intervened between the laying of the first foundation-stone by Monsignor Formisano, Bishop of Nola, and the completion of the edifice in the ‘holy year’ 1899, the last of the nineteenth century, as men then supposed—an error since rectified.

May 7 and 8, 1887, were very important dates in the history of the Sanctuary. On May 7 took place the consecration of the high altar to the Most Holy Virgin of the Rosary, and the first Mass was celebrated by Cardinal La Valetta, acting as proxy for Pope Leo XIII., who is therefore held to have celebrated this Mass himself. The Pope presented to the church a very valuable *pianeta*, bearing his own crest. This was on May 7. On May 8 an exceedingly important ceremony took place, for ‘the thaumaturgic image of the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei, by special decree of His Holiness Leo XIII., was crowned with great solemnity in the piazza of New Pompei’ by Cardinal La Valetta. The Virgin’s crown—of brilliants, enriched with four fine emeralds, ‘the gift of two Jews’—had received the special benediction of Pope Leo on

April 11, being conveyed to Rome for that express purpose by the enterprising Bartolo Longo and his Countess wife. Every jewel that sparkled in the crown had been given 'in attestation of some very special grace conceded' (to modestly unspecified persons) 'by the Most Holy Virgin.'

The coronation of the picture was followed by solemn procession, in which the newly crowned Madonna was transported from the piazza to the church, being 'borne on the shoulders of her beloved children,' and escorted by the Cardinal La Valetta, the Archbishop of Otranto, the Bishop of Nola, the Monsignori Formisano and Bressi, and other prelates, pontifical officials, and dignitaries sent from Rome to direct the ceremonies. The procession swept triumphantly into the church, bearing the crowned image 'into the temple she herself had chosen,' where she was installed on her throne of gold and marble 'prepared for her by the devotion of 160,000 of her children scattered over the whole world.' The triumphal music that heralded her entry was conducted by the Marquis Filiasi, who himself was the author of some of the pieces performed.

On this auspicious May 8, 1887, the orphanage for girls attached to the Sanctuary received its first inmate, a Venetian girl appropriately named Mary.

We must not forget the solemn baptism of the first bell of the Sanctuary, nor the happy anniversary when the special ritual of the Virgin of Pompei was first recited. This last occasion is considered most important. Perplexing to the mind of an outsider may be the quite distinct individualization of numerous Madonnas, each one supposed to represent the Mother of our Lord. It is very real to Continental Romanists, and each of these ecclesiastically recognised Madonnas has her own ritual.

The Madonna of Loreto has her Litany; the Madonna of Mount Carmel, enshrined in the great Neapolitan Church of the Carmine, has her special service; the Madonna of New Pompei has hers. And Madonnas continue to multiply, each having her own special picture or image, her own peculiar miraculous potency, her own special 'devotion.'

These 'crowned' ones have had to work their way to the front amid a throng of rivals, until they have gained so much popular favour as to make it possible for the 'Congregation of Rites' to sanction their official recognition by the Church, and secure their 'coronation' by Papal decree. Before a Saint is canonized, or even beatified, the miracles he has wrought must be authenticated to the full satisfaction of those commissioned to inquire into his claim. In like manner, before an individual picture or image can be used otherwise than for purposes of private devotion, its claims to miraculous power must be proved in the orthodox ecclesiastical way; and when it has been established that the picture is a fitting object for universal veneration, the sanction of the Church is conferred and symbolized by the coronation of the image. What the tonsure and the priestly vestments are to the ordained priest, what the wedding-ring is to the bride, what canonization is to the Saint, such is this ceremony to the 'crowned' picture or image. It is the outward and visible sign of the Church's sanction to the worshipping of this particular object.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that such worship is frankly idolatrous, and that the full sanction of the Church is given to this idolatry. At New Pompei it is the *picture* which is crowned in token of its possessing miraculous power. Pope Leo has said it in so many words: 'God has made use of this *holy image*, venerated in the Sanctuary of Pompei, to confer those many mercies which have moved the world.'

On May 7, 1890, the altar dedicated to the 'Transit of Joseph' was consecrated, and a 'pious society' for the dying formed under his patronage. We may refer again to this picture. What we now wish to point out is how the deadly working of ever-developing mythic error finds expression in the title, 'Transit,' given to the death-bed scene of our Lord's reputed father. The Church, having once embraced its unscriptural belief in the *continuance* of the mere earthly relation between the human Mother and the glorified ascended Son, has in-

evitably fallen into further error. Hence the dogma of the 'Immaculate Conception' of Mary, hence the insistence on her commanding, authoritative attitude towards the Divine Redeemer, and on her prevailing intercession with Him; hence the bold assertion of her position as 'Co-Redemptress of the World, Mother and Fountain of Mercy.'

This amazing position being conceded to Mary in virtue of her maternity, it becomes logically impossible to refuse a position of the highest authority to Joseph. For if Mary, by reason of her motherhood, be endowed with the right to 'command' the enthroned Redeemer, Joseph has his marital rights over the Mother, and can direct her how to use her power over the Son.

Alas! how truly might He say to these carnal dogmatizers, as He said to the Sadducees of old: 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.'

Myth develops out of myth. Mary being 'assumed' to Heaven, transported thither body and soul, a reanimated, glorified form, after her death and burial, in due season the natural death of Joseph comes to be styled his 'transit,' his 'passing over.' It is worthy of note that in the last number of the *Rosario e la Nuova Pompei* most fervent desires are expressed to see 'the corporeal Assumption of the Virgin into Heaven' erected into a dogma, and imposed as such on the whole of the Catholic world.

On May 7, 1891, by special mandate of Leo XIII., the Sanctuary was formally consecrated by Cardinal La Valetta, assisted by Bishops and Archbishops. They also consecrated the altar dedicated to the 'Sacred Heart of Jesus' and to 'the Blessed Marguerite Marie Alacoque.' The altar in the left arm of the cross was also consecrated 'to the Prince of Angels, St. Michael, and to all the holy spirits before the throne of God, and to all the choirs of Angels.'

On May 7, 1892, were consecrated the two altars to St. Dominic, the founder of the Rosary, and to St. Francis of Assisi.

On May 7, 1898, the seventh and last altar on the left of the nave was consecrated to the 'thaumaturgic Dominican,

St. Vincent Ferreri, and all the holy souls in Purgatory.' It was erected on behalf of the Association for the Suffrage of the Souls in Purgatory.

Finally, on May 7 of the 'Jubilee Year of the world and of the Sanctuary,' there was the solemn unveiling of the monumental façade of the Sanctuary, a façade erected by means of money collected in all parts of the world, and presented as a votive gift in favour of the 'Universal Peace Movement.'

It is difficult to associate universal peace with the adoration of this Madonna, presented to us as the 'Conqueress of Heretics,' in whose name and by whose might—so her devotees tell us—the unhappy Albigenses were extirpated; the Madonna of 'the Rosary,' indissolubly connected with the sinister fame of St. Dominic and the Holy Inquisition; and it is hard to understand how civilization, as understood in Papal Rome and New Pompei, which disallow and reprobate liberty of conscience, can co-operate towards the realization of modern aspirations after universal peace. But in the Jubilee Year the 'peace movement' was in the air. The young Autocrat of Russia, all unwitting of what was soon to befall him, was inviting the nations of Europe to the Peace Conference at the Hague. Denunciations of 'militarism' were much in vogue. Dissatisfaction with the burden of heavy military expenses was at work in Italy, and not in Italy alone. So sails were prudently trimmed to catch the breeze of popular aspiration, and Our Lady of Pompei was proclaimed aloud as 'Queen of Peace.' Solemn assemblies were convened at New Pompei to call on her in prayer and entreat her to subdue the hearts of the lovers of war, and if they proved intractable to destroy them.

It is too well known what followed hard upon the Peace Conference summoned by the Czar, and how little the prayers availed that were offered at New Pompei. The cruellest war of recent years, the most wasteful of human life, the most discreditable to the European party in the strife, gave a terrible refutation to the Utopian dreams of the Czar, and internecine war in his own dominions of a really frightful

character followed on the cessation of warfare in the Far East.

But the futile dreams of 'universal peace' had served New Pompei well. The constituting of the Sanctuary a temple of peace proved greatly helpful to the efforts of Signor Longo towards the completion of the structure. He describes the façade as 'a real monument of Christian faith and art, raised during the last years of the nineteenth century to witness to an astonished universe throughout all generations the mighty efficacy of the Rosary of Mary. Indeed, it is a wonder that in five short years this monumental façade, which has cost about two million lire (£80,000) should have been brought to completion. Twenty-four large volumes were necessary to contain the signatures of the many millions of the faithful who took their part in the "plebiscite of universal peace" by helping to build this façade.'

We must speak a few words with regard to the ecclesiastical status accorded to the Sanctuary. It holds the rank of a 'basilica.' Its special rites and privileges are equal to those of the 'basilicas' of Rome of the highest grade. There are in Rome about seven churches of this rank, among them the Lateran. The Sanctuary of New Pompei is a basilica enjoying equal privileges with that very famous church.

The founders love to dwell on the universality of the honours accorded by all peoples to *their* Madonna. Thirty-seven Briefs and Rescripts of the great Pontiff of the Rosary, Leo XIII., have proclaimed New Pompei as a 'world Sanctuary.' 'The Madonna of New Pompei,' says Bartolo Longo proudly, 'in the course of the few years necessary to make her title and devotion known . . . has drawn to herself the attention, the hopes, the hearts of all nations.'

VI

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE

‘Around this gracious and omnipotent Madonna we would gather, as in one magnificent choir, all ages and all nations, to proclaim her blessed.’ ‘She compels even hell to join in the heavenly song of praise.’

EVERY Sanctuary has its own special wonder, endowed with supernatural virtue. Loreto has its sacred house; Monte Vergine its picture of the Madonna attributed to St. Luke, and its so-called ‘Chair of the Madonna,’ a rock of singular shape, where it is said that the Virgin, climbing the steep ascent towards the Sanctuary, sat down to rest. The rock yielded under the pressure of her weight, forming the stone ‘chair,’ which is reverently kissed by the pilgrims of to-day. Lourdes has its wonder-working waters, whose healing powers are known throughout the world. Naples cherishes the relics of St. Januarius, and especially the ampullæ containing that ‘sacred blood’ which year by year becomes liquid on the proper anniversaries. St. John in Lateran has its ‘Scala Santa,’ its holy stair, up which, according to the legend, Jesus was led to the hall of judgment. And New Pompei has its sacred picture.

In a Papal Rescript of June 21, 1890, Leo XIII. solemnly commended the worship of ‘the Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei’ to the veneration of the universal Church. It was this ‘veneration,’ practically adoration, which was symbolized and officially declared by the pompous coronation service which we have already described. The Rescript declares that ‘God, by means of this image-picture venerated

in the Sanctuary of New Pompei, has bestowed those saving mercies' (*grazie*) 'which have moved the world,' and has brought back 'hundreds of thousands of the faithful to the most salutary practice of the daily recitation of the most holy Rosary.' It also 'excites particular veneration in *Tridui, Novene*, illuminations and feasts,' in all the churches of Rome, of Italy, and in other parts unspecified. Don Bartolo's enthusiasm, however, goes beyond the terms of the Rescript, and in the remarkable passage quoted at the head of this chapter attributes to *his* Madonna power to extort a song of praise from hell itself.

The instructive history of this picture is fully told by Signor Longo in his 'History of the Sanctuary of Pompei,' and we cannot do better than reproduce his account. Needless to say, he is perfectly unconscious of anything ridiculous in the story, though it may to the eyes of heretical outsiders seem not a little humorous. Such as it is, it gives valuable indications as to the true inner life of South Italian Romanism, and the infantile grotesqueness of South Italian Popish superstition.

We have already unfolded Bartolo's sad spiritual history, pausing at the moment when the Bishop of Nola enlisted him in his plan of raising a church in Valle di Pompei, the very site then indicated by the Bishop being that on which now stands the far-famed 'Sanctuary of the Madonna of the Rosary of Pompei.' It now remains to tell how the wonder-working picture was found, and how installed in its future home.

'The mission being about to close, and the Rosary being introduced and urgently recommended by the missionaries,' it became necessary, in order to the forming of a 'confraternity' or guild of the Rosary, to obtain from the General of the Dominicans a diploma of foundation, nominating the Rector; the formal approval of the Bishop of the diocese must also be obtained. All this offered little difficulty.'

The 'ignorant and unlearned' in Romish matters may wonder why the consent of the General of the Dominicans must be gained before a Confraternity of the Rosary could

be formed. The reason is fully unfolded in a life of St. Dominic issued from the press of New Pompei, wherein it is told with much rhetorical pomp how that Saint, a scion of the noble family of Gusman, had in the year 1208 sought the retirement of 'a grotto in the heart of a forest near Toulouse,' there to spend three days in cruel penance and in prayer to the Queen of Heaven against 'the Manichæan heretics,' who had dared to 'blaspheme' her name and power—certainly a novel development of Manichæism!

The legend goes on to relate that the Queen of Heaven deigned to manifest herself in great splendour to her fainting votary, 'restored his strength with her virgin milk,' and gave to him 'the weapon that is to save the world'—the Rosary, no less—instructing him in the 'mysteries' on which to meditate and the prayers to repeat while 'saying the Rosary.' By this 'devotion' vice would be destroyed, heresy crushed, sin banished, Divine mercy brought down to the souls of men—so promised the visionary Madonna to Dominic, pledging in addition her 'most special protection and great grace' to all who every day should devoutly recite the Rosary.

Thereafter, says the story, Dominic returned to Toulouse 'strong in the power of *Mary*,' and thunder, wind, and earthquake aiding, and an image of the Madonna in the Cathedral of Toulouse attesting his words with significant gestures, succeeded in persuading his fellow-citizens to adopt the new devotion and enrol themselves in the Confraternity of the Rosary which he founded.

'The Rosary,' says Bartolo, 'purged society from being infested by the Albigenses,' many of whom perished in the crusade instituted by Dominic and his followers, while many thousands were 'converted' by fire and sword, arguments that were energetically used to bring them to repentance—a practice, be it noted, that has never been disavowed by Rome, but is, on the contrary, formally approved by her to-day: witness a remarkable twentieth-century production, 'The Institutions of Public Ecclesiastical Law,' by Professor De Luca, of the Society of Jesus, Professor in the Gregorian

University of Padua. In this work, stamped with the high approval of Leo XIII., the learned Professor maintains that the 'right of the sword' is for the Church a necessary means to securing her legitimate ends, and that, in view of the obstinacy of heretics and their contempt for milder methods, 'the only remedy is to send them soon to their own place.'

The methods of Dominic would be the methods of to-day were Rome invested with the power to impose them, as of old, on her vassal princes, and to use the 'civil arm' for her own purposes as of yore. Rome bides her time.

The preceding statement will make it sufficiently clear why the General of the Dominican Order, whose founder was also the originator of the 'devotion of the Rosary,' must be consulted before a Confraternity of the Rosary can be founded, and why the kneeling and adoring figure of Dominic is introduced into every picture of the Madonna of the Rosary. Such a picture was imperatively needed to aid in Bartolo's pious enterprise.

'We had none,' says he, 'but the lithograph which I had given to the parish priest. Also, to gain the *indulgences*, and to conform to ecclesiastical ritual, a picture exposed to public veneration must be a painting, and a painting in oils. I was determined that the mission should not close until I had succeeded in presenting to the people a consecrated image, to remain as a memento of the mission, an image before which they might gather to recite the Rosary.'

Bartolo set off to Naples on his pious quest on November 14, 1875. He betook himself to Via Roma, where he remembered to have seen in a picture shop an oil-painting of the Rosary Madonna. The shop was kept by an artist known as 'the Foggiano,' presumably from his being a native of Foggia. Much distrusting his own power of striking a bargain in the Neapolitan manner, Bartolo sought out his old monkish friend Father Radente, who, being a Neapolitan, could manage the inevitable haggling with success.

Radente's own monastery, San Domenico Maggiore, like all similar institutions, had been taken possession of by the Italian Government, and its inmates pensioned off and re-

quired to find homes elsewhere. He was now living with two other friars in a small house they rented in common, and was accustomed to say Mass daily 'in the Church of the Rosary at Porta Medina.' Being ignorant of his old friend's exact address, Bartolo relied on the chance of meeting him in Via Roma, and, 'most providentially,' he did encounter him close to the studio of 'the Foggiano.' Greeting him with joy, Bartolo unfolded the story of the pious enterprise in which, at the request of the Bishop of Nola, he had embarked, and explained his urgent need of an *oil-painting* representing the Madonna of the Rosary.

It is worth while here to draw the attention of our English readers to the singular virtue attributed to a painting *in oils*. Apparently nothing miraculous could be expected from a picture in any other medium.

'Here is the studio of "the Foggiano,"' said Radente. The two entered and inspected the picture. Alas! it was very small—'not even a metre in size.' No 'mysteries' encircled it, and the price was four hundred lire (about £16). 'Oh, oh! that's too much!' exclaimed the reverend father; and with a significant wink to Bartolo he led the way out of the shop.

'A thought has struck me,' Radente now said. 'Why give four hundred lire for a little picture, when you want all the money you can get to build the new church? Some years ago I gave to Sister Concetta de Litala, in the Conservatorio of the Rosary at Porta Medina, an old painting of the Rosary which I bought from a picture-dealer for eight carlini' (about 2s. 7d.). 'Go and see it. If you think it will serve your purpose, worn-out as it is, ask her to give it you, and I am sure she will do so. It ought to be good enough for the rustics at Pompei.'

Bartolo went off at once to the Conservatorio, presented himself at the grating in its parlour (*parlatorio*—speaking-place), and asked for Sister Concetta Maria de Litala, who appeared promptly behind the grating.

'Father Radente sends me,' began Bartolo, 'to ask you to give me your old picture of the Rosary Madonna. The

poor peasants of Pompei have no picture before which to recite the Rosary, and this very evening I must take them one which the missionaries can show to them.'

'Gladly will I give it to be used for so good a purpose,' replied the Sister.

She went off to fetch the painting, and soon returned with it.

Bartolo's heart sank when he saw it. Involuntarily he exclaimed: 'Misericordia!' (Mercy on us!).

The Madonna was depicted with coarse, heavy features and ungainly shape. St. Dominic, kneeling on her right, looked more like an idiot than a saint, and on her left knelt St. Rosa, fat and vulgar, a mere country-girl crowned with roses, to whom, most mistakenly, the Madonna was giving the Rosary, 'whereas the Infant Christ ought to be shown giving it to the patriarch Gusman'—viz., St. Dominic. Not only were the subordinate figures quite impossibly ugly, not only did the extremely commonplace Madonna lack her imperial diadem, but the painting itself was in a deplorable state. Patches of the colouring had peeled off the Virgin's robe; some inches of the canvas over her head were worn away; all was defaced by time.

'Don't be disturbed,' said the Sister in kindly reproof, seeing Bartolo's dismay. 'Take the picture with you now; it will always be good enough to say an *Ave Maria* before. Take the picture with you,' she repeated.

But how was poor Bartolo to take with him in the train a picture something like a yard and a quarter high, and two yards broad? He would be obliged to travel in the *fourth* class, and stand all the time. 'I did not relish that,' says he with much naïveté.

At this juncture, very seasonably, appeared his wife, the Countess de Fusco, while the nun, her face suffused with colour, was pleading, 'Take the picture—take it this moment!' To soothe her, the Countess caused the picture to be wrapped up, and the pair took it away, debating how it could be got to Pompei that very night. Then Bartolo had 'a happy thought.' There was a carter named Angelo, whose practice it was to travel from Pompei to Naples, where he collected

the refuse from the stables of the wealthier inhabitants, and carted it to Pompei to be sold as manure. That very evening he would be returning with his load.

Angelo was not only a prosperous inhabitant of Valle di Pompei; he was well affected to the enterprise of Don Bartolo. Tall and sturdy, and blessed with a powerful voice, he had been wont to tramp the country getting in the contributions of maize and cotton for Bartolo's *feste* and lotteries. It was he also who, mounted on a bench in front of the parish church, used to announce in stentorian tones the result of the lotteries, and call out the names of the prize-winners. Here was the very man who could help in the present emergency. He did not need asking twice. 'All right,' he replied, when his aid was entreated. He took charge of the picture, and Bartolo hastened off to take the train, and be ready to receive the picture when Angelo should have brought it by road.

'What was our dismay,' says Bartolo, 'on finding, when the cart arrived, that Angelo had brought the Madonna of the Rosary lying on the top of the manure with which his cart was filled!'

So humble was the first advent of this memorable 'Madonna of Pompei'!

One of the missionaries received the package from Angelo in the ruinous little parish church. It was unwrapped, and inspected by the three missionaries and the parish priest, by the De Fusco family, and some others. 'No one could help laughing at the old daub. . . . All agreed that, in its actual condition, it could not be shown in the church.'

Bartolo had, therefore, to see 'the fruit of his care and pains' concealed behind the altar of the parish church, and to leave the devout peasants for the present to pray before 'an *uncanonical* lithograph.'

VII

MENDING THE PICTURE

THE HAPPY METAMORPHOSIS

‘ON the morrow,’ says Bartolo, ‘we took counsel about the ragged old thing.’ Was it worth spending so much as a farthing on its repairs? Said the parish priest: ‘I know a painter of views of Pompei. He is a good fellow; he will do the work for next to nothing.’ The painter came, inspected the picture, said the necessary work would take some time, and that revarnishing would be indispensable.

‘Remember,’ said Bartolo, ‘this picture only cost eight carlini. I will give you thirty’ (about ten shillings) ‘if you make it fit to be seen in the church.’ Thus cautioned, the painter took the picture away.

The work of restoration really did require time. Two months elapsed, during which ‘the docile peasants’ continued their devotions before the uncanonical lithograph, Bartolo having set on foot a Confraternity of the Rosary, enabling the people to obtain all the Papal indulgences granted to the Order of St. Dominic. At last, towards the end of January, 1876, the painter brought back the picture. He had done his little best for it, and for about three years and a half it served all the purposes, both ecclesiastical and devotional, of the Guild of the Holy Rosary at Valle di Pompei. Indeed, its miracle-working potency proved quite equal to that of any other picture which has ever winked or shed tears or sweat drops of blood, according to veracious Romish legend. But there were better days in store for the once-despised picture.

The years that had passed since its first installation were filled with hopes and dreams : a permanent conciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, between the Papacy and United Italy, seemed possible and practicable. Bartolo Longo had not crushed down all the old patriotic impulses which had stirred his heart in those days of bitter hostility to Rome and her priesthood, expiated by cruel penances ; he had not learnt to number love of his country among his sins, despite his blind submission to Jesuit and Dominican advisers ; and we now find him endeavouring to impart to his enterprise a truly *Italian* character. It has been suggested that this was due to the worldly wisdom of his priestly counsellors, if not to his own, and that their intention was merely to adapt themselves to popular feeling, so as to secure more favour for the Madonna of Pompei.

Be this as it may, it was agreed on that her claim to real Italian sympathies and national concurrence must be fully symbolized in her wonder-working picture, which at present had no specifically Italian character. For the Madonna and her Child were, of course, of Hebrew race ; St. Dominic, the institutor of the Rosary, was Spanish ; St. Rosa of Lima, American. No wonder Bartolo found his miraculous picture slightly unsatisfactory from the Italian, the diplomatic, point of view. The proper Italian character, however, could be obtained if St. Rosa of Lima were transformed into that much greater Saint, Catherine of Siena. *She* was the glory of Italy, esteemed as such by the whole Catholic world, known and admired even among foreign heretics. St. Catherine of Siena, who had braved the wrath of Popes and the raging of the peoples for the love of righteousness and for the sake of Italy, her fatherland, was, like St. Rosa, a member of the Third Order of the Rosary, and preferable to her in every other respect. It remained only to paint St. Rosa *out* and paint St. Catherine *in*.

Such a metamorphosis is an everyday matter in Italy. A friend of the writer's was trying to procure for him a picture of St. Lucia. One was offered to him which he recognised as that of St. Agatha, and objected to as such. 'Yes,' said

the dealer, 'it is St. Agatha. You see her holding a plate in which are her breasts. St. Lucia holds a plate in which are her eyes. We have only to paint out the breasts and paint in the eyes, and there you have Sta. Lucia. We often change them in this way.' There was, then, no difficulty, artistic or moral, in effecting the contemplated change in Bartolo's wonderful picture; nor does he seem to have apprehended any loss of its efficacy from the transformation.

Bartolo writes with much simplicity how he asked the artist, the 'pious Maldarelli,' to change St. Rosa's crown of roses into St. Catherine's crown of thorns, and to paint into the palms of her hands the stigmata, in accordance with the legendary transmission of the tokens of the Saviour's passion to the hands, feet, and side of St. Catherine. It was also necessary to transform as far as possible the round, full-moon face given to St. Rosa in the poor old picture into the nobler countenance of St. Catherine, 'gentle and worn with penance, like that still to be seen in the Church of St. Dominic at Siena.'

Happily, Father Radente had bought a 'Marriage of St. Catherine' for the same low price—eight carlini—as he had paid for the original Rosary Madonna. This picture, a gift, like the former, to Sister Concetta Maria de Litala, she would lend as a model for the painter to work from. Here was seen St. Catherine receiving the ring of her heavenly spousals from the hand of the Infant Christ held in the arms of the Madonna of the Rosary. Nothing could be better in suggestion for the artist. And at length the wonderful picture was made perfect. The originally coarse features of the Madonna had been made more refined, her contours less unpleasantly plump; greater animation had been imparted to the Infant Christ; the once-vulgar features of St. Dominic had been ennobled—St. Rosa had become St. Catherine of Siena. A new piece of canvas had been skilfully inserted over the Madonna's head, so that her figure occupied its proper position in the painting. Was this the old picture approved by wonders of healing, or was it a new one?

It seemed that the Madonna was well pleased with the changes wrought in her image, for there appeared no diminution in its supernatural efficacy.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

Enclosed in a costly bronze frame estimated at 10,000 lire (£400), encircled by fifteen medallions representing the fifteen 'mysteries' of the Rosary, the picture now sits 'enthroned' high above the high altar of the Sanctuary of Valle di Pompei. So high is this 'throne' of the Rosary Queen that she is all but invisible to wondering spectators, and they must take on trust her superhuman beauty. 'Her countenance,' says Bartolo, 'inspires confidence, love, devotion; it is radiant with beauty. . . . I am convinced that the Madonna, by a visible prodigy, herself has made her own image thus beautiful.' The painter Maldarelli could not have worked such a change; he himself would never claim the credit for it. So says the admiring and adoring Bartolo, glorying in this sign of the Madonna's approval of the new-born work in Valle di Pompei.

It is a sad thing that the very lofty position of the picture debars ordinary spectators, like the present writer, from appreciating this vision of beauty. Perhaps it is due to the indifferent skill of modern copyists, perhaps to our own heretical unbelief, that the countless reproductions of the picture to be seen in Naples do not impress us by any remarkable beauty, but seem vastly inferior to many other Italian Madonnas.

VIII

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AND ST. DOMINIC

'**T**HE Holy Athlete,' 'kind to his friends, cruel to his foes,' as says Dante in his 'Paradiso,' has been already briefly referred to in our pages as the institutor of the Rosary. It is necessary to dwell a little further on the character and career of this extraordinary man.

A member of the noble Spanish house of Gusman, he saw the light first in the village of Calarugna, in Castile, A.D. 1170. He was educated at the University of Palenza, and it is recorded to his credit that during his student days, a famine having broken out, he sold his books and his furniture for the relief of the sufferers, and that his example stirred many others to like deeds of humanity. But his memory is associated with far other achievements.

The legend goes that before his birth his mother dreamed that she would be delivered of a dog carrying in his mouth a burning torch. His admirers have interpreted this as an omen of the 'fire of Christian piety' to be kindled by the example of his glowing zeal; others have thought it portended only the flames of persecution which he was destined to kindle, and to fan into destroying fury.

Dominic's piety proved of a really terrible ascetic character. It would seem as if Bartolo Longo had merely followed his example when tormenting his mortal body with fasting and watching and cruel scourgings.

The Roman Breviary has much to say of the amazing holiness and thaumaturgic power of this Dominic of the house of Gusman. It tells how 'in life and after death' he worked wonderful miracles, 'having raised three persons

from the dead. . . . He was a pillar of the faith, a trumpet of the Spirit . . . a second harbinger of Christ.'

His austerities and his devoutness recommended him to the Bishop Didacus, who gladly received him into the clergy. But while he was journeying to Rome in search of Papal aid and sanction for his enterprise of converting the heretics everywhere by sermons and disputations Didacus died.

His death was followed by a complete change in the anti-heretical campaign, now controlled by Dominic alone, for this fiery and impatient man now aimed, not at the conversion, but at the extirpation, of the 'heretics,' who vexed his soul by the commotions they had raised in the Church. With a few companions he made his way into France, to combat the French 'sectaries' on their own ground, and attacked the Albigenses and other so-called enemies of the faith not only with his own fiery eloquence and scholastic subtlety, but with the sword of the civil power and the terrors of the Inquisition, which, says Mosheim, 'owed its form to this violent and sanguinary priest.'

Bartolo, in his 'Life of Dominic,' has tried to prove that the 'kind and generous' Saint had no part in the horrors of the crusades, and no connection with the Inquisition. More impartial historians see in him the first general Inquisitor.

The Breviary tells us of 'seven years' spent by Dominic in attacking the 'Albigensian heretics.'

Neander, speaking of the 'horrible crusade against the Albigenses,' tells us that the cruelties employed for the extirpation of heretics were 'approved and promoted' by Dominic.

Now, be it remembered, the Madonna of New Pompei is the Madonna of the Rosary as given to Dominic; the ecclesiastical control and spiritual administration of the Sanctuary is in the hands of Dominican Fathers, acting under the direction of the General of the Dominicans as servants of the Pope. Thus the Sanctuary has historical relations with the Inquisition of to-day through its founder, Dominic.

Don Bartolo is not unnaturally anxious to disavow such a connection with that terrible tribunal, held up as it has long

been to public abhorrence throughout Italy in public schools, in Universities, in the press, on the stage. He has tried to disprove the universal belief that the Inquisition was founded by 'that meek and kindly Spanish patriarch, chosen by the Virgin to be the institutor of the Rosary in the world'; yet he would fain defend from the charge of 'cruelty' that 'purely ecclesiastical tribunal, most truly styled the Congregation of the Holy Office.'

His efforts have not obtained very much success in Italy. There exists still, visible to all the faithful in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, a painting illustrating the triumphs of the Dominicans, who are symbolized as black and white dogs, biting and driving off those 'grievous wolves'—*i.e.*, heretics—depicted as assaulting the flock of the Church, shepherded by the Emperor and the Pope. The furious hounds are well understood to represent the Dominicans—*Domini canes*, 'hounds of the Lord'—the black-and-white-robed Friars of the Holy Office. The dominant idea of that painting is openly and frankly accepted by Italian Catholics as one truly descriptive of that Order and of the Holy Office, and they are not slow to avow their detestation of both.

This Dominican zeal for the extirpation of heresy is, moreover, plainly expressed in the dedicatory tablet of the Sanctuary, where the Madonna of the Rosary is glorified as 'the Conqueress of the Albigenses and all the enemies of the Christian name.'

Nor does it lessen the horror associated with the Inquisition to describe it as a 'purely ecclesiastical tribunal.' That has always been its character. But it is implied in the term 'ecclesiastical' when used by Rome. Has the Church of Rome renounced at all its venerable claim to the character of 'a State, a Government, having its laws, its magistracy, its power of inflicting punishment, even unto death'? Not for a moment. The claim has been openly reaffirmed in the present day, as we have already seen. Nor is the Inquisition dead; it is living, working, acting, judging, and passing sentence. This is admitted by Bartolo himself. Trial by bodily torture, public infliction of the death penalty, may not at

the present moment be possible to it ; the right to employ such modes of trial, to exact such penalties, has never been abandoned.

Naples makes it her legitimate boast that she has always steadily resisted the establishment of the Inquisition within her borders. Neapolitans tell with pride how their forefathers rose in insurrection against the combined powers of Church and State, and compelled them to renounce the project of installing the Holy Office, with its mechanism of espionage and torture and justiciary implements of death, within the city and State of Naples. Rome has its historical courts and prisons of the Inquisition ; Palermo can show its ancient palace of the Holy Office, now put to other uses ; but Naples glories in the remembrance of the day when, at the head of her insurgent population, Tommaso Aniello tore from the door of her cathedral the Brief proclaiming the establishment of the Inquisition, and rending it to shreds, trampled it under his feet. Yes, alone of all the South, the children of Vesuvius braved the pride of Rome and the bidding of their own craven rulers, and to-day they repeat with exultation : ' The Inquisition never ruled in Naples.'

Alas ! wherever a Guild of the Rosary gathers there we find pupils of Dominic, and tools, perhaps unwittingly, ready to the hands of the Inquisition. We judge no man, but this we know—that not only is the priesthood organized as one vast army, with all its ' secular ' and ' regular ' clergy, all the different Orders—Jesuit, Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite—but so, likewise, are organized the Guilds and Sisterhoods, Confraternities of the Rosary, and others. All are bound in obedience to Rome to carry out the behests of the great delusion, of the mystery of iniquity.

IX

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AND POPE LEO XIII

'The Rosary was instituted to appease the wrath of God, and to implore the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.'—POPE GREGORY XIII.

'We have as our Mediator with God the most glorious Virgin Mary, the invincible Queen of the Rosary. . . .'

'By her intercession it may be granted to us at last that her Divine Son be appeased and moved to compassion for our woes.'

POPE LEO XIII.

THE Madonna of Pompei is a *Madonna of the Rosary*, but distinguished from all such Madonnas as 'the *Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei*.' As the myth develops and fresh accretions cluster round the original idea, new 'devotions' embody the new belief, and become new seeds of error, producing new harvests of evil.

The devotion of the Madonna of the Rosary symbolizes such a new belief. It gathers into itself all the Marian idolatries of past ages, and with full Papal and official sanction presents to the world a Saviour who is not Christ, a Gospel that is not His Gospel of salvation. Fifteen hundred years ago certain converts from paganism began to adore Mary with such honours as they had been wont to render to the earth-goddess Ceres, offering to Mary such cakes or wafers as of old were used at the harvest festivals. These they bore about in such chariots as were used in pagan religious processions, and ate them after their solemn dedication to Mary, averring that she ought to be propitiated with libations, sacrifices, and offerings of *collyrides*, or cakes.

From that distant period until the day when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was officially imposed upon the Roman Catholic world, the tendency of the ever-

growing myth has been towards the deification of Mary as a Mediator actually more potent than Christ. Very strangely she, the 'highly favoured of Heaven,' is now represented as doing both heaven and earth a favour by her *willing*, her *meritorious*, maternity. She, the child of earth, earned supreme merit by consenting to become the Mother of the Divine Redeemer! Hence her supposed maternal authority over her glorified Son, hence her share in His redeeming work, His mediatorial sufferings on earth, her partnership in His mediatorial glory in heaven.

All this, if not yet exalted into dogma, is explicitly taught by sainted doctors of the Church, canonized as teachers whose writings have been officially examined and pronounced free from even a shadow of error; all this is insisted on by the preachers of the Church, and is stamped as true by the 'pious belief,' not yet erected into dogma, but authorized by the Church, and propagated by the guilds, of the corporeal assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven.

We have told the story of Bartolo Longo's conversion. The whole fabric of his life, the establishment of the Sanctuary, rests on this single foundation-stone, the asserted promise of the Virgin Mary to St. Dominic: 'He who propagates the Rosary is saved.'

Here are the very words attributed to Mary, as quoted by the parish priest of 'the Church of St. Marco di Palazzo and of the most Holy Sacrament, St. Maria degli Angeli,' one of the most aristocratic churches in Naples:

'Quisquis his institerit meditatiunculis, sanguine filii mei non poterit expiari ac salvari, ideoque vivens, in vivum alium immutari, secundum cor Dei, neque sibi Patronam demereri, ac Sponsam sempiternam' ('Whoever propagates these little meditations cannot fail to obtain redemption, and to be saved by the blood of my Son, and on that account, living, he shall be changed into another man, after God's own heart, and shall merit that I, the Everlasting Spouse, shall become his Patroness').

Small wonder that Pope Leo XIII., accepting this promise as true, should have been so earnest in promoting the revival

of the Rosary as to win the title of 'the Rosary Pope,' and should, in his Brief 'Salutaris ille,' have thus expressed himself: 'We exhort and conjure all men to continue devoutly and steadily in the daily repetition of the Rosary.'

An Encyclical of Leo XIII. now before me clearly shows what the Rosary is.

For most English people the Rosary is the *corona*, the string of beads used in saying the prayers. But this is a mere aid to devotion. The Rosary of St. Dominic is a series of prayers and meditations divided into fifteen 'mysteries,' and these subdivided into fives. Each 'mystery' recalls some event of Gospel history in which the Virgin took part, or some mere legend or invention, all in such wise that the chief honour and glory remains with Mary, and that the popular mind is imbued with the notion of her mediatorial sovereignty.

Leo XIII. has declared in his Encyclical on the Rosary that 'we place as Mediatrix with God the most glorious Virgin Mary, the invincible Queen of the Rosary, who has such great sovereignty over the powers of darkness, and who has so often made the effects of her maternal love to be felt in Italy.'

It is clear, then, what the use of the Rosary in devotion signifies—a recognition of all these terrible Marian errors as being Divinely true.

There are in the Rosary five joyful mysteries:

1. The contemplation of the Annunciation.
2. The visit of the Holy Virgin to Elizabeth.
3. Mary's giving birth to the Redeemer Jesus Christ in Bethlehem at midnight, between two animals, in the *presepio*, or stable.
4. The contemplation of the Most Holy Mary on the day of her purification in the temple.
5. A meditation on the Virgin Mary finding her lost Son in the Temple disputing with the doctors.

Then follow five sorrowful mysteries:

1. Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, with the ejaculatory

prayer, 'Praised be Jesus, Joseph, and Mary,' which, indeed, is to be repeated after every mystery.

2. The scourging of the Lord Jesus Christ.
3. Jesus crowned with thorns.
4. Jesus, condemned to death, bearing the Cross.
5. Jesus crucified and put to death in the presence of His agonized Mother.

Then follow the five glorious mysteries :

1. The contemplation of the Resurrection of Jesus.
2. The Ascension of Jesus Christ in triumph, as seen by His most holy Mother and by all His disciples.
3. A meditation on the descent of the Holy Spirit in the *cenacolo* (the upper room), where the Apostles were assembled with the Virgin Mary.
4. How the Most Holy Virgin, some years after the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, passed from this life, and by the Angels was 'assumed'—*i.e.*, taken up into heaven.
5. A meditation on the coronation in heaven of the Virgin Mary by her Most Holy Son, and also on the glory of all the Saints.

The book from which I quote this description is 'Il Rosario : Memorie Domenicani,' published in Rome by the Dominican press. It was designed to enforce the mandate of Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on the Rosary, an Encyclical memorable as marking a new departure in Marian worship, a new development of the myth. Six hundred and thirty thousand copies of the 'Rosary Meditations' were then in circulation.

Every mystery is illustrated by a picture. We must refer to two of these. The first is very significant as to the new reading of the story of Pentecost now sanctioned and widely disseminated by the Church. Mary is shown enthroned amid the disciples in the upper room, and it is on her head that the Heavenly Dove and the Pentecostal fire are seen descending, for to *her* intercession and *maternal* mediation the devout now ascribe the giving of the Holy Spirit.

That favourite subject with many Romish artists, the 'Coronation of the Queen of Heaven' by the hands of her Son, carries with it the deadly error that she is now enthroned as a Divine Redemptress, wielding the sceptre of salvation. It is as crowned Queen of Heaven that in *her own right* she makes such promises as those promulgated in the Rosary from which we quote :

'Promises of the Most Holy Mary to the Devotees of the Holy Rosary.'

'To all those who shall recite my Psalter I promise my most special protection.

'The Rosary will prove a powerful weapon against hell, destroying vice, dissipating sin, overcoming all heresy.

'He who commends himself to me by the Rosary shall not perish.

'I, on the day of their death, set free the souls of my devotees from Purgatory.

'The true children of my Rosary shall have great glory in heaven.

'Whatsoever you shall ask of me by my Rosary I will obtain for you in heaven by my mediation.'

When we have fully appreciated all that is implied in these tremendous 'promises,' we need not waste time over the long list of indulgences granted to such as recite the Rosary, or even one of its three divisions, by Pope after Pope. We will only instance Benedict XIII., who granted one hundred days of indulgence for every *Pater* and every *Ave* recited; and Pius IX., who generously promised *plenary* indulgence as the reward for reciting only a third part of the Rosary three times a week, or for reciting it on the Rosary anniversary, the first Sunday in October.

Is it not plain, from all these Papal promises in Encyclical and Brief, that Rome to-day presents *Mary*, and not Christ, as the giver of eternal life and salvation, attributing to her the Divine power of changing the repentant sinner into 'a

man after God's own heart,' and to her the gift of the world-renovating Spirit of God ?

Let us quote again from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., the *ipsissima verba* of the late Pontiff :

' We will and command that the whole of the month of October of the current year be dedicated and consecrated to the Heavenly Queen of the Rosary. We decree and command that in this same year the solemnity of the Virgin of the Rosary be celebrated with especial devotion and splendour throughout all the world.'

The Pope represents himself as holding ' the weighty keys ' of that ' heavenly treasury ' of the Church in which are amassed the merits of the Redeemer, the Virgin, the Saints, and all ' supererogatory ' good works ; and as dispensing these ' treasures ' to all who devoutly practise the Rosary in indulgences—some of seven years, some of twice that length, some plenary, according to the acts of piety performed by the votaries of the Rosary.

This lavish munificence during the consecrated month of October was intended, as was the whole Encyclical, to fan the flames of devotion to Mary the world over, and induce the people to trust in *her* as their Saviour. We have quoted Pope Leo's express declaration that ' by her intercession we may obtain that her Divine Son be appeased and moved to compassion for our woes.' Is there not in this passage a hideous misrepresentation, approaching to blasphemy, of the Divine all-compassionate Redeemer ? But such is the inevitable consequence of the interposition of *Mary* as Mediatrix with her Son on behalf of the sinful world for which He willingly offered Himself, making that ' full, perfect, and sufficient ' sacrifice for all its sins which the idolaters of *Mary* incomprehensibly ignore.

And yet it was Leo XIII. who issued that other Encyclical, containing a solemn magnificent proclamation of Jesus Christ as the *only* Saviour, ' the Way, the Truth, the Life.' Many may remember how deeply that Encyclical impressed the Christian world, with its dedication of the whole year to Christ, its poetic celebration of the nineteen Christian cen-

turies just closing by the erection of nineteen statues of the Redeemer on nineteen of the loftiest mountain-peaks of Italy. It was hailed as a happy omen of a new era of purer Christian faith, of which Pope Leo was the herald. This hope was confirmed by the institution of the Society of St. Jerome for the diffusion of the Gospels, and by the publication of that touching hymn in which Leo seemed to unveil the inmost feelings of his soul on the approach of death. We give what seems an approximately correct version of this hymn, as translated in some English papers :

'Leo, the fatal hour draws near—
'Tis time for thee to go,
To take the endless way to bliss,
Or else to woe.

'The gifts which God in bounty gave
Might bid thee hope for heaven—
The fatal keys, the weighty charge,
To thee long given.

'But think of these with sighs ! For he
'Mong men who most shall be
Exalted, miserably shall pay
A sharper penalty.

'I tremble ; then there comes a form
Sweet, and a sweeter voice of cheer,
Which whispers to my soul, and says,
" Why shouldst thou fear ?

" Why trace and mourn thy vanished days ?
For Christ is near ; when thou dost pray
He pities, pardons, and will wash
Thy sins away."'

These touching lines are in full harmony with the teaching of the Encyclical in which Leo proclaimed Christ to be 'the Way, the Truth, the Life.' They are diametrically opposed to the teaching of that other Encyclical, in which, following in the steps of Pius IX., his successor set forth *Mary* as the sinner's hope, by whose intervention the Redeemer might be 'appeased.' Yes, that merciful Redeemer whom, in his pathetic verse, Leo finds very near to him, pitying and pardoning and cleansing the penitent even while he prays.

It would seem as if Leo, the humble individual Christian, were quite another being from Leo the Pope, who had received as an inalienable heritage the acts and deeds of his *infallible* predecessor, Pius IX.—that Pope who, when holding his famous Vatican Council of 1870, and confidently expecting to translate into fact the Coronation Charge which declared him ‘Father of princes and kings and Governor of the World,’ put forth a Brief appointing the Rosary as a spiritual weapon sure to gain the victory for the Holy See. In this Brief we are told that ‘St. Dominic, armed with the Rosary, as with an invincible sword, crushed the infamous heresy of the Albigenses. Equipped with the same armour, and *with the authority of the Vatican Council*, the faithful will be able to overthrow and extirpate the manifold monsters of error that prowl around.’

There needs no further proof of the intimate connection between the Popes, the Rosary of St. Dominic, and the whole idolatrous system of Madonna-worship.

THE ROSARY AND THE EXTIRPATION
OF HERETICS

'All who know what is going on in Europe of late know that the time for smiling at Rosaries is past. A charm or a *chupattie* ceases to be a trifle when it becomes the symbol connecting devotion with deeds of blood.'—Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A., in 'The Popes, the Kings, and the People.' ³³

ONE characteristic of St. Dominic's Rosary must not be passed over: it is the battle-flag of the crusade against heretics.

Leo XIII., in the Encyclical already cited, reminds us how Leo X. declared that the Rosary was instituted 'to do battle against all heretics and the prevailing heresies,' adding: 'The need of Divine help certainly is not less now than when the glorious St. Dominic introduced the practice of the Rosary. He, illuminated by heavenly light, knew there was no better way nor more efficacious remedy to bring men nearer to Christ than to interpose, as Mediator with God, the Virgin, who has power to extinguish all heresies. Therefore, he composed the formula of the Holy Rosary.'

Let us go once more within the walls of the Sanctuary of Pompei, and ere we enter lift our eyes to the statue of the Madonna that surmounts its sumptuous façade, and note the glittering letters of the inscription, 'PAX.' Mary is here proclaimed 'Queen of Peace.'

But what confronts us within her temple? The picture enthroned above the high altar, where Mary is shown entrusting the *corona* of the Rosary to the terrible Inquisitor, Dominico Gusman. And if we turn to the dedicatory tablet,

there we find Mary glorified as the destroyer of the Albigenses, branded *here* as heretics, but spoken of very differently by historians, even by Catholic historians, who in the present day acknowledge many merits in the persecuted Albigenses. If the *Rosary* be truly styled the weapon by which Mary destroyed the Albigenses, is it not a weapon red with the blood of poor innocents, and is not the Rosary-Goddess guilty of having wasted with fire and sword the land of a guiltless people ?

Yet Don Bartolo and Pope Leo and the Church see no inconsistency in presenting this Rosary Madonna, with her motto 'PAX,' as the harbinger of universal peace, while they attribute to her on the dedicatory tablet the cruellest by-past tragedies of massacre and extermination. But we, mindful of these things, refuse to recognise in the Rosary the olive-branch of peace ; it is the battle-flag of bigot persecuting zeal. For this view we have the express authority of the Church of Rome. It is an article of faith, approved by Pope Leo, that by the Rosary 'the enemies of the faith were conquered and scattered, and obliged to cease from their impiety and foolish audacity.'

We go to Catholic historians for the character of these Albigenses, these 'enemies of the faith.' 'Their manner of life was strict ; they were abstemious, laborious, and devout, seeking only what was needful for bodily sustenance, and living as men not of this world.'

Bernard of Clairvaux, though feeling bound to oppose them as enemies to the Pope, says frankly : 'If you question them as to their faith, nothing can be more Christian ; if you observe their conversation, nothing can be more blameless ; and their deeds bear out their words.' An Albigense 'attends the church, honours his elders, offers his gift, makes his confession, receives the Sacrament. What can be more Christian-like ? As to life and manners, he circumvents no man, overreaches no man, does violence to no man. He fasts much, and eats not the bread of idleness, but works with his hands for his support.'

This simple and devout people was branded as heretical,

for no other reason, their contemporary enemies being witnesses, but their rejection of the Papacy, and their resistance to the authority of Rome.

Claude Bernard, Romish Archbishop of Toulouse, describes the Albigenses as 'perfectly irreproachable in their lives . . . giving themselves with all their might to the service of God.' But Claude Bernard was one who joined in persecuting and hunting them to death because of their resistance to Rome (see 'The Faiths of the World,' by Rev. J. Gardener, M.D., M.A.).

What were the victories won over these so-called 'heretics' by the Madonna of the Rosary? Were they victories of peace, gained by preaching and persuasive teaching?

History tells us that Rome, irritated by Albigensian non-recognition of her authority, sent 'two Legates, Guy and Reinier,' armed with full authority to extirpate these heretics, and that these Legates gave multitudes of unoffending people to the flames; that the emissaries of Innocent III. traversed Europe, preaching a holy war against the heretics, and enlisting recruits by impassioned appeals to their zeal for the glory of God, and by large promises of Papal indulgences if they would don the sign of the Cross and enrol themselves in the Papal army for the destruction of those 'workers of iniquity,' the harmless, upright Albigenses.

Here is the true spirit of the Rosary Madonna, who is *not* the Queen of Peace.

The Count of Toulouse, Raymond VI., well knowing the blameless lives of his Albigensian subjects, refused obedience to the Papal mandate to join in the crusade against them. He was promptly excommunicated, and his territory laid under an interdict, and, terrified, he signed the treaty for the extermination of the heretics; but his submission was so little sincere, and the insolence of the Pope's Legate Castelnau so irritating, that a friend of Count Raymond's was emboldened to slay the Legate with a stab. New thunders of the Vatican avenged the deed. Raymond was anathematized in all the churches, his subjects released from their allegiance, and all Catholics authorized to assail his person and possess

his territories, with the immediate aim of extirpating heresy.

Nor was this all. Philip Augustus, King of France, was now summoned to lend his aid in the holy war, and bidden to drive out the heretics, and confer their lands and goods on faithful Romanists, with promises of indulgences equal to those accorded to the Crusaders vowed to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. An army of not less than 300,000 'crusaders' soon poured into the devoted provinces. Raymond, having been duped into surrendering seven of his castles, was enforced to promise aid towards the extermination of the heretics, was made to entreat and receive absolution from the Papal Legate, and to take a solemn oath, on the Sacrament and the relics of the Saints, that he 'would obey the Pope and the Holy Roman Church as long as he lived, and would pursue the heretics with fire and sword till they were rooted out, or made submission to the Holy See.'

This being done, he had to submit to a degrading penance for the slaying of Castelnau. Being stripped naked, save for a linen girdle about his loins, a priest's stole was cast round his neck by the Legate, who led him by the stole into the church, and making him pass nine times round the tomb of Castelnau, chastised him with a bundle of rods, and compelled him to renew his sworn vow to root out the heretics.

This victory over the unhappy Count's honour and humanity is credited to the Madonna of the Rosary.

Some idea of the character of Pope Innocent's crusade may be gathered from the story of the cities captured by the crusaders. Beziers was 'entered without opposition of any kind,' its citizens being helpless to withstand the thousands of the foe. Not one escaped alive from the indiscriminate slaughter that followed. Sixty thousand are said to have perished. The houses were plundered and then fired, and the whole city reduced to ashes.

Carcassonne, better fortified than Beziers, fell by treachery. Roger, the defender of its citadel, was given into the hands of the Legate; the other inmates escaped by secret underground passages into the open country.

And now that the two chief strongholds were in the hands of the foe, the government of the conquered territories, after being vainly offered to several noblemen, was taken over by the famous, and infamous, Simon de Montfort, who ruled them with a rod of iron in the name of Holy Church.

At his instance the hapless Raymond was once more excommunicated, and might be seen praying outside the doors of churches that he could not enter. Ere long his wretched life ended in the palace of Carcassonne. Poison was suspected. Pope Innocent III. himself avowed that Raymond died by violence.

Are *these* victories worthy of the Queen of Mercy ?

Simon de Montfort continued the crusade with relentless cruelty. Besieging castles and towns, he hanged, blinded, mutilated such of their defenders as he could capture. Others, having stedfastly refused to forsake their simple Christian belief for Romish error, were consumed by fire. In one such funeral pyre at Menerbe a hundred and forty men and women perished, meekly resolute. Such as escaped with their lives sought refuge in mountain and forest, living, like the Saints of old, 'of whom the world was not worthy,' in dens and caves of the earth.

It is recorded that at Lavour De Montfort put to the slaughter eighty knights, and caused a noble lady to be thrown into a pit and buried alive under stones, after which all heretics who could be found were burned.

These hideous deeds are credited to the Rosary Queen !

It was not long ere strife broke out among the triumphant crusaders. The Papal Legate Arnold assumed the rich Archbishopric of Narbonne, and claimed, as Archbishop, temporal sovereignty. Simon de Montfort, as Duke of Narbonne, withstood the Archbishop's claim, and the people siding with the Prelate, Simon declared them heretics, took Narbonne by force of arms, and threatened dreadful things. The Archbishop retorted by laying Narbonne under interdict, and Simon, the Papal champion, laughed the ban to scorn !

These quarrels checked awhile the progress of the crusade.

Finally, De Montfort perished at the siege of Toulouse, being crushed by a fragment of rock hurled from the city wall. But the frightful tale of massacre still goes on after his death has been chronicled. For the Albigenses were not yet all slain. We read how even the otherwise noble Blanche, Queen-Dowager of France, mother of St. Louis and Regent during his minority, countenanced the war of extermination against the heretics. We read how five thousand of these poor creatures, men, women, and children, fell in one massacre at Amaury. The Lateran Council of 1215 did, indeed, forbid any further preaching of the crusade, which had been too well preached already. As its result, after a cruel internecine warfare of fifteen years, the Albigenses disappeared from the South of France. The few who escaped from the fury of the crusaders fled across the frontiers into Piedmont, Austria, Bohemia, England, and other lands.

These are not the too-familiar horrors of wars between nation and nation, between potentate and potentate. No, it is a religious war of which we have been reading, a war of armed persecutors against a helpless peaceful folk, only guilty of refusing to accept the sovereignty of the Pope. It is in the name of the Pope that Count Raymond, against his better self, is compelled to declare war upon his innocent subjects, is made to do degrading penance, is twice excommunicated for his half-hearted partnership in the Crusade, and for the same offence is secretly done to death. It is the Pope who compels Philip Augustus to persecute the heretics with fire and sword, and who sends De Montfort on his demoniacal work into the once peaceful South of France.

And all this is done in the name of Mary! Is it not the cruellest insult to her womanhood, the vilest injury to her blessed memory, to make her the authoress of such unspeakable horrors? Yet this is done in the dedicatory tablets of the Sanctuary of Pompei. Vainly do those who thus defame her in one breath hail her in the next as their Goddess of Peace.

In his Encyclical on the use of the Rosary Leo recommends

it to the faithful by recalling the triumph won by united Christendom against the Saracenic invasion, a triumph which he attributes to the Rosary. In the days when the Moslem hordes 'threatened to bring all Europe under the yoke of their superstition and barbarity,' the Pontiff Pius V., his successor tells us, having exhorted the Princes of Christendom to defend the common cause, 'sought that the most powerful Mother of God, through the prayers of the Rosary, should hasten propitiously to help.' Pope Leo dwells on the grandeur of the spectacle then presented to heaven and earth. One company of the faithful, assembled near the Isthmus of Corinth, awaited with fearless daring the onset of the foe; while elsewhere a multitude of unarmed devotees 'called on Mary for aid,' supplicating her 'with the alternating prayers of the Rosary,' praying her to lead on the soldiers of Christendom to victory. 'She did answer their prayers,' for it is to the Madonna of the Rosary that Leo, with all his predecessors, from Pius V. to Gregory XIII., ascribes the great naval victory of Lepanto. Gregory, indeed, decreed that the anniversary of that victory should be consecrated, under the title of the Rosary, to 'Mary the Victorious.'

The constantly repeated Papal attribution to the Madonna of the Rosary of the Christian victory over invading Mahomedanism has had its due effect on the mind of Catholicism at large, and has disposed it to esteem Mary as the ruler of the universal earth, and as holding in her hands the issues of life and death, of victory and defeat.

It is a very short-sighted view of the Rosary and its influence which finds its exponents in historians such as Milner. We cannot with him regard this institution of Dominic as a matter 'egregiously trifling,' though with him we regard the Rosary devotion as the degradation of prayer into a mere mechanical exercise. Milner speaks of it as an instance of 'the religious taste' of the days of Dominic. It is, so far as Romanism is concerned, in perfect harmony with the religious taste of to-day, and it still fatally subserves the original intention of its founder by offering to the soul that hungers

and thirsts after righteousness, not the Living Bread of the Word of God, but that poisonous substitute, the Marian Psalter, holding up *Mary*, not Christ, as the fittest object for devotion and as the saviour from sin and its penalties. It is not as a trivial, a puerile aid to devotion that the Rosary has been so earnestly and persistently pressed on the attention of the Catholic world by so astute a Pontiff as Leo XIII. Out of the long list of his Encyclicals, no fewer than eleven were devoted to the championship of the Rosary. It would to-day be found a weapon still very serviceable to Papal diplomatists for the 'conversion' of any twentieth-century Albigenses, or for ensuring victory in any Papal contest with modern prince or potentate. Not for nothing have the countless Rosary confraternities been enrolled under the banner of *Mary*.

The Romish clergy of to-day laugh in their sleeves at those who blindly deem the Rosary movement trivial, who look on it as a mere matter of beads and prayers. They know what this 'devotion' has accomplished in the past, what it is capable of accomplishing in the future.

A Liberal Italian paper scoffed at the Rosary. The Papal organ controlled by the Archbishop of Naples, *La Libertà Cattolica*, replied promptly: 'What would you have, gentlemen? Before you were born or thought of that toy of ours, that string of fifty-eight beads, had already won victories far more brilliant than yours. . . . Ferdinand of Castile, under the banner of the Rosary, swept the Moors from Spain; under that banner Don John of Austria and Marc Antonio Colonna destroyed the Turkish fleet at Lepanto; Louis XIII. of France captured the Huguenot stronghold of La Rochelle; Poland repulsed the Muscovites; and John Sobieski raised the Turkish siege of Vienna; while in Austria Charles VI. gave freedom to Hungary.'

Here are proud triumphs of the Rosary! But the *Libertà Cattolica* goes further, and shames not to boast how, under the Rosary banner, 'the great Knight Crusader Simon de Montfort' slew 'not less than twenty thousand Albigenses.' The Rosary devotees of to-day are proud of the ferocious De

Montfort, as though they were his contemporary bigots! The spirit is unchanged. 'We know a little of history!' is their boast. 'From Toulouse to Lutzen, from Caspé to La Rochelle, from Granada to Vienna, the most splendid victories have been won by the Holy Rosary. . . . It is only your ignorant stupidity that makes you deride it'!

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AND ST. CATHERINE

‘ THE BANNER OF THE POPES—THE BANNER OF GOD ’

SIGNOR BARTOLO LONGO would have us accept New Pompei and its institutions as signs of the renewing of the Papacy and of its fresh vitality ; that New Pompei, amid the materialism, unbelief, and corruption of the age, stands forth the herald of a better and more hopeful religious epoch for Italy and for the world. In the pure spiritual atmosphere of the Sanctuary we shall feel, so he says, the thrilling of the new life of Italy, the pulses that stir the great heart of the nations, the growing tendency towards universal peace. These nobler, higher impulses are, he says, the life and soul of Pompei. And yet another attraction is set forth on behalf of the Sanctuary. Its champions and promoters are lay rather than clerical ; its founders are neither priest nor nun, but a Neapolitan lawyer and his Countess-wife. The lay element is to have fair play at last, and the weariness of everyday existence is to be lessened by noble spiritual activities.

Alas ! some who have been behind the scenes receive such statements with disappointing scepticism. ‘ Is Signor Longo a layman ? ’ they mutter. ‘ Nay, he is thrice a priest.’ According to Romanelli, once a coadjutor, but now an adversary of Bartolo, the title of *Papessa* was pinned to the skirts of the Countess de Fusco by no less a person than Monsignor Formisano, the late Bishop of Nola. A priest appealed to the Bishop, complaining of the Countess as intermeddling too much in religious matters. The Bishop answered : ‘ I can-

not hinder it. Don Bartolo has taken into his head to play the Pope, and the Countess to play the *Papessa*.'

And it is no new thing, as Signor Longo would have us believe, for the Roman Catholic laity to be gathered into associations for devout and philanthropic purposes. Rome has ever been wise enough to enlist the sympathies of the laity in this way. There is the Third Order of the Dominicans, the Third Order of St. Francis, each controlled by the General of its Order, each composed of women as well as of men. There are the lay followers of St. Francis de Sales, the Salesians; there is the Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paola. There are many societies, such as the Misericordia of Florence, engaged in works of mercy. There is the Society of Catholic Youth, which inspires and directs all the Romish young men's associations; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Don Bartolo was too shrewd not to appreciate to the full the value of lay co-operation. A priesthood has to be paid, but lay workers would work and pray, and even pay—a priceless consideration. He found the organization he required ready to his hand in the Third or lay Order of St. Dominic, the Order of the Rosary.

We would not depreciate the devotion and the heroic work of many of these lay associations—we honour those Sisters of Mercy who train the young and who tend the sick, both in civic hospitals and on the field of battle; but it is a grievous reflection that all these associations of devoted workers are but so many regiments fighting under the banner of the Madonna-Saviour, generalised and directed by the Romish clergy to subserve the aims of ambitious, imperious Rome. And Don Bartolo is not the one to assert the people's rights, and turn the currents of superstition into a swelling stream of Christian truth and philanthropy. He, too, is a vowed soldier of the Papacy.

He has told of the improvement effected in his wonder-working picture by the judicious metamorphosis of St. Rosa of Lima into St. Catherine of Siena. Indeed, he had acted with great judgment when making this change. For of all the Saints canonized by Rome, Catherine of Siena is the one

who should most surely appeal to Italian sympathies. There is nothing very attractive to *these* in the Rosary Madonna when adored as *Virgo Victrix*, as conqueress over the harmless Albigenses, as the special patroness of a fierce Inquisitor like Dominic, the originator of that very Inquisition which Naples would never admit within her borders.

It is far otherwise with St. Catherine. She, the Seraphic Virgin of Siena, was truly Italian. She could symbolize everything that could evoke Italian sympathy, and conciliate Italian aspirations after a new era of freedom and hope. And she was a Saint of the Church, exalted to the worship of the altar, a friend of Popes, an Associate of the Rosary, a sufficient guarantee of Don Bartolo's loyalty to Rome. And the poetic romance of her life was full of attraction. She had fearlessly denounced the unspeakable immorality of the Papacy as seen both in Rome and at Avignon; she had risen in holy rebellion against 'that worldly, greedy grasping of power which had thrown Christendom into fierce armed conflict, that struggle to establish an unholy claim to a despotic material sovereignty which had deluged Italy with blood.'

Is not here a Saint to enlist the sympathy of patriot Italians, wroth at seeing the ban of impotent Papal excommunication still suspended over the sovereigns of United Italy, because Italy has deprived the Roman Pontiff of his 'despotic material sovereignty'? And yet Catherine of Siena had proved herself the truest friend to her contemporary Popes. She appeals to both of the parties that make modern Italy 'a house divided against itself.'

Consider for a moment her wonderful career. A child and messenger of the people, she proved the peacemaker between the Church and the States; she showed herself an angel of mercy in terrible days of plague and distress; she stood up, a saintly rebel, against the enormities of the Papacy and the Popes. She was such a devotee of the Rosary as might make men forget the sinister fame of Dominic, the institutor of the Rosary.

Perhaps what made her most fit for adoration at New Pompei was the blending of the practical and the mystical

in her story. For the devotees in love with portent and prodigy, athirst for the miraculous, there was her legendary espousal to the Saviour, her ecstatic vision resulting in the *stigmata*; for the philanthropist and patriot there was her purely womanly heroism, her care for the smitten in the dreadful days of plague, her championship of the artisans; and pre-eminent above all, there was her valiant action, her dauntless devotion to the Pope as Christ's Vicegerent on earth. For hitherward, to the deification of the Supreme Pontiff, tend all the currents of activity at New Pompei. 'The banner of the Popes is the banner of God!'

St. Catherine, who may not inaptly be called the Joan of Arc of Italy, was the daughter of a poor dyer of Fontebranda. It is recorded of her in infancy that as she climbed upstairs she would pause on each step to recite an *Ave Maria*. Visionary from her early childhood, when only five years old she thought she saw Jesus, clad in priestly robes, and sitting on a royal throne, visibly present before her eyes. At seven years old she vowed her virginity to Christ, and it is said that her father beheld a mystical white dove on her head as she sat lost in ecstasy. We read of her going clad in men's attire to a gathering of men that she might preach the Gospel to them. It was in a vision that she learned to read and write, arts in which her lowly parents had not instructed her. Writing to Raymond of Capua, she says: 'Father, after you left me I had a dream. The Evangelist John and St. Thomas Aquinas appeared to me, and I learned to read and write.'

She tells how Christ appeared to her, opened her breast on the left side, took out her heart, and then, closing up the wound, said: 'Take My heart, and henceforth live with that only.'

And what believer in legendary lore has not accepted the story of Catherine's mystical marriage to Jesus? Was there not the wedding-ring?

Also, she is always portrayed with the *stigmata*. She says, or she is made to say, that she saw five rays of blood, which, turning into five rays of light, imprinted the marks of the sacred wounds on her hands, feet, and side.

The Pope commissioned her to act as a lay preacher, and she fearlessly traversed Italy and France, to reach Avignon, then the centre of ecclesiastical confusion and corruption. There she boldly called for reform in the Church, and she succeeded in bringing back the Pope and the Papal See from Avignon to Rome, and thus put an end to the scandal of a long-enduring schism.

It is hard to understand how she escaped martyrdom as a heretic, so tremendous were her denunciations of the gross corruptions, the crying scandals, of the Romish Church. This Deborah of the Papacy, in her fiery zeal, went far beyond the poor Albigenes, who for their heretical accusations brought against the Popedom of their day had been hunted down with fire and sword, and swept from the face of the earth. For all this, she stands enrolled among the canonized Saints, and is associated with the Inquisitor Dominic as an adorer of the Rosary Madonna.

Shall we not find the key to the puzzle in the fact that Catherine of Siena never rejected the Pope as Visible Head of the Church of Christ, but spent her energy in freeing his administration from crying scandal and reproach ?

Apart from this consideration, we need feel no surprise at Rome's self-contradiction. Her agents burned Joan of Arc as a heretic, but Joan is beatified by Rome to-day. To please the ever-infamous Borgia Pope, Savonarola was executed at Florence ; now, to flatter Italian patriotism, steps are being taken towards the canonization of that martyred reformer patriot, herald of the coming Protestant Reformation. The spirit of religious freedom, the pestilent heresy of free opinion in religion, must not any longer claim the French maiden, the Florentine monk, as its glorious martyrs.

The amazing inconsistency of *infallible* Rome has yet another exemplification in St. Alfonso de' Liguori, whose motto was ' Three loves—Mary, Jesus, the Pope,' who founded the widespread Redemptorist Order, and whose example and teaching were most potent in encouraging and developing the idolatrous cult of the Madonna. Yet this devoted servant of the Pope lost Papal favour, and being cast out of his own

Order, having been degraded from its headship, died excommunicate, and was buried outside the precincts of the church. Thereafter the author of the 'Glories of Mary' and of the terrible, untranslatable 'Instructions to Confessors' was canonized as Saint and Doctor of the Church! Could self-contradiction be carried further?

XII

ST. JOSEPH

‘Pater Dei et dictus et creditus est.’

*Breviary: Fest. Sancti Josephi,
Sponsi B.M.V.*

MYTH BEGETS MYTH.

WE are standing before the picture representing what is called the ‘Transit of Joseph,’ painted by Professor Ponziani Soverani, of Bergamo. Our friend Bartolo insists much on the claim of his Sanctuary to admiration as having favourably influenced the development of modern Italian religious art. The peculiar merit of this picture, he says, is ‘the marvellous way’ in which the natural and supernatural are blended in it, giving to it ‘an undisputed triumph over the false tendencies of the realistic school.’ It is ‘a new glory of Italian art.’

Signor Longo’s enthusiastic description of this picture savours more of the lawyer than of the art critic. ‘The personages,’ says he, ‘are three—the Divine Man, Mary, and Joseph. Each and all of the three are portrayed with a perfection quite inexpressible. There is the Divine Man, who has entered into the visible, sensible relations, domestic and legal, of Son; there is Mary, who, while recognising her inferiority of *nature* to Jesus . . . exercises the ministry of mother; there is Joseph, the saintly man so dear to God, the husband of the Mother of God, who enters as a necessary consequence into this saintly group, exercising the authority of father.’

The picture described with this curious legal precision represents what we should call the death of Joseph, now

styled his 'transit'—the passage, let us say, of this star of Heaven's first magnitude across the disc of the Sun of Righteousness into the land of light and life, where starlight, moonlight, sunlight are lost in the glory of the Lamb. This may be called the poetic aspect of the 'transit.'

But the picture has a far more serious significance. It evidences the fast-growing tendency to glorify Joseph, and to emphasize that erroneous view of the human relations of the Holy Family which implies the perpetuation of Mary's maternal authority over her glorified Son, of Joseph's marital authority over Mary, and of his paternal authority over Jesus, who in His earthly infancy was entrusted as a son to Joseph. All this false doctrine Signor Longo bids us recognise as taught and exemplified in this painting. To him, as to far too many of his coreligionists, Joseph is the greatest of Saints, possessing such a position and such power in the heavenly world as are even higher than those of his spouse, the Virgin Mother. And in describing the 'matchless wonder' of this picture he kindles and glows over the 'ineffable dignity' of Mary, 'inspired by her own superhuman excellency and the peerless sense of her matchless mission. Faith and religion require,' he goes on, 'that the countenance of the dying Joseph shine . . . with the glory of the just, already foretasted in that moment when to all others *come only the terrible sorrows and agonizing perplexities of one's eternal destiny.*' So far blessed above ordinary Christian believers is St. Joseph, according to Signor Longo, whose ideas of a Christian death-bed are very discouraging.

Without seeking in this picture for the anachronisms that almost always mar ecclesiastical art, without examining into the much-vaunted blending of the Divine and human in its personages, we note only the real inner meaning of the chosen theme. This is the rapid growth of the mythic and legendary in the special devotion rendered to St. Joseph, developing out of the cult of the Madonna.

Mary, says the legend, did not see the corruption of death. This was held for the necessary result of her Immaculate Conception, which, being now a dogma, calls for her miraculous

'assumption,' body and soul, into heaven. The legendary faith in this 'assumption,' testified in festal rites, approved by Popes, set forth by preachers, appealing to the imagination of woman and the chivalry of man, should be erected into dogma if the Mary-worshippers could have their way. The Church already teaches it as good and worthy of belief; now the Church is called on to declare it an article of faith. To-day it may be questioned lawfully; to-morrow it may have to be believed under pain of everlasting death.

Thus Mary, as the Mother, has her 'Assumption'; but Joseph stood in the relation of father to the Divine Son. 'Could he be supposed to die as others die?' asks Bartolo triumphantly. Mary is deified, invested with supreme authority, as the Mother; therefore Joseph must be glorified, because his position in the Holy Family gave him authority over both Son and Mother. Hence the doxology of the Rosary, to be recited after each mystery: 'Praise be to the name of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary!' This invocation of the new trinity of the Marian Psalter is not a meaningless addition to *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Gloria*. And Joseph now has his *Salve*, like Mary. 'Hail, Joseph, full of grace: Jesus and Mary are with thee. Blessed art thou amongst men, and blessed is the fruit of the womb of thy spouse!'

The pious belief in the Immaculate Conception of Mary has become a dogma of the Church. Joseph must not be left far behind; therefore we read: 'St. Joseph was purified from the stain of original sin in the bosom of his pious Mother. . . . St. Joseph was confirmed in grace, and never had the misfortune to offend God grievously.' 'As there is in heaven an Ineffable Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—so on earth there is another Trinity—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—united by the Deity in the bonds of an inviolable love. . . . The prayer of Joseph is *omnipotent* in heaven, because it is blended with the prayer of Jesus and Mary.'

Are our readers weary of this kind of sentimental, unconscious blasphemy? Alas! there is more to follow.

'Joseph is above the Apostles, above the Saints and Angels, superior to Mary . . . in the authority with which God

invested him, inasmuch as he *represented* God the Father to the Son.' Thus reasons New Pompei. 'If the Apostle occupy the foremost place, it is in the order of *the Church*, and not in the order of the *Hypostatic Union*, in which no others figure but Mary and Joseph. Now, as the Incarnation rises high above all in heaven and earth, so the glory of Mary and Joseph is high above that of all other Saints.' 'St. Joseph had the honour of rendering to God on earth services which no Saint and no Angel has ever rendered Him. . . . He was the redeemer of the Redeemer of men, the saviour of the Saviour of the world, having saved Him from the snares of Herod and from a thousand dangers ; the lord of the Lord ; the superior of the King and Queen of Heaven ; their tutor, their nourisher, their guide, their friend, their defender, their all. . . . The Angels of God are but the servants of Jesus. Joseph is the father of Jesus ; he commands, and is obeyed. What Angel could say to the Creator of heaven and earth : "Thou art my Son" ? But Joseph . . . can say this.'

Much is said as to the humility and reverence which Mary was wont to manifest towards Joseph on earth. We are told, for instance, how she would kneel when presenting him with food ; how she would take off and put on his sandals for him. Are we to infer that she preserves this attitude of a submissive spouse towards Joseph in the heavenly world, where, the Saviour has told us, 'there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage' ? If not, if the mere earthly relations cease with the life of earth, what becomes of the royalty of Mary and her mediatorship, built as these are on her transitory authority as the human Mother of the Lord, an authority which her adorers fondly believe endures for ever in the kingdom of heaven ?

I suppose it is from the presentation of Joseph as a saviour which we find much dwelt upon in the teachings of Pompei that is derived the supposed saying of St. Teresa : 'There is nothing his intercession cannot obtain.' In the 'Triduo,' celebrated at the altar over which appears this picture of the 'Transit of Joseph,' the worshippers are thus taught to pray : "Go to my husband," Mary seems to say ; "he will console

you. Removing the evil that oppresses you, he will give you joy and peace." "Go to Joseph," Jesus seems to say—"to Joseph, whom I honoured and held as My father. I have given to him My power, that he may use it for your good as he will." "Go to Joseph," the *Eternal Father* seems to say, "to him who stood in My stead on earth toward My Son made man."

Would you have more of this dreary perversion of truth? Here are prayers which the devout are bidden to address to Joseph, hailing him as 'Angel of the earth, glorious St. Joseph, who didst see the Queen of Heaven submissive to thy commands,' adjuring him 'by the holy bond of love uniting him to the Immaculate Virgin-Mother of God,' by his 'paternal love to the Child Jesus,' to 'supply our need by his power and help.'

At first the present writer regarded all this amazing exaltation of Joseph in the teaching of New Pompei as due to the wild fanaticism of Bartolo Longo alone, but a careful study of the Breviary has considerably modified that first impression. I turned to the Festa of St. Joseph, March 19, and found the essential heresy suggested, confirmed, officially promulgated. There is the hymn to Joseph, 'whom all the armies of heaven celebrate,' who is declared so great that 'the Lord, the King of kings, the Ruler of the world, before whose frown hell trembles, and to whom the heavens do service, has placed Himself under Joseph'; and here we are taught to pray: 'We ask, O Lord, to be so helped by the merits of the spouse of the Most Holy Mother . . . that we may obtain the forgiveness of our sins and the reward of eternal peace.'

The special merit of Joseph, his peculiar claim to our trust, the service which he, and no other, could or did render, is stated thus: 'Did he not receive Mary when she was with child, and by thus taking her . . . did he not *deceive the devil, who regarded her as the wife of Joseph, and thus shield her from the fury of the powers of hell?* . . . Was he not the guardian of Mother and Child, as the Babe lay in the manger-cradle of Bethlehem? . . . Was not his fatherly care ever

Saint of the Universal Church,' and in an Encyclical of August 15, 1889, Pope Leo XIII. reminded the world of the faithful of this lofty position accorded to Joseph, ranking him with Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and Peter, the Keeper of the Keys.

St. Joseph is a very serviceable Saint to Rome. As the carpenter of Nazareth, he is put forward in appeal to the much-needed sympathy of the working classes ; as the earthly head of the Holy Family, he is the patron of pure and loving family life. Hence his special cult, which, originating in Naples, was at first disallowed, but afterwards approved, has won the extraordinary favour signalized by Pope Leo's 1889 Encyclical. Its foundation-stone is the purely Romish idea of 'Jesus, Joseph, and Mary,' the Lord of Glory still subject to His mother, Mary still the wife in that heavenly world where is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and still subject to the marital authority of Joseph.

Is it not plain blasphemy so to distort the beautiful story of that humble home of Nazareth ? Is it not either wilful or blind forgetfulness of the Scripture record, which shows us the Lord Christ in His earthly ministry gently but firmly repelling the interference of the Mother whom He loved and honoured ? For Rome the words, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee ?' might never have been spoken ; nor those others yet more significant, 'Who is My mother ? and who are My brethren ? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother.' Nor does Rome regard, but wilfully contravenes, the great word, 'There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.' Rome instals, glorifies, urgently recommends, one human mediator after another—first Mary, then Joseph. Who will come next ?

XIII

ALTARS AND ALTARPIECES

THE ALTAR OF ST. MICHAEL, THE CUSTODIAN OF
NEW POMPEI.

'This is Michael the Archangel, Prince of the host of Angels.'
(Hic est Michael Archangelus, Princeps militiae angelorum.)

DON BARTOLO, in his 'History of the Sanctuary,' tells us that he chose May 8 for the laying of the first foundation-stone because that day is sacred to Michael the Archangel, who, he trusts, will 'cast out Satan from Valle di Pompei as he cast down Lucifer from heaven.' He fully states his reasons for choosing St. Michael as guardian of the Sanctuary, recounting the pious legend of Mount St. Angelo, otherwise Monte Gauro, or Monte Gaudio, the loftiest peak of the mountains above Castellamare visible from Valle di Pompei.

St. Catello, the patron Saint of Castellamare, was once the pious Bishop of that city, and was wont to meet the holy Abbot of Sorrento, now revered as St. Antonino, in the dark caves of Mount St. Angelo, for secret mutual prayer. On a certain night, as the two were praying, the great Archangel appeared to them, and commanded St. Catello to build a church in his honour on the mountain-peak where Michael would cause a flame of fire to appear. Looking upward, the pious pair witnessed the appearance of the flame, and Catello promptly set about obeying the heavenly command. Another wonder followed. A fountain of fresh water, crystal clear, burst forth on the chosen site, and the pilgrims who in succeeding ages toiled up to pray at the little mountain church

of St. Michael the Archangel drank gratefully of that sacred spring.

But evil days came on the poor little church on its lonely height. It became a hiding-place for the brigands who haunted the mountain-slopes, and as such it was destroyed by the Government troops. One relic of its holier days remained. The precious marble statue of St. Michael, brought from Rome twelve centuries before, and revered for many ages, was rescued by the then Bishop of Castellamare, and placed in the Cathedral, where it is still worshipped.

Having set forth this legend, 'I saw,' says Bartolo, 'that this greatest Prince of Heaven had a commission to fulfil in regard to this valley,' as manifest by his former appearance, and the prodigies he worked. To the Bishop of Nola Bartolo said: 'St. Michael was the guardian Angel of the Most Holy Virgin during her lifetime; St. Michael is the patron Saint of all temples of the true God; St. Michael shall be the guardian and protector of the temple of Pompei.'

Chief warrior of the armies of heaven, St. Michael must prove an efficient defender of the Madonna of Pompei in her Sanctuary, and of all the subordinate institutions. For the populace, his fame rests on his supposed appearances on Mount Gargano and on the great St. Angelo; but the Church has much more to say. In the Lectionary of the Breviary for May 8, St. Michael's Day, is the passage from Daniel vii., including the great vision of the Ancient of Days enthroned in His dazzling glory, 'thousands of thousands ministering unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before Him,' as 'the judgment is set, and the books opened.' We must suppose that Michael is among the many thousands of ministering spirits as their chief and captain, though not specified by name, if we would find any appropriateness in this majestic passage to St. Michael's Day. Two or three Scripture passages, wrenched from their contexts, are subjoined in the Lectionary: 'There was silence in heaven' (Rev. viii. 1) 'whilst Michael the Archangel was warring with the dragon' (see Jude 9 and Rev. xii. 7). The second lesson is

no less startling a perversion of that other vision of Daniel by the great river, wherein he saw the Man, clothed in white linen, 'whose face was as the appearance of lightning, His eyes like lamps of fire, and the voice of His words like the voice of a multitude,' and in which 'Michael, one of the chief princes,' came to the help of the prophet, who 'remained with the kings of Persia' (Dan. x. 4-13). Unfortunately, the 'Michael' of this passage is by some experts declared to be no Angel, but a chief of the Persian land.

And, again, a passage from the Apocalypse, wherein is mention made of the Angel at the altar with a golden censer, is without any warrant applied to Michael, whose name is not there. Finally, the fourth lesson for the day tells us, on the authority of Scripture and ancient tradition, 'that the blessed Archangel Michael appeared to men,' of which the memory is living still, referring to a very quaint legend of Mount Gargano, duly set forth in ecclesiastical Latin, to the effect that 'a bull had escaped from the herds on the mountain, and being at last found standing in the entrance of a cave, an archer aimed an arrow at it, but the arrow returned to him who had shot it, which wonder filled the people with such terror that no one dared approach the cave.' Prayer and fasting were ordered for three days, and then Michael the Archangel appeared to the Archbishop, warning him that the place was under his guardianship, and that the strange happenings there were a sign that he wished the worship of God *and of the Angels* to be celebrated there, a command duly carried out by the erection of a church which has been 'glorified by many miracles.'

As a matter of æsthetics, we must give the palm to the story of St. Catello and St. Antonino, and the angelic vision vouchsafed to them on Mount St. Angelo, over this puerile, fantastic legend, enshrined in the Papal Breviary.

Unhappily, there are graver interests concerned than a mere matter of good or bad taste. Here is utter oblivion of that solemn warning of St. Paul, 'Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and *worshipping of angels*, intruding into those things which he hath not seen';

here is utter neglect of the command, 'Keep yourselves from idols,' of the warning, 'My dearly beloved, flee from idolatry,' given through the 'beloved disciple'; here is direct contravention of the command he heard in heavenly vision, when he would have bowed the knee to his angelic guide, 'See thou do it not . . . worship God.' 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

Alas ! that wonderful utterance of the Divine Master, which declared the whole world to be holy ground, and put away for ever the ancient belief that one place was more truly a Sanctuary than another for the believing spirit, would never answer as a text to discourse from at New Pompei, where is the miraculous, adorable picture, object of lowly adoration to hundreds of pilgrim devotees !

Here is one disquieting thought which occurs to our minds while we stand before the altar of St. Michael : The Arch-angel was the custodian and patron of the Jewish synagogue, so we are told ; he is the custodian and patron of the Christian Church. Why, then, has the infallible Pope, Leo XIII., styled *St. Joseph* custodian and patron of the Church of God ? Has St. Michael been deposed ?

Breviary in hand, we seek the solution of this enigma. At last it seems as if we had found it, as thus : The Rosary Queen is the Saviour and Protectress of everybody in heaven and earth. St. Joseph takes care of the Queen of Heaven, St. Michael defends the Church on earth from the assaults of that old dragon, the devil. But this arrangement leaves St. Joseph's *supreme* directorate unexplained.

It must suffice us to know that the Sanctuary of New Pompei is under the guardianship of St. Michael the Arch-angel. May he take better care of it than of his own little church on the mountain height, just on the other side of the valley ! Signor Longo is much more competent than we are to explain why the warrior angel allowed his little sanctuary to become a nest of brigands, and to be destroyed as such by the Government troops. A Neapolitan might have suggested that the angelic guardian had slept at his post, for the

Romanists of Naples are on very familiar terms with their Saints, and can descend to rather coarse abuse of these demigods if they seem indifferent to their prayers. 'Yellow face!' is one of the milder terms of reproach hurled at St. Januarius when he does not accomplish the periodical liquefaction of his blood with sufficient promptitude. We could multiply instances, but we will content ourselves with complimenting Signor Longo on that touching, unshaken confidence in St. Michael which leads him to believe that the Prince of the armies of heaven will prove a more efficient protector of the Sanctuary of the Madonna at Pompei than of his own ancient shrine on Mount St. Angelo. His altar and altarpiece at New Pompei suffice to prove that Rome has not disused that specially prohibited idolatry, the 'worshipping of angels.'

TWO ALTARS: ST. DOMINIC AND ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

'Art and poetry have done well in inseparably associating St. Dominic and St. Francis . . . but neither the zeal of Gregory IX. for his memory nor the learning of his disciples was able to do for the *Hammer of the Heretics* that which the love of the people did for the *Father of the Poor*.'—'Life of St. Francis,' by Sabatier.

In the 'Calendar of the Sanctuary of Pompei' for 1905 the altars of St. Dominic and St. Francis are carefully described. After stating that the altarpiece over the altar of St. Dominic represents the Saint raising from the dead the young Napoleone Orsini, 'nephew to Cardinal Stefano of Fossanuova,' the Calendar continues: 'The Patriarch St. Dominic is not only the father of the three Dominican families' (the Order of Friars Preachers, the Order of Sisters devoted to a contemplative life, and the Third, or lay Order, working actively in the world): 'he is also the *father and patron of all the faithful throughout the world who recite the Marian Psalter*.' We need not recapitulate the too well known story of Dominic's achievements as *Malleus Hereticorum*, already recounted, nor linger before the altarpiece showing him in his fabulous character as thaumaturgist.

The altar dedicated to St. Francis is adorned by a picture of the Saint in one of those moments of ecstasy, on which the fancy of New Pompei loves to dwell more than on the real traits of saintliness in the '*poverello* of Jesus Christ.' 'It portrays this patriarch of the "Fрати Minori" on the tremendous steepes of Alvernia. . . . He embraces the crucifix, and is lost in ecstasy. An angel, sweeping the strings of a viola, gives the Saint a foretaste of the joys of Paradise. The dark shadows of the cavern in which the Saint lies prostrate contrast beautifully with the white robes of the Angels. Here, too, is depicted the falcon which made its nest near the sacred cave, and woke the Saint regularly with its cry at the hour for Matins.'

We need not dwell longer on this picture; neither the history of Francis nor that of the Franciscan Orders has any connection with the Rosary and its Sanctuary. For this is a rival Saint to Dominic, one who, far more than the fierce Spaniard, captured the heart and fancy of Christendom. To say too much of 'sweet St. Francis of Assisi' might dim the glory of the Rosary and its founder.

Bartolo seeks to make his Sanctuary attractive to Franciscan and Dominican alike, to be a peace-maker in the interests of his Rosary Queen, between the rival Orders, whose ancient contentions distracted Christendom. Hence, 'on the same day, May 7, 1892,' he tells us, 'we had the two altars dedicated to the Seraph of Assisi and to the Cherub of Calaroga'—a curious description this of the gloomy Inquisitor!

There is another altar, dedicated to St. Vincenzo Ferreri and the Souls in Purgatory.

Purgatory is too intimately connected with priestly domination and with the inflow of money to the coffers of the Church not to have a commanding position in the arrangements of a Sanctuary such as that of Pompei. It was not hard to find an appropriate Saint in Vincenzo Ferreri, a Dominican endowed highly with miraculous power, if we believe the Breviary. No sooner was he licensed as a preacher than he began to denounce the perfidy of the Jews and the errors of

the Saracens with such convincing eloquence that multitudes of the unbelievers were converted and many Christians reclaimed from evil ways. He is credited with wonders of healing—with giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, cleansing to the lepers, and life to the dead. He also cast out unclean spirits from the possessed. His confessor, fearing lest the heart of Vincenzo should be invaded by spiritual pride, forbade his continuing to work miracles, and the Saint humbly obeyed. But passing a building in course of erection, he saw one of the workmen falling from the scaffolding, and in instant peril of death. Should the Saint, obeying his confessor, leave the poor man to perish? Should he violate 'holy obedience' by using the miraculous power he felt within himself? A middle course suggested itself. He stayed the falling man in mid-air, and hastened to obtain his confessor's leave 'to work at least *one* miracle.' This done, he bade the victim, left hanging between life and death, to 'descend gently,' which was duly performed; and the Saint's character for obedience and the workman's life were both saved.

We need not recount the fabled wonders of his infancy.

The special chosen patron of souls in Purgatory at New Pompei is thus found in St. Vincenzo Ferreri; but how about St. Michael the Archangel, whom Signor Longo styles 'the Secretary of Purgatory'?

We must leave Don Bartolo himself to settle the contending claims of his two chosen Saints.

Here is also an altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Marguerite Marie Alacoque.

The calendar tells us of this altar, which has a quite peculiar interest for us. For here we find a new element introduced, no longer exclusively or approximately Dominican. We have been definitely informed that Francis of Assisi has his altar in the Sanctuary, to commemorate the kiss of peace said to have been exchanged at Rome by Dominic and Francis. But what is the special claim of the 'Blessed' Marguerite Marie Alacoque, and the devotion of the Sacred Heart inangu-

rated by her, to an altar in the Sanctuary of the Dominican Madonna of the Rosary ?

We fear it must be looked for in the urgent need of Rome for a more modern, more popular devotion to serve as a weapon against the resurgent truth of the pure Gospel in these times when, as Pope Leo lamented, 'the energetic proselytism of heresy and the consequent ever-increasing peril to the faith of the people have created a most grievous position for the Head of the Catholic Church in the Holy City.' It is the rising tide of Evangelical faith and hope which to the poor 'prisoner of the Vatican' showed like a coming deluge threatening him. Some 'opportune remedies must be devised.'

There were brave hearts even in the fold of Rome that dared to speak the truth. Carlo Maria Curci, of the Society of Jesus, said boldly : 'Only a return to Jesus Christ and the Gospel can save this generation.' Archbishop Bausa, of Florence, in the great Congress, declared : 'We must replace Jesus Christ on His throne.' And Leo himself in his Encyclical pronounced : 'To avert these dangers . . . we must return publicly and privately to Jesus Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God by Him.' It is very characteristic of Romish methods that the first step towards this 'return to Jesus Christ' should have been the erection of the nineteen statues of the Saviour of men on the nineteen mountain heights, in order to express the consecration of the nineteen centuries just completed, to Christ, and that the second step should have been the Encyclical commending to the Christian Church the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a devotion not exactly new, but deemed very fit to be revived at this juncture of events.

In ready obedience to the wish expressed by Leo XIII., Signor Longo now proceeded to enrich the Sanctuary with an altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart, recognising thereby the practice of a devotion quite unconnected with that of the Rosary Madonna, a devotion not Italian, but French in its origin, and a little too French in its character of effusive sentimentality.

Instituted by Clement XIII. in 1765, the Devotion of the Sacred Heart had now won the approval of the Archbishop of Paris, who affirmed that 'it would save France.' Pope Leo had gone a step further, and commended it to all the faithful as a devotion potent to save the world. Bartolo felt more than justified in giving the Sacred Heart a place in his Sanctuary. The step seemed imperatively necessary to ensure the continued protection of Leo XIII. and the Jesuits dominating the Papal counsels, and pointing to such an altar, he could say both to Liberal Catholics and sceptical Protestants: 'Our Sanctuary is not wholly given up to the worship of Mary; there is the Sacred Heart of Jesus.'

But such are not the reasons for the erection of the altar, as stated by himself. 'The cause,' says he, 'was that my life was given back to me, Commendatore Bartolo Longo, through a vow made on my behalf by my spiritual director, Father Leone, of the Liguorine Order, in 1889; also because of the miraculous cure obtained in June, 1890, by Count Francesco de Fusco, through the intercession of the Blessed Marguerite Alacoque.'

It would seem, then, that the altar of the Sacred Heart erected by Bartolo was *not* raised with the intention of leading men to put their trust in Christ alone for salvation, and to realize that free access to the Father, those treasures of love and grace unfolded in the Breviary lessons appointed for the day. No; this altar testifies to the founder's gratitude for works of healing wrought for him and his by Marguerite Marie Alacoque, not by Christ alone. Further, to testify this gratitude to this dubious mediatrix, Signor Longo wrote, and widely disseminated among the votaries of the Madonna of Pompei, two prayers, one to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and one to the Blessed Marguerite Marie Alacoque, invoking her mediation, and supplicating heaven that she who as yet is only 'beatified' may attain the greater grace of canonization.

No better evidence of the erroneous character of Madonna-worship and of the belief in the intercessorship of Saints could be desired than the Office of the Sacred Heart of

Jesus, appointed to be used the first Friday in every month, were it but plainly set forth in language intelligible to the people, and not disguised in mystical ecclesiastical Latin phrase. For note the noble Scriptural teaching of these antiphonies, these quoted passages, in the Office. 'It is in the Lord, the Lord only, that we must hope and trust from generation to generation.' 'Our heart hoped in Him, and we have been helped.' 'On Him alone we call.' What need, then, of the Rosary? what need of the Blessed Marguerite, or any other saintly intercessor? 'I will rejoice in the Lord; I will exult in God, in my Jesus!' These antiphonies declare plainly that we should not seek rest and joy anywhere but in God and in His Christ.

Then follows—unhappily in Latin, and therefore unintelligible to the people—that majestic first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, with its wonderful unfolding of the treasures of Divine mercy and blessing. Here the understanding worshipper may learn that 'we have redemption through the blood of Christ' (*not* through the intercession of the Virgin, nor the perpetual recitation of her Psalter), and 'the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace'; here he is told that Jesus 'is our peace,' and reads of 'the indwelling of Christ in our hearts by faith,' that veritable Real Presence of the Lord, that true Sacrament of the Christian life. Here (though, unhappily, locked away from the unlearned people in a dead language) is that glorious prophecy that Christians, being rooted and grounded in love, may 'comprehend with all Saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and . . . be filled with all the fulness of God'; here is that wonderful doxology, 'Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Jesus Christ, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'

Were but this Office given in modern Italian, would not those who use it learn the vanity and folly of seeking the intercession of Madonna or Saint with the God who is so



willing and ready to do for His people more than they can ask or think, would they not turn from their dumb idols to the living God ?

But what is the devotion to which this noble Scriptural teaching is attached, like a living being to a mouldering corpse, and how is the Sacred Heart dealt with at New Pompei ?

The worship is not the lofty, spiritual love of Christ as set forth in the inspired Scripture ; it is a low, material thing, as seen in the hallucinations of a poor sickly creature, neither healthy in body nor in mind.

Marguerite Marie Alacoque, born at Paray-le-Monial, in France, had entered the convent of the Nuns of the Visitation, a Salesian Order, but showed herself so excitable and full of inconvenient fancies that the saner Sisters expressed a strong wish that she should leave the convent before she had made her final profession. A life of her which I obtained tells how she bewailed this threatened exclusion, saying, '*O my Jesus, Thou art the cause of this my shame,*' and obtained the reply, 'Do not weep ; go to the Superior, say that *I* make myself responsible for whatever thou mayst do ; and if she think Me worthy to be trusted, I give Myself a pledge for thee.' Marguerite, having recounted this visionary promise to the Superior, no more was said about her banishment from the convent. But a severe test was devised to prove the reality of her vocation.

It may have been thought that a little rough open-air work would be good for the poor hysterical girl. She was put in charge of two donkeys, which she was required to tend but forbidden to fasten up, and the creatures led her a sad life. But she beheld Jesus always at her side ready to aid her, and heard His voice addressing her on this wise : 'Marie, had I not already instituted the Divine Sacrament of Love, I would institute it for thee.' Words follow in the original which we will not transcribe.

The poor visionary declared that Christ 'constituted her the heir of His heart . . . for time and for eternity,' permitting

her 'to do with it whatsoever should most please her.' She heard His voice, saying, 'Thou shalt ever be My loved disciple, the delight of My heart, the holocaust of My love.' These words Marie beheld written in the form of a contract, which she signed with blood drawn from her own breast; afterwards—so says the legend—cutting the word 'Jesus' with a knife on her own flesh.

In later ecstasies she fancied that the Saviour, making her lean on His breast, 'opened the Sacred Heart to her in the most real and sensible manner,' telling her that 'His heart was so full of love to man, and especially to her, that . . . it was necessary to give forth the burning flames of His love by her, and make them manifest to men, that they may be enriched by the treasures held in His heart,' and announcing, 'I have chosen thee to accomplish this My design.'

We might put all this aside with contempt as the unwitting blasphemies of an insane nun gone mad with exaggerated self-esteem. But we can no longer do this, since the hysterical recluse of Paray-le-Monial has been beatified by the Church of Rome, and the devotion based upon her ravings, so full of a mystic sensuality, urgently commended to the world of the faithful as a means whereby the evil world may be brought back to Christ. It is allied to the story of the stigmata conferred on Francis and Catherine, and the legendary marriage of the latter Saint; but it is tainted with a vulgar materialism from which these earlier myths are comparatively free. No wonder that the honest Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, has branded all these devotions as offensive to Christian feeling and to natural reason, since they make Virgin and Saint equal to Christ Jesus, adding: 'There are those who make a profit out of these devotions; there are others who permit themselves to be made a profit of through them.'

It is a sign of the times that the Cardinal-Bishops of Verona and of Padua have forbidden in their dioceses the sale of the pastoral of Bonomelli in which these denunciations are to be found.

Indeed, enthusiasts such as Bartolo Longo are not daunted

by the open disapproval of a single Bishop, and he, like Bonomelli, a 'Liberal' Catholic.

'In the year 1899,' says Friend Bartolo, 'I distributed 1,780,000 pictures of the Madonna of Pompei, and ordered 2,380,000. From different houses I have ordered 1,500,000 medals ; last year, 2,250,000.'

So much for Bonomelli and his denunciations !

XIV

THE SANCTUARY A CORNUCOPIA OF CURIOSITIES

'What if the o'erturned altar
Lay bare the ancient lie ?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die ?

'Have ye not still My witness
Within yourselves always ?—
My hand that on the keys of life
For bliss or bale I lay ?'

THE WONDERFUL PICTURE.

OF course, the wonder of wonders at New Pompei is the wonder-working picture. We have already narrated its curious history, and Signor Longo is never weary of calling attention to the strange contrast in that story, from its journey on the dung-cart to its installation on the throne.

'Who could have believed it possible,' he writes, in his 'History of the Sanctuary,' 'that the old canvas which cost only three lire, and which entered Pompei on the top of a dung-cart, was destined in the order of Providence to be the salvation of innumerable souls, to become so precious as to be adorned with dazzling brilliants and rarest gems, to be ere long exalted on a most costly *trofeo* in this monumental temple, specially erected for it, and that it would gather to its feet, not only the poor peasants of Pompei reciting their Rosary before it, but a crowd of pilgrim worshippers from foreign nations ; that it would become the centre of religion, civilization, and glory ; and that it would so attract the

attention and love of the Supreme Pontiff as to move him to take the Sanctuary of Pompei under the shield of his Pontifical protection ?

Thus Bartolo, in an ecstasy of admiring wonder.

He goes on to inform us that, when the extensive repairs and alterations in the picture, already fully described, had been effected, so that it was completely metamorphosed from its original ungainliness into a wonder of beauty, his soul was disturbed by the darkest misgivings. 'The picture was made new, was another thing altogether—new canvas, new colouring, new personages. But the old picture had possessed undeniable miraculous power. Would that Divine potency still be vouchsafed when a picture essentially new was exalted for veneration ?'

Happily, he resolved the tormenting question in an eminently satisfactory way, reasoning thus :

'The picture is merely the instrument of God in the wonders wrought. More than ever to-day it is God's will that the most sublime creature ever formed by His hands, the Divine Mother of Jesus, should be honoured in the world ; it is His will that she be honoured and adored by all peoples with one voice saying "Ave!"—with one hymn, the Rosary. It is, then, the *Rosary* which draws down the blessings of Heaven ; and the *Madonna* shows, by the wonders she works, her will that it should be a Church of the *Rosary* that she would have erected in Pompei.'

Certainly, be the picture the old one or a new one, it is the prime wonder in that cornucopia of curiosities, the Sanctuary of New Pompei. The passage quoted above is the only attempt I can find in the literature of New Pompei to refute the grave charge of idolatry, arising out of all this glorification of a picture. If Signor Longo be sincere in this expression of opinion, he should not continue to act as though his holy picture were possessed of inherent Divine virtue. There is nothing novel in the opinion advanced ; for in the ancient pagan world only the most ignorant worshippers believed that any image spoke ; the more intelligent held that the god spoke *through* his statue. This opinion of Signor Longo

might prove more serviceable in the law-courts than in the Sanctuary, if it be properly brought to bear in the controversy now pending as to the rightful ownership of the famous picture. The heirs of Father Radente have advanced a claim to the picture, saying that the Father did not *give* it, but *lent* it to the Sanctuary, and that Bartolo acted wrongfully when he made it over, with the Sanctuary and all its belongings, to the Holy See. Bartolo maintains that the picture was a gift, not a loan, and that he was well within his right when he transferred it to the Pope. The matter, as debated before the learned judges of the Royal Tribunal in Naples, really is 'a very pretty quarrel.'

If we were to yield to the impression produced on our mind by the ever-recurring statements as to new jewellery bestowed on this Madonna, we should esteem her a poor creature, with an inordinate passion for personal adornment, and especially for gold and gems. 'Almost every year,' says the *Rosario*, 'we deck with brilliants the venerated image of our heavenly Lady of Pompei'; and there follows the story of jewels added to her diadem, and to that of the Infant Christ, in one year; another year 'a beautiful bracelet' was added; later, an 'entire new set,' enriched with brilliants. Then earrings are given; then 'lustrous stars' for the brows of Mother and Child; then 'a crown of twelve stars' for the Virgin; and, last of all, 'the sweetest name of Mary' all in brilliants. Every year has its tale of new gems.

Is not here a terrible injury to the fair, pure ideal of the Maiden Mother of the Lord? for all this load of costly trinkets has been bought with the offerings of the poor and needy, who have largely contributed towards the 'twenty-five million lire' which, Bartolo tells us, have been expended on the picture and the shrine. Meanwhile there is ghastly, unrelieved poverty hiding itself in the streets of Naples, in sore need of help. We do not forget the philanthropic effort of New Pompei; nor the Saviour's defence of the woman who poured her costly ointment on His feet, an offering of adoring love. But this gilding of the supernatural with wasteful

gems and gold discredits all miracle and prodigy, and fosters the most degrading superstitions, dishonouring to Christ and a curse to humanity.

We can quite understand how the diadem of the Virgin could be deemed an ecclesiastical necessity, for the Coronation of the Madonna forms the official recognition by Rome of her claim to universal worship, and it was well worth while for this hall-mark of the Church's authority to be impressed in a very splendid manner. The value and virtue of every copy of the picture, of every shrine of the Madonna of Pompei, would be greatly enhanced thereby, and they would become more useful as tributaries to the original picture and to the parent Sanctuary.

But if this ever-increasing waste of gold and finery serve the financial interests of New Pompei, it tends to degrade the popular ideal of the Virgin-Mother. Worshippers learn to think of her as one like themselves. The Neapolitan passion for personal decoration, for gold and jewels, has at New Pompei been projected into the heavenly and supernatural sphere; the Virgin and the Saints, gorgeously arrayed and bejewelled, seem to say to their worshippers, 'We are moved by like passions with yourselves.' You do not wonder at these Southern girls, who make no secret of their love of dress and jewellery. Their great pearl earrings, their massive golden brooches, their fingers covered with rings, their necks encircled with many strings of pearls, are eloquent of their delight in splendid colour and glittering adornments. It is all very intelligible. But that the saintly Virgin-Mother of the Saviour, now in heaven, should delight in dress and decoration after the same fashion seems revolting. Yet the Madonna of Pompei is said to do so much for those who propitiate her by votive offerings, and seems to do so little for those who neglect this means of winning her favour, that one is tempted to suspect a very interested motive for wonder-working on her part.

We wish now and always to disclaim bringing any railing accusation, any imputation of mercenary motives, against any individual connected with the staff of New Pompei. No,

our indictment lies against the whole of the more than pagan system of Papal Rome, of which the Sanctuary is only a part—that mercenary system of votive gifts, of Church embellishment, of gaudy display, wrought out as though the heavenly spirits could be appeased with offerings of gold and silver, or won to give their favours by seductive promises of gems and jewellery, by votive tapers and candles, by the shining of silver lamps before their shrines. This is no monopoly of New Pompei; indeed, its presence there is but an evidence that the same spirit which animates the whole system of Papal Christianity is actively working in this Sanctuary also.

North, south, east, and west, the spirit of Papal Rome and of its loyal servants is ever the same. This projection into the heavenly and Divine of the more foolish and ignoble of human thoughts and fancies is not peculiar to New Pompei or to Naples. It is the fundamental error to which the increasing evil of the Marian idolatry may be traced. It is thus that Rome reasons: Mary, in virtue of her motherhood, exercises maternal authority. Consequently she does not, when interceding with her Son, entreat Him to grant her petition; she commands! When standing by the Cross of Jesus, His mother must have entered into, must have shared, the sufferings of her Son; consequently she is co-redemptress of the world! And no regard is paid to the words spoken by Jesus on earth, when He repelled the interference of His Mother in His spiritual mission; *this* is forgotten both by priest and people, who eagerly urge on the perpetuation of merely earthly relations in the kingdom of heaven, and find in these full authority for their presentation of the Madonna of the Rosary as Queen of Heaven, ruling over Angels and blessed spirits and the powers of darkness. More than that, they ascribe to her all the work of redeeming love, declaring that Christ has made over to her the kingdoms of Mercy and of Providence.

It is a too familiar fact that the poetic imagination of the South is prone to think of heavenly things after a very earthly fashion, and to import into the spiritual world the trivial matters, the small faults and failings, of everyday life. This tendency makes them easily victims of the materializing

superstitions of Rome. I give an unadorned rendering of a little poem published in the Neapolitan dialect, not attempting to reproduce either rhyme or rhythm, but to give faithfully its child-like imagining of a Madonna motherly in her weakness. The little poem is called 'The Madonna of the Mandarino,' the little golden orange of that name.

'When a little Angel up in heaven has done what he ought not to do, the Lord then shuts him up in a dark, a very dark, cell. Turning to another Angel, the Lord says, "Tell St. Peter to come here." And St. Peter, quickly appearing, says, "Lord, what is the matter now?"

"In a dark, a very dark, cell," is the reply, "a little Angel is shut up; put him on bread and water, for he has been very naughty." Bowing his head, St. Peter answers, "Yes, Lord, it shall be done," and receives the further command, "Be sure, St. Peter, take good care that he remains there twenty-four hours."

'The little Angel within his cell utters a piteous cry, and St. Peter pleads, "For this once, Lord, look over it."

'But the Lord says, "Be silent; obey My bidding; otherwise everyone will be doing as he pleases, and it is I who command in Paradise." And St. Peter turns his back on the dark, the very dark cell, where the little Angel is crying and wailing and beating himself against the wall.

'But at nightfall the Madonna goes quietly, quietly, unseen by anyone, and gives the child Angel a mandarino!'

On such puerile materializations of heavenly things is built the whole fabric of Madonna-worship, from the Immaculate Conception onward, and the growing tendency to idolize St. Joseph, of which we have a striking example in that famous sermon of Father Rocco, in which he depicts St. Joseph as able to secure the admission of his brigand devotee into heaven by his own sole authority, and as exercising supreme control over both Mary and her Son—control which even prevails over the will of the Almighty Father, who is terrorized into admitting the brigand into heaven by St. Joseph's threat

to deprive heaven of the presence of the Virgin-Mother, her Son, and all their attendant Saints. Were this sermon every word a forgery, it would still remain a startling proof of that irreverent readiness to treat heavenly matters in a grossly material spirit which is very common in popular Romish theology, and which has produced, among other lesser evils, the enormous evil of representing Mary as wielding over the glorified Lord the same authority she rightfully exercised over His human boyhood.

Would that these delineations of Papal error could reach the hearts of Christians in our own favoured homeland, and awaken them to see how the fatal seed is being sown in their very midst by Guilds of the Rosary, of St. Joseph, and the like.

Every monastic institution is a centre of Papist contagion ; every new Order that finds refuge in England, being driven out from other lands as a public danger ; every Romanizing church, every Romanizing practice carries with it the dread seed of Papal usurpation and Papal blasphemy, and will disseminate it as widely as possible.

What will the harvest be ?

THE MEDIA OF COMMUNICATION FOR THE MIRACULOUS VIRTUE OF THE PICTURE.

Don Bartolo is too prudent to put all his trust in the purely spiritual attractions of the Sanctuary ; he knows that popular taste craves something real, tangible, practical. He therefore gives marked prominence to a sort of magical cure—not exactly faith-healing, nor yet prevailing prayer, but a mixture of both with the nostrums that he offers, which are all supposed to derive their healing potency from the picture, the altar, or the sacred vessels of the Sanctuary. Their efficacy is guaranteed to us by dignitaries of the Church.

First in order is the mystic rose.

The Sanctuary being dedicated to the Madonna of the Rosary, it follows that the rose is the special flower of the Sanctuary, that flower being symbolic of the Madonna. Italy

is the land of flowers, and South Italians more, perhaps, than their Northern compatriots, have a natural passion for flowers—from the costermonger who decks his donkey's headgear with roses to the children who run after you begging for a '*garofano—un 'garof*' (a carnation) from the bunch you have in your hand. And the month sacred to Mary is the month of May, when the South Italian spring is in all its glory of profuse rose-blooms. This is the reason why so many of the anniversaries of New Pompei are compressed into the month of May, although October is really the month for the *Madonna of the Rosary*. The rose, therefore, is conspicuous in the floral ornaments of the Sanctuary; but it is not merely used as a decoration.

For the Sanctuary of New Pompei offers aid to the suffering bodies of men, as well as healing to their souls; and the rose has a special place in the sacred pharmacopœia of the shrine.

In old Pompei Æsculapius, the god of the healing art, had his altar and his votaries, who implored his help and propitiated him with offerings. It did not seem right and fitting that the modern Christian shrine should lag behind its pagan predecessor. Wonders of healing were said to have been wrought by the old pagan demigods. Could it be that the new goddess adored by Christian Rome should be in any respect his inferior? Mary, who has extirpated all the evils of the olden days, could surely appropriate to herself whatever had been truly good in ancient paganism, and outdo the former divinities in her beneficent action.

Moreover, the fame of similar sanctuaries, such as that of Lourdes, was largely due to the curative powers of certain baths and springs connected with their temples. Might not the *Madonna of Pompei* become a wonder still more wonderful than Lourdes itself? What sympathy, what gratitude, what ever-growing triumph for the Sanctuary, and, through the Sanctuary, for the Universal Church, might be won if it should prove that this *Madonna's* intercession would avail to restore health and renew strength!

Then, surely, great would be the victory over those dissident heretics who in the present day put their trust merely

in the power of faith and prayers, and in the Divine blessing on enlightened human effort and skill for the relief of bodily suffering, and do not dream of invoking the mediation of either Madonna or Saint in their hour of need, but submit to the will of Heaven, whether the issue of their endeavours be life or death, being content to rest in the knowledge that their God is the God of love, and wills only good to those who trust in Him. These unbelievers should wonder at the superior privileges of the devotees of Mary.

If the Madonna be the fount of mercy, (*salus infirmorum*), health of the sick (*consolatrix afflictorum*), consoler of the afflicted, then must she, the Madonna of Pompei, be the centre of life and health-giving influence to the world, and all other faith and prayer healing monuments in Christian countries, and on foreign heathen mission-fields, must yield the palm to the Image of New Pompei.

But what has all this to do with the rose-garden and the roses? The Madonna is the *Rosa mistica*; the rose is her flower, and the roses from the garden deck her altar and adorn the picture. They are more, and our friend shall tell it himself: 'We thought we would have a garden, and now there are quite eighteen different species of roses growing there. Gathering great quantities of them, we decorate the throne of Mary with them, and, changing them for others, we touch the wonder-working picture with them. Having taken leaf from leaf, we dry them by a special process, and make them up into little packets to be sent to the sick.'

But how to apply these rose-leaves so that the virtue received from contact with the sacred image may be efficacious? 'The dry leaf may be put in water to revive it. If the sick persons are able to swallow it, and like to do so, let them swallow it; if not, let them drink the water, repeating the ejaculatory prayer printed on the paper.'

If this extraordinary prescription and naïve confession of the *modus operandi* for obtaining a communication of the miraculous efficacy issuing from the picture prodigy so as to heal the sufferer astonish and perplex, what will be our astonishment when we find a Bishop of the Church testifying

to being cured by the application of this rose-leaf cure? The monthly *Rosario*, a record of the Sanctuary, is rife with cures of the same style.

We cannot refrain from giving the Bishop's own account. Fra Paolo Tosi, a Capuchin monk, is Bishop of Radiopoli; his title is 'Eccellentissimo Monsignor the Bishop of Radiopoli.' Now, his Most Excellent Excellency the Bishop had been ill in bed for twenty days: he suffered from a wound in his leg. He seems to have suffered more than once. A medical man had recommended oxide of zinc, but this had not produced any good effect. Another ordered a powder; this closed the wound, but the malady broke out in another place. Happily, he remembered the little packet of rose-leaves he had brought from the Sanctuary of New Pompei. 'I said to the monk who attended me, "Bring me that little packet." I took one of the rose-leaves and put it on the wound.' His Excellency slept well that night, and the very next day could clothe his most reverend episcopal limbs in the elastic stockings he usually wore. Though there may be those who smile incredulously, the Bishop writes, 'I was healed.' We congratulate him on the cure, and hope, if living still, that he has proved it a perfect cure.

OIL FROM THE SILVER LAMPS.

There are always fifteen silver lamps burning before the Madonna's shrine. The very dregs of this oil are sacred. The oil has produced the light of the silver lamps. Those lamps have been so near the Madonna that the oil must have received the healing virtue that the picture communicates. This has been used, they say, with very good results, and at first seemed more in vogue than in later days. Anointing with oil in the name of the Lord is known, and no doubt was of remedial efficacy in those lands where oil was one of the usual and most useful medicaments. Prayer and the means, prayer with the means, is the Christian's motto. So we have anointing with oil in the name of the Lady of Pompei. You may read in the *Rosario*, headed in large Egyptian type, the

story of a miracle such as this : ‘ *In Eboli la Signora Maria Cantalupi, who was dying, recovers the moment she is rubbed with the oil of the fifteen lamps.*’

DUST FROM THE SACRED PICTURE.

The very dust is sacred. This is swept off from time to time, carefully preserved, and made up in little powder packets, so as to be given to the sick and dying, and I can't tell you how many attribute their recovery to the sacred dust.

Whilst thinking of these nostrums and charms and the like, our eye falls on a page of the *Rosario*, and we read : ‘ *As soon as ever the medallion of the Virgin of Pompei was put round the necks of these heretics, they were immediately converted.*’ But that took place in Tahta, in Egypt.

A priest, a devotee of the Virgin, a sworn subject of the Pope, has been wicked enough to write and print a severe judgment on all these arts of Don Bartolo—rose-leaf, oil, and paper cures—and specially referring to the powders made of the sacred dust, he says : ‘ Oh, how unworthy, what vile trading in most sacred things !’ Then, as though he had found an explanation of it all, he says : ‘ Don Bartolo hoodwinks both the Pope and the people.’ But Bartolo has a ready answer : ‘ Nothing is sold, though all comes back in vow and gift.’

THE ‘ CARTOLINE.’

These are strips of paper on which is printed the name of the Madonna, sometimes a picture, and a little prayer, which the patient has to swallow.

Here is one of the smallest, myriads of which are sent out, and patients swallow them. People get better, even after this, and then the miracle is patent, and they print notices like this : ‘ This young man had suffered from aching of the gums and a blister on his lip, which he feared might degenerate into cancer. He laid the little sacred paper image to his lip ; the blister disappeared, and all was well.’

In very many of the cases of healing a combination of the

different media is necessary to effect a cure. We give one example. 'Signor Giovanni Tatio, a pharmaceutical chemist of Alberobello, in the province of Bari, in returning from a shooting expedition felt a pain in the sole of his foot. It grew worse and worse. He was expected to die. The illustrious Countess of Conversano sent him an image of the Virgin of Pompei, a medal with her image, and a book with the novena; and though these did him good, it was not until after ten months of suffering that a rapid improvement took place, which was as soon as the wounds were anointed with the oil of the fifteen lamps that burn before the thaumaturgic image in the Sanctuary of New Pompei.'

The medallion was slow in its effects, very gradual the recovery. Perhaps Signor Tatio had been remiss in the repetition of the Novena—the nine days' prayer—during the long ten months of his affliction, before he had recourse to the sacred oil.

THE SILVER HEARTS.

In 1887 a bright idea took captive the willing mind of the able founder and administrator of the Sanctuary. It was the suggestion of a new method of evoking the interest and engaging the concurrence of those who believed in the miraculous efficacy of the picture.

He had a large heart made of silver, and he announced that on May 15 of that year the names of all those who desired the special protection of the Virgin, and who would send him a contribution, should be enclosed in the silver heart. 'On that day,' said he, 'all the names presented by the children of the orphanage will be blessed and closed up in the silver heart, which in future will ever remain at the feet of the miraculous image, and on that heart five lights will be kept continuously burning.'

All this proved a great success. It was poetic, æsthetical, devout. If such grace and benediction went forth from the presence of the Madonna picture as to make the rose-leaf, and the oil, and the dust a means of supernatural healing, surely the name registered, the contribution sent, must be

the means of attaining unimagined blessing. One heart would not hold all the names of those who sent in offerings, desiring to dwell in thought and covenant by their written names, in the house of Our Lady of Pompei, in the sacred place of her presence. Another heart was made and filled and placed in the light of the fifteen lamps. Then another, and another, and yet others, until to-day the side walls of the high altar are covered from top to bottom. These seem to take the place of the usual votive offerings. No arms, no waxen legs, no moulded breasts, but silver hearts—hearts, only hearts.

A LIVING ROSARY.

The promoters of the Rosary-worship often meet a grave difficulty in their efforts to diffuse it, and do not shrink from avowing it. The Rosary is so very long, so tedious, the people grow weary in well-doing and forsake the practice, though it ensures salvation. Fifteen *Paternosters*, fifteen *Glorias*, fifteen repetitions of 'Praised be Jesus, Joseph, and Mary!' a hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*, to be repeated every day! It is too much for poor human flesh and blood, which flags and fails under these 'vain repetitions.'

The first attempt to meet this difficulty was the breaking of the Rosary into three equal parts, of which *one* might be daily repeated. Members of the arch-confraternity were further allowed to go through the whole Rosary once a week if it seemed fit. In this way votaries might still secure the spiritual benefits promised.

But a still better plan was that of the 'living Rosary.' This was put into practice by Bartolo Longo, as taught in a Dominican manual of devotion. He presented the first fifteen orphans received at New Pompei as a living Rosary to the Madonna. Divided into three groups of five, these young girls each recite one section of the Rosary daily, and thus perform with ease an otherwise toilsome office of devotion. Would you have a share in their merit? Send an appropriate offering to the Sanctuary; the orphans will recite the Rosary on your behalf, and your name, enclosed

in the silver heart, will be placed on high near the Madonna's throne, perfumed with the incense offered there and bathed in the mellow light of the silver lamps.

Surely your vicarious presence in the temple and your vicarious share in the Rosary recited by the orphans will make everything safe for your soul here and hereafter !

Amongst the special attractions of the Sanctuary is the wealth of indulgence for the living and the dead which is here bartered, if not for money, yet for pilgrimage, and spiritual exercises, and processioning and prayer, and the treasures given as payment, or as pledge or offering. We desire to avoid the mere theological and polemical question of indulgences for the living and the dead ; we feel that in what we see at New Pompei of the everyday working of this superstition and antichristian error is another object-lesson, vividly showing up the whole system as unscriptural and irrational, and as fraught with evil issues, moral, spiritual, and social, and evidencing the folly of the principles of merit, supererogatory merit, and satisfaction, and the like, on which the whole fabric of Purgatory is based, and which alone can give a show of reason to the keys of the treasury of the superabounding merits of Jesus and the Virgin and the Saints doled out by Popes and Congregations at Rome.

All the altars in the basilica of New Pompei are 'privileged'—that is, every Mass said there frees one soul from Purgatory. This seems a mystic, an awful power. The kneeling devotees look on a sacred pageant that opens the drear gates of purgatorial suffering, and the soul goes forth to the realms of the light and joy. But the singular thing is that, whilst sacerdotal grace and ritual can apply the privilege of the altar to the individual, they still go on saying Masses for the soul once imprisoned but now supposed to be delivered.

They can boast of all sorts of indulgence, partial, plenary, *toties quoties*, for all sorts of things—for visiting the Church, for visiting each different altar, for taking part in the great festas of the Church. Such is the variety of indulgences

which I have found heaped up in the Church, according to the formal statement of the Church Calendar and the declaration of the Rosary, that I am unable even to summarize them. A friend of mine made a calculation that he found a grant of indulgence for a million of days, but he was a monk, a better ecclesiastical arithmetician than I. One of the indulgences which I found struck me as being something of a curio: 'The brethren and sisters of the Rosary share during life and at death all the good that is done by all the Order of St. Dominic, by concession of the Maestro Generale of that Order.' This seems as though all the virtues of every one of the Order were thrown into a common treasury, and each one takes his share of merit and indulgence—a sort of spiritual pool. I confess my utter inability to calculate all this; it seems as though proper terms were wanting.

The fourth of the principal indulgences for members is 'For the name of *Jesus*,' added to the words, 'Blessed is the fruit of thy womb,' 2,025 days for every *Ave Maria*. As in every Rosary the *Ave Maria* is repeated 150 times, the indulgence to be gained in the half-hour would amount to an indulgence of 303,750 days.

But the best for the *poor* Roman Catholic is the Virgin's promise that she daily sets free her devotees from Purgatory.

THE SANCTUARY.

Hitherto we have described the curios contained in that cornucopia the Sanctuary, the gems of ecclesiastical and Papal glory, if ye will have it so. Of the Sanctuary itself, the casket that holds the treasures, we have said sufficient in the earlier part of our study, but I cannot conclude without registering Bartolo's boast that this casket or cornucopia is in itself a wonder of wonders. It is, he says, the first, the *only* church dedicated from its earliest foundation to our Lady of the Rosary. It is therefore unique, a prodigy, a wonder of wonders, the proof of the continuing triumphs of the Rosary devotion and of its victorious Queen.

The wonder of the Sanctuary, the miracle of its existence,

is not only that it is the first and *only* church of the Rosary in the whole world, but the greater wonder is that, though it is a Papal basilica equal in ecclesiastical rank to the most wonderful basilicas of Rome, the wonder-work of its erection, costing millions and millions, has been accomplished by only a sou, a halfpenny, a month being asked of the contributors. 'But,' says Don Bartolo, 'the Virgin Mary is omnipotent, and already we have spent for this her temple a million and a half of *lire italiane*! Millions and millions more have been spent since then. But the three hundred halfpenny-a-month subscribers were those who first gave encouragement to the project, and perhaps the poor have done nobly. Further appeal was made, and the means were furnished by the wealth and aristocracy of the world; though Bartolo says: 'In other times it was Kings and Popes, Princes and rich abbays that with their wealth erected sumptuous temples and founded new social and religious movements, but this shall be the fruit of the uncertain offering of casual, spontaneous, private charity. Its future? It shall rest on the immovable foundation of the immutable beneficence of the Mother of believers, on the tears shed by her, on the sorrows assuaged by her, on the balsam she pours into the wounds of suffering humanity.' This is the way in which Bartolo assures us he is building, not on the sand of a poor, imperfect, Protestant ideal of the Madonna, not on the bare faith in God and Christ alone, not on governmental grants, not on municipal protection, not on the protection of the State, or of any magnate or Emperor, but on the immutable foundation, as we should say, of the Rock of Ages, the *Madonna*—on her tears, her sufferings, her sympathies, her protection, trusting in her providence. Here is the Rock of Ages—alas! not Christ, but Mary.

Is there here no side-light on the growth of the myth? Christianity says: 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' New Pompei is resting on another foundation, on the wonders of Mary's nature, her mission of redeeming mercy, her omnipotence.

There are, I believe, some relics of Old Pompei, which were

found during the excavation of the foundations of different buildings. On p. 37 of the 'History' we read: 'In excavating the foundations some ruins came to light, and, working cautiously, we saw some ancient rooms, and then some monuments of Pompei. Above the ancient monuments we found the tombs of those who, after the eruption, lived there; we found these tombs excavated in the ashes—poor pagan tombs—and in them there were still the *unguentarii*, or ointment vases, and the little lamps at the feet of the corpse, which we still preserve. The constructions which we found on the top of the ancient buildings are the work of the survivors of the eruption, the new residents in the valley. There was found a brass coin of the period of Diocletian, in a room built on to the more ancient walls, which were built long before the eruption.'

It is no wonder that in the area of Valle di Pompei our friends of the Sanctuary have not found any relic of the early Christianity which had reached Naples and Rome and Italy generally. We are not astonished, it is true, that a lamp with the symbol of the cross is said to have been found in the excavations of Old Pompei; but Father Garrucci, of the Company of Jesus, in 'Quistioni Pompeiane,' recognises the cross as being of the fourth century; but, if so, how could it be found in the buried ruins of Pompei, destroyed in the first century? The supposition is that the inhabitants of the valley, knowing of the treasure entombed, were wont to make holes by which they descended to rifle the buried city of its precious things. Sometimes, after having penetrated the subteranean places, they were buried under the lapilli and débris falling on them from above, and were suffocated. New Pompeii does not profess to have any Christian relics to show, and therefore we can only note the difference between the past and the present. Then Christianity was a faith, a love, a power, a spiritual life; now it is crosses, crucifixes, altars, vestments, pictures, statues, charms, processions, festas. Then it was *Jesus*, and being crucified with Him unto the world; now it is *Mary*, and all the pompous retinue of her heavenly court and earthly kingdom.

THE CITY OF NEW POMPEI

AN OBJECT-LESSON ON THE PAPAL RECONSTRUCTION OF
SOCIETY

OUR friend Don Bartolo is never weary of repeating that the vision of his soul has been this: that the Madonna has designed to make Valle di Pompei a centre of such religious power as would give rise to a new city and new social life—in other words, an object-lesson showing the beneficial results of the two great principles recognised by the Vatican as essential for the reconstruction of modern society: full-hearted allegiance and the beneficent intervention of the Virgin, ‘who stands at the right hand of her Son as Queen of Heaven, and can obtain all things from Him’—so affirms the syllabus.

The city of New Pompei is presented to us by its founder as a centre ‘where all the forces of intellect and modern life meet in the happy espousal of reason and religion, where the discoveries of science and the triumphs of art meet and find their home.’

‘A world of new ideas is comprised in this Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin,’ writes Father Tocchi; ‘it is the spiritual restoration of society by Christ and the Most Blessed Virgin.’ Here, we are informed, are all the essentials of a real city: places of business, private institutions, libraries, printing-offices, charitable works. . . . ‘Do not imagine that New Pompei is a mere Sanctuary with an orphanage annexed. No; it is a true, a real, city—a city of the Heavenly Queen, a New Jerusalem. Look on it, and see in it a symbol of reconstructed and reconsecrated society!’

Not much of a city, if its size and its population alone be taken into account. We have villages in England numbering ten times as many inhabitants as this 'city.' Its only importance is derived from the Sanctuary Church and the buildings annexed to it—the printing, publishing, book-binding establishments; the spacious, scrupulously clean girls' orphanage, which also supplies accommodation for the 'Ritiro di Signorine,' or religious retreat for ladies; the hospice for boys; and the tower styled the Pompeian Observatory. All this, with two lines of private houses, constitutes the 'new city,' rising on the Campo Pompeiano on the outskirts of the ruined city of the past.

New Pompei itself is not a commune, but forms part of three distinct provinces and communes. In regard to civil matters it belongs equally to Naples and Salerno; in regard to ecclesiastical affairs it is in the bishopric of Nola, in the province of Caserta, but now it claims as Bishop the supreme Bishop of all, the Pope himself. From Leo XIII. it has passed to Pius X., who has pronounced his benediction on it in these terms:

'From my heart I bless all those associated with the Sanctuary of New Pompei—all the readers of the periodical, *The Rosary of New Pompei*, all the benefactors of the orphan girls and of the children of imprisoned parents, and all co-workers of the holy institution of the Madonna of Pompeii. —November 23, 1903.'

Let not, then, vast London or wonderful Paris, haughty Berlin, or proud Vienna, or northern Petersburg, transatlantic Chicago, New York, San Francisco, or any other immense and progressive modern city, vaunt their millions of busy inhabitants, their active social and religious life, over little New Pompei. Is it not shepherded and blessed by a Bishop who is Bishop of all Bishops? Which of these rival cities can boast such glory?

But let us examine into the special claims of this city of the Pope and the Madonna, and see if we can find in it anything really and practically valuable, evidencing a genuine advance in the 'new civilization.'

This ideal city is set forth as the homeland of Christian and social charity. It is intended to show what social charity can do to mitigate the sorrows of life and the evils that affect humanity.

Bartolo makes a great point of his orphanage for girls. The highest number I have seen registered was 95 girls. I believe I was told on the spot that there were in the home 120. These are fatherless and motherless children. We are told that when the Rosary crown of fifteen stars was inaugurated, or, to put it more poetically, at the coronation of the Rosary Queen, a crown of fifteen orphans was laid in homage at the feet of the Virgin—a Rosary of living beings. These are described as those who, disinherited of a mother's kiss, are cast upon the public streets, exposed to the perils and seductions of vice. Now they are gathered and educated gratuitously under the shadow of the Sanctuary.

In many respects the orphans seem well treated. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated. Perhaps there is more to be said in favour of the provision made for their sustenance than of that made for the instruction of their minds. When we have visited them we have never found them at class-room work or study of any kind; nor have we found any such numbers present as those given above. We have, however, no wish too hastily to underrate the little that is being done, because the tender plants are not being forced into a sickly, precocious life in the struggle toward higher and better things in Italian society. What we would regard as most hopeful would be that if trained the less for study, they should be trained the more for the service of active everyday life, and in the many ways in which the possibilities of ensuring a self-earned living are opening out for the women of Italy. Where the most fatal spiritual and moral blight falls on the children is in the religious training in which they are growing up—the Rosary atmosphere they live and breathe in. Can we hope they will rise above the superstition and idolatry and grovelling servility of the Rosary faith and life?

Another charitable institution, which certainly is the more

important one, is that which represents the Rosary redemption of the criminal classes, the New Pompei ideal of the spiritual restoration of society by the Madonna of the Rosary. It is an asylum for the children of prisoners. Contributions are sought in the most urgent and approved modes of modern solicitation. Don Bartolo knows well that the public sympathies go out especially toward children. The heart of Italy is tender and warm towards her children ; she knows that the future of Italy is the future of the little ones, that the great religious and social movements of other lands which have tended to the uplifting of the peoples have worked strenuously toward the salvation of the children. Signor Longo knew, too, that no appeal to lands like America and England would gain such sympathy and support as the cry of ' Save the children ! ' He therefore has concentrated his efforts on these two institutions for the young. He asks the world to tell him, ' Which is the class of children most friendless of all the outcasts of society ? ' ' It is,' he answers, ' the children of imprisoned delinquents, and especially of those condemned to hard labour—some being condemned to fifteen, some to twenty years, some to imprisonment for life. Their children may never see their parents again, unless as a result of their own crime they meet them in prison. They are not orphans, but they are worse off than if they were orphans.'

A plaintive, high-flown appeal for financial support for the institution is being made to every country in the world by the press of New Pompei. Contributions have been flowing in. A large building is rising, and a number of children have been received. They have their band, and are supposed to be undergoing a course of education that will fit them for the struggle of life.

* * * * *

The calendar of 1904 gave the total number of the children received into the two institutions from the foundation of the orphanage in 1887—that is, seventeen years—and from the inauguration of the Asylum in May, 1892—that is, twelve years of work :

	Total received.	Placed in Well-to-do Honest Families.	Inmates.
Girls' Orphanage (seventeen years) - - -	479	857	122
Children of imprisoned parents twelve (years)	176	88	88
	655	445	210

The two first columns are from the calendar. The last is a little calculation of my own. I find, however, that there have been others received into the boys' *asilo*—the 88 are said to be 100.

We have watched over this charitable and educational work with sympathy and hopefulness. It seemed the first breathings of the newer and freer life that is sweeping over Italy for good. We are not of those who despise the day of small things. No better or more hopeful signs of the times can we imagine than those which show that Rome is being impelled into the field of practical philanthropy and real social good works. How much better that the pennies and pounds of the people should go to such works as these, to bless the orphan, to save, if it only be socially, the boy, the girl, than to be thrown into the coffers of indulgences, or laid on the altar of a Saint Vincenzo Ferreri for Masses for the soul, to be exchanged for the miserable nostrums of miracle-working rose-leaves, sacred oil, dust-powders, cartoline and medallions, or spent to furnish the starry crown of an idol image, that banishes Christ and Christian faith, and usurps the glory of the real Redeemer, as though the redemption of the soul by the shedding of blood and the mediatorial life were Mary's and not Christ's. 'Suffer the children to come unto Me' was the voice of Jesus. It was He who took the little ones in His arms and blessed them. It was He who set the little child in the midst of His disciples (perhaps in the presence of His Mother), and made the little one an object-lesson to the ages; and that image

of the little child still is speaking, not as the voice of idol statue, not as pictured legend, but with authority, as with the voice of God : ' Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' It was Jesus, and none other, who threw around sweet, simple, undefended childhood the guardianship of His Divine authority, who made the child's person sacred as His own. ' Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name ' (not in Mary's) ' receiveth Me ; but whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea ' (Matt. xviii. 5, 6).

The inspiration that moves the Christian world to compassion and to sacrifice for the young is Christian, and not Marian, and cannot be set aside by the baptism of children as the ' children of Mary,' ' children of the Rosary,' ' children of the Madonna,' etc.

New Pompei is to be a city demonstrating the harmony existing between the Papal and Rosary religion and the science of these modern times.

The earliest evidence of Signor Longo's bid for the sympathies of the devotees of science was the establishment of what he called a meteorological, vulcanological observatory. In many respects this was at first a great success. It was a splendid advertisement for the Sanctuary, and no doubt invested the whole of the undertaking with the semblance of modernism and progress. It was inaugurated under the direction of the illustrious Father Denza. At the inaugural festivities 4,000 savants, Italian and foreign, and the congratulations of not less than 200 deputies and senators, were received, and her august Majesty Queen Margherita sent her royal salutations.

It is true that it proved an easy and fruitless compliment on the part of New Pompei to the advanced science of the times. The tower of the Sanctuary annexe served to give rooms for the few instruments they required to make a start. One of the priests, better educated than the rest, could easily attend to it, with some counsel from without, as well as

fulfil the more sacred duties of his ministry ; and so the scheme was launched.

But we know that all works, however good, however great, must submit to criticism and mockery. There comes to all the winnowing of the chaff from the wheat, for life is but a threshing-floor. The more kindly critics spoke of the *comparative* utility of the Pompeian observatory. The celebrated Governmental Meteorological Vulcanological Observatory was there so near, only higher up the mountain, and in every respect in so much more commanding and advantageous a position. Then the Governmental Observatory was better equipped than the rival observatory could pretend to be—at least, without so costly an outlay as to make even Bartolo think twice before making more of this token of the espousal of Science and the Rosary. Above all, the Vesuvian Observatory, lodged as it was in its own building, and furnished with its unique vulcanological apparatus, its mechanism for registering volcanic shocks, their character and direction, and for timing them as well ; and with its seismometer for measuring the forces in motion, and its museum, or collection of the innumerable precious stones, lapis lazuli, and quartz, common and uncommon, found in the different regions of the sixty miles' circumference of the mountain, and with its remarkable collection of the different projectiles of volcanic artillery, bombs and shells, round, elongated, pear-shaped, all gathered with infinite care, did not like being eclipsed by a half-fledged starveling like the observatory tower of New Pompei. And last, but not least of all, the famous Professor Palmieri, of the University of Naples, well known in Europe, the inventor of the seismometer in the Vesuvian Observatory, and author of important observations, was the director of the Vesuvian Observatory, and Bartolo's priestly director could hardly be a match for him. Vesuvius thus seems to have been too much for New Pompei—at least, we hear nothing now of the Meteorological Vulcanological Observatory of the sacred city.

Another bright evidence of Bartolo's good intentions to prove the city the home of science has been his use of the electric light. The electric light illuminates his offices, the

orphanage, the whole building, and the streets. New Pompei is lighted by the electric light. The printing-presses are driven by electric power ; even for the general purposes of lighting the Sanctuary electricity is used. The electric light flashes from behind and through the stars of the Madonna's circlet above the altar.

There is, however, a reservation : the electric light will not do for the more sacred and distinctly ecclesiastical purposes of the Sanctuary. Signor Bartolo prefers the electric light ; he thinks it is cleaner, more brilliant, than other means of illumination. He regards it as less likely to vitiate the air, and, moreover, he thinks it more economical as well. But the Church still loves, and still requires, the olden, if not antiquated lights—the sacred oil, the waxen taper, the tallow candle. The waves of modern scientific progress wash up and around the very walls of the Sanctuary ; waves of electric light have invaded the church itself for the purposes of ordinary illumination ; but see the marvellous harmony between the resistless progress of scientific discovery and invention and the stern, inviolable requirements of religious ritual, the *semper eadem* of the Rosary Church. Electricity from Don Bartolo's power-station lights the city and the church, and oil, the miraculous oil, is burning in the fifteen lamps before the shrine. Nothing is used before the altar pictures but regulation tapers of regulation wax or candles, though they be larger than a span and taller than yourself. At least, they give the dim religious light !

We see that, had our friend of New Pompei been successful in introducing the electric light into the holiest of holies of Roman Catholic worship, he would have disturbed many interests and customs, and brought painful loss to many who live by the provision of candles and tapers, and what would have happened then ? Think of revolutionizing the trade in sacred taper and tallow ! Think of the candles for the Virgin's shrine—candles, inseparable adjuncts of Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, and Extreme Unction ; think of the great tapers that surround the bier of the dead ; of those the monks hold in their hands, as they go marching to the strains

of the *De Profundis* in the funeral procession ; think of the tons and tons of candles sold for the eve of All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day (Italy calls it the Day of the Dead), when for two days innumerable crowds are gathered in the great cemetery to burn their tapers and pray for the souls of their departed ones. Unless we have considered facts like these, and well understood the daily customs of the people here, in North as well as South, on the Continent as well as in Italy, we cannot understand the importance of the candle question. The whole appears so trivial in black and white, yet it is a really important question here, and so we are pleased that the electric light and the oil lamp and the sacred taper dwell peacefully together in New Pompei.

But we must not forget to remind our readers that the city of Pompei claims to be the home of art as well as of social philanthropy and science. Bartolo professes to think he has given a new impulse, a new inspiration, to Christian art ; and, indeed, in the earlier times he seems to have approved the ideals that brought out before the people the Christ and the Christian associations in their intenser humanness. But now, as the mythic influence grows stronger and yet stronger, everything gives way to Saints and the Madonna, and these are depicted with all the surroundings of an ecstatic asceticism.

His ideal of art is the miraculous picture of which we have told his own story. You must remember its metamorphosis, and the heavenly beauty which only the Madonna herself could have produced. The tendency of our modern Italian school of art was, happily, toward a more simple, a more natural style, and there were not wanting signs and symptoms of a return to Christ. Bartolo was not wrong when he said that 'Art should be the handmaid of Religion,' but he was wrong when he made her the menial of the mysticism of the Middle Ages. It was not for him to be carried away by the more true and natural tendencies of Christian art. Where has he a single picture exhibited that indicates the return to Christ in art ?

Whilst Morelli, our celebrated Neapolitan painter, gives his celebrated Madonna of the 'Golden Stair,' recalling something of the naturalness, the real humanness of the Maid of Nazareth, the old picture revered at New Pompei, patched, renewed, revarnished, but overflowing with miracle, though tarnished by historical inaccuracy, blots out the real human charms—the womanhood, the motherhood—of the Virgin, and all is spoilt, only to be covered over with brilliant and bauble, and trinket and gem. Is this the redemption of modern Christian art? We trow not.

The only picture of a Bible scene in the church that I know of was 'Christ amongst the Doctors,' a splendid work of real art painted by one of the most celebrated artists of modern times, the Commendatore Altamura, a man of European fame, whose 'Victory of Mario' is one of the finest of the collection of modern paintings in the gallery of the Royal Palace of Capodimonte. As long as this picture was used as the altar-piece in one of the side chapels there was one picture which spoke of Christ. But on a later visit I found this picture of Christ had vanished from above the altar where it had been. On my asking a friendly priest about it, he took me into a sort of vestry, a room adjoining, and solved for me the problem of its banishment from the church. 'It was not a suitable picture for a church like that,' he told me. Moreover, they wanted the position for the picture of a Saint, for whom the altar was erected. The priest had answered truly. It was not fitting that a Christ should retain its place at an altar where some Saint was the divinity adored. The Christ came down, and I saw it in a corner of the room, with its face to the wall, like a naughty child in disgrace. The Christ was put down from its place, the Saint was exalted in its stead. A St. Dominic, a St. Vincent Ferreri, Marguerite Marie Alacoque and her Sacred Heart, are much more fitting subjects for 'a church like this.'

Our exhibition of 'Belle Arti' in Naples can show many noble works of modern Italian art truly Christian in subject, and admirably unconventional in treatment. We need only instance Gaetano de Martini's 'St. Paul at the Court of

Nero,' with its majestic inscription drawn from the Apostle's own writings, and speaking of the ineffable things which 'God hath prepared for them that love Him'; and Pasquale Liotta's picture of Christian martyrs, 'Pro Fide,' with Salvatore Fergola's 'Christ Walking on the Waves.' On the same walls 'The Iconoclasts' of Morelli and Iacovacci's 'Death of Vittoria Colonna' witness to the nobly progressive character of Italian art in our own day.

But the so-called religious art of New Pompei, on the other hand, is stifled in the foggy atmosphere of a superstition more degraded than that of the Middle Ages. For the proof of this statement we might make appeal to not a few magnificent historic churches, such as the Palatine in Palermo, the Cathedral of Monreale, and the Cathedral of Cefalù, where it is Christ who is the one commanding figure; and His gaze seems to follow you whithersoever you bend your steps, and you almost hear the Divine voice which uttered of old that word of words: 'I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life' (John viii. 2). The Virgin and the Apostles are there indeed, but in their rightful place—below the feet of Jesus.

How different is New Pompei from Monreale! In that majestic cathedral, the wonder of the world for its Biblical mosaics, the stories and the personages of both the Old Testament and the New are pictured in the unrivalled mosaics of a period that saw the sunset of a purer faith than that of modern Rome. If we may trust the evidence of these 'paintings for eternity,' it was Christ who then stood forth the omnipresent Light of the world in the house of prayer for all nations, and the Virgin was not enthroned as a queen, but knelt a suppliant at His feet.

The expression of the Roman Catholic faith of to-day is quite fitly given in New Pompei, where we actually see Christ rejected from a place in the house of prayer, and the Virgin and the Saints exalted and worshipped in His stead. Does not this contrast between the art of the two Sanctuaries, Monreale and New Pompei, show the fatal growth of the mythic faith? Does it not prove a sad decadence in even

the 'profession of the faith,' when Christ is excluded from the Sanctuary and the Madonna sits enthroned within?

Poor Christian art of Valle di Pompei! We can but pity and despair if it be true that the apotheosis of Saint and Angel and of a Madonna red with the blood of the Saints of God be the glory of Christian art.

In the new city, a New Jerusalem, we might rightly expect such a development of industry, commerce, and labour, and of such modes and methods of activity as would demonstrate that our Lady of the Rosary were ushering in a new economy, social and industrial, from which have been eliminated the wrongs that produce disaffection, misery, and crime, and which should be inspired and directed by the aspirations and methods that ensure prosperity and happiness.

Signor Longo tells us 'it calls business people and foreigners, who wish to employ their capital in profiting by the gathering of the faithful to the Sanctuary.'

We do not find much in the way of evident response to this call for capital. With the exception of the Sanctuary and its educational buildings, of the houses already built and a few in course of erection, what is there in the way of business life? Those who visit the Sanctuary are shown over two sale-rooms, where there are on view photographs of the orphanage, the church, the altar, the pictures. There are also on sale rosaries, amulets, scapulas, medals, and all sorts of religious trinkets, as well as all the literary productions of the Sanctuary. Some pilgrims may be shown over the printing as well as over the bookbinding and publishing departments. In all this you may see how deftly is combined the work of the children, boys and girls, under the direction of a few skilled employés. It is certainly more advantageous for the institution and useful as training for the children than promising for the interest of the skilled workmen. Nothing else do I know of, save one or two less official *trattorie*, and the little shops you find in other villages. Once upon a time there was a hostile printing establishment—a printing and publishing office—where a priest, from a

devout Popish standpoint, allying himself with prelates and priests of the Church, and the more rational and thoughtful of the laity, made war on the exaggerations and on the mercenary methods used by the promoters of the Sanctuary; I have reason to believe, with some support from the then Archbishop of Naples, who did not approve of what seemed almost simony to some. They published a newspaper, the *Messaggero di Pompei*. Beside these, there was a firm, Romanelli and Son, joiners, etc.; there was a rival bazaar, where someone dared to sell pictures and all the array of merchandise that brings great gain to the Sanctuary, much to the annoyance of authorized establishments just across the way. But these were soon run down.

We ask: 'What about the monopoly of the general trade of Valle di Pompei? Where do we find the solution of the labour and capital problems of our stirring times? Where any new hint at the solution of the hard problem of the glut of labour and the poor wages paid for toil? Where is the new mechanism that, like the buffer on the railway-carriage, if it do not avert the crash, at least does ease the terrible collisions of competition? Where are the traces of the many wise arrangements which, wisely directed and judiciously employed in the fair play of common interests, tend to counteract the evils so generally acknowledged and so deeply deplored both by the masters and their men?' We have only found a grievous monopoly, working in the interests of the Madonna, and war to the knife waged by the older on the new interests that have come upon the scene.

I can only imagine that Signor Longo might say: 'The arena of the city life is as yet so small there is no room to show what might be done. We have tried the homes for our workmen, and for the rest we avow the Christian Socialism propounded by the Vatican.'

THE SUPERNATURAL AT NEW POMPEI

ACCORDING to Don Bartolo, everything connected with the Sanctuary is supernatural. The picture is a wonder of beauty, due to no human skill; its ineffable charm is due to the Madonna's special grace. A miracle in itself, it is always working miracles of healing. The Sanctuary has risen from such insignificant beginnings—from the half-penny monthly offerings of only three hundred poor subscribers—that the erection of this sumptuous building, costing millions of francs, must also be classed as a plain miracle. The like may be said of the city, with all its social and philanthropic institutions. These, too, are miraculous triumphs of Mary the victorious!

We must be forgiven if our study of the founder's own narrative has led us to very different conclusions, and if Don Bartolo's own journal, the *Rosario*, circulated in hundreds and thousands of copies, leaves us unconvinced, despite its long lists of moneys received as fulfilment of vows and thank-offerings for miracles received. This periodical is sent freely to the priesthood, who are asked to report how many Masses they may have said on behalf of the Sanctuary, thus paying in Masses instead of in coin of the realm for their copies of the *Rosario*.

It is an all but unique periodical. Even France has but one journal of miracles, and that a very imperfect one. Bartolo tells frankly how difficult a task to plan and to launch his *Rosario*. The Cardinal Parocchi, Cardinal-Vicar of the Pope, helped him much, actually sketching out the plan with his own hand, which Signor Longo has followed with signal

success. The *Rosario* is an excellent advertising medium for the festive arrangements, the processions and celebrations connected with the Sanctuary and City, so important to the finances of the undertaking. We will draw on the *Rosario's* records of miracles, and judge how far these are supernatural. For, doubtless, Bartolo relies principally on the many and wonderful cures wrought, as is supposed, through the intercession of his Madonna of the Rosary as a proof of the supernatural grace possessed by that famous picture and its shrine.

We must remember that these supposed miracles are on no account to be classed with cases of what is often termed 'faith-healing.' They are something quite different from mere answers to prevailing prayer. They are presented as actual miracles, wrought by the Madonna in answer to supplications addressed to this shrine and this picture of hers from all parts of the world; and that the media through which the grace and power of the Madonna are transmitted, whether these be dried rose-leaves, drops of sacred oil, packets of consecrated dust, or printed papers, take the prayer for the sick quite out of the category of ordinary petitions addressed to the Almighty in reliance on His faithful word, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' No; this is prayer offered to another deity, presented before another throne—the throne of the Virgin; and it is not the prayer that brings salvation, and leads to a life of love and loving labour for God and man. Nor is the miraculous healing obtained by the devotees of New Pompei akin to the healing through faith conceived of by Christians who believe in a God who hears and answers prayer.

The *Rosario*, the avowed journal of miracles, is always overflowing with records of cures, varying from the cure of a headache to a rescue from death. Some devotees have been freed from a squint, some from facial erysipelas, some from nervous attacks, some from tumours. Colic, pulmo-bronchial affections, aching in the gums, blisters on the lip, have all been removed through this wonderful Madonna; and she is credited with a rescue from drowning, which really seems to

have been accomplished by the sailors, who found and plugged up a leak. The cure of a little child thirty-five days old is recorded ; also that of an aged nun, the Superior, Blondina Corradino, who, having had a stroke, was restored after long lying insensible. The beneficent Madonna has removed a pain in the knee for one supplicant, and has granted to another the conversion of a heretic. For a wound in the leg a sacred rose-leaf has first been applied ; that failing, a rubbing with the sacred oil has been added ; and the wound proving obstinate, the dust-powder and the sacred cartolina displaying the holy picture or the mystic initials of the Madonna have been tried, and have brought healing. Other successful remedies are *tridui*, or three days of prayer ; and *novene*, or nine days of prayer.

Generally, the *Rosario* will contain one or two accounts of particularly wonderful miracles. One at least in every number will be presented in the form of a short story, carefully prepared and highly coloured. The less touching and impressive cases are set forth under the different headings of the countries where they have occurred. Much is made of medical certificates, and of testimonials duly attested by local authorities. The greater number of these simply state the cure, and duly mention the votive gift. Prayers for miraculous aid can be transmitted to the Sanctuary by telegraph or telephone, and duly offered at the shrine.

Bartolo makes use of these cases not only as advertisements, but as a challenge to present-day unbelievers. ' Here,' says he, ' is the finger of God ! Here is the Divine power ! Here is the omnipotence of God !' That is to say, of Mary ; for it is she who dispenses the gifts and graces of salvation at New Pompei.

But we cannot recognise the finger of God in any of these so-called miraculous cures. Some of Don Bartolo's own co-religionists, indeed, are as sceptical as any Protestant where the wonders of New Pompei are concerned. The priest Romanelli, Signor Longo's former coadjutor, tells a tale of certain relatives and friends of Don Bartolo who employed all the thaumaturgic appliances of the Sanctuary without

obtaining relief from the mortal sickness under which they sank at last. And this gives us pause, and compels us to say: Here are many cures recorded, but we do not know how often the cure was sought and not granted.

Some time ago a terrible collision between two vessels took place at sea. Many lives were lost; some were saved. Among the rescued was one poor fellow who was wearing the scapula of the Madonna of Pompei. And a thrilling story of the emigrant who escaped death through wearing the holy talisman appeared in the pages of the *Rosario*. But we do not hear how many of those who perished were wearing a scapula of the same kind, nor are we told how many of the saved were quite unprotected by scapula or relic.

The artistic way in which the stories of miraculous healing and preservation are prepared for publication warns us not to be too credulous in accepting them. The priest Romanelli, once so deep in Don Bartolo's confidence, told me that so shamelessly were these accounts manipulated before publication that he felt compelled to break off his relations with Signor Longo. The same story was told to me by a very interesting young man, a relation of Countess de Fusco, who, after Romanelli's departure, was associated with the editorial work of New Pompei. He felt bound in conscience to relinquish a post in which he was required to give such a false colouring to communications received as would make them wholly fraudulent.

The matter of obtaining the necessary medical certificates is quite easy in South Italy. There are not a few medical practitioners who understand the advantages of swimming with the tide, and who find it easy to believe what it is profitable to believe, what society at large believes, especially when by testifying to such belief they injure no one, benefit the Church, please their clients, and bring their names prominently before one hundred thousand readers in such a way as to show that these discerning medical men are in favour with the most popular of modern Madonnas. But there are honest men of science who will not stoop to give fraudulent certificates. An honoured friend of mine, connected with the

University of Naples, told me how he had been pressed by a friend and patient of his own to certify that the recovery of this patient was miraculous, and due to the Madonna of Pompei. The doctor refused, saying he could believe that God, in blessing the means he had used, had answered believing prayer, but not that a miracle, as understood at New Pompei, had been worked.

We, too, refuse to accept these dubious cures as miracles of healing, and refuse to bow the knee to the goddess credited with working them. We are asked to investigate every case, but the challengers know that this is impossible. The cases reported number many hundreds from every part of the globe. Who could undertake the costly expeditions by sea and land that would be necessary, the difficult investigations, prosecuted amid the haunts of bigotry, superstition and credulity run wild, that would be needed to unmask every false miracle, and find it at best a case of coincidence, or of the familiar work of the great *vis medicatrix* of unaided Nature, or, maybe, to see the skilled work of well-qualified doctor and sedulous, faithful nurse thanklessly forgotten, and the result of their efforts attributed to the sacred rose-leaves, the holy oil, the paper picture of the Madonna of Pompei? And vain would be such efforts to unseal the blinded eyes of superstition, and to demonstrate that the so-called miracle was a purely natural event, though the Madonna had been duly invoked and the image adored, and the whole pharmacy of New Pompei put in requisition. A wholesome study of the intimate connection between mind and matter, and of the reflex influence of the one on the other, is happily progressing in these days of ours, and reverent investigation by competent inquirers has revealed unsuspected wonders both in physiology and psychology. Such scientific investigators would at once attribute many of the Pompeian cures to the arousing of dormant curative forces within the human patient, and would see in these miracles wonders indeed, but wonders purely natural. We could cite important medical testimonies in support of this view.

Some of these 'miracles' bear on their face the stamp of

wild illusion. Such is the case of Signora Colomba Rispoli, who, writing from Melfi, described a supposed miraculous interposition of the Madonna in her favour in a letter published in the *Rosario after the death of its writer*. This poor Colomba lay dying, as was thought, from an ulcerated stomach. In a death-like swoon she saw a vision, twice repeated, of the Madonna of Pompei. The beautiful visitor asked her: 'Colomba, dost thou wish to go to New Pompei?' and on receiving a rapturous expression of longing in reply, declared, 'Thou shalt recover and go,' moving her hands over the sufferer, and making the sign of the cross; then saying, 'On Tuesday thou shalt get up,' the visionary Madonna disappeared. Colomba, awaking, announced the boon she had received to her watchers, who were 'all kneeling before the picture of the Rosary,' and who, on hearing her words, unanimously cried, 'Miracolo!'

Punctually on Tuesday Signora Rispoli rose from her bed. On October 7, 'the first jubilee of the Madonna of the Rosary,' she heard Mass in the church of Melfi; and on November 1 presented her thank-offering for the miracle wrought in the Sanctuary of Pompei.

Her death took place soon after her return home, and it is not easy to discover anything in this dubious 'miracle' exceeding what might be accomplished by high-wrought religious emotion acting on a susceptible temperament. The surprising success of his enterprise is put forth by Don Bartolo as a true miracle, and as *the* most convincing proof of the supernatural authority of his mission, and this is much dwelt on by his assistants, especially when they are talking to English visitors who are not Roman Catholics. Trust in the Almighty Father with them is replaced by faith in the 'providence of Mary'; the language of the servants of Christ is parodied in the language of the servants of the Virgin; but apart from these differences, vitally important as they are, you might imagine yourself to be conversing with some noble worker in the field of modern Christian effort.

We hear the same story curiously travestied: how the vast responsibility of the beginning and continuation of the

work was laid on the soul of the promoters by Heaven itself, how it has ever been a work of faith and love. We are told of dire straits to which the workers have been reduced ; of impatient creditors, of bills falling due, of empty coffers, of patience severely tried, of hope deferred till the heart grew sick ; but ' through all these trials,' say the workers triumphantly, ' the providential care of the Virgin proved sufficient : the brook never ran dry ; the ministering ravens never failed to come ; and to-day—look around and see what God hath wrought !'

It was all the work of faith—in *Mary* ! Were it not for this essential difference, we might suppose ourselves to have been listening to a Müller, or a Charrington, or a Collier, to some of our own successful heroes in the fight with misery and sin—whom may God for ever bless !—with all the army of His valiant soldiers warring for the same great cause.

But we find at New Pompei a growing tendency to boast of the Sanctuary as a great monetary success. ' The offerings at the shrine have risen from fifteen francs a month to millions—yes, sir, to millions, contributed from all parts of the world !'

Can we consider such a result as a real proof of success in a spiritual undertaking ? Shall we measure such success by the hundreds of thousands of pounds received, by the costliness and splendour of the buildings erected with these funds ? At every turn in our survey of the enterprise carried out at New Pompei thoughts are irresistibly suggested that do not harmonize with the idea of an undertaking resting wholly on faith.

Should we believe the avowed opponents of Don Bartolo, who also are Roman Catholics, all this dazzling and imposing success has been attained by adroit business management—by advertisement, by competition, not unrewarded, by collecting offerings at a heavy premium, by all the methods of the company promoter intent on money-making. We do not forget the silver hearts, nor the way in which the orphans have been turned into a sort of praying-and-paying machine.

The criticisms of an Italian priest may be summed up in

these curious words : ' One seems invited to believe that the most Holy Virgin has opened an agency for business affairs and a registry office to boot, at Valle di Pompei.' Why did he not say a matrimonial agency ? He adds : ' The unwearied ingenuity of Bartolo has produced a more steady source of income than variable and uncertain free-will offerings. He has opened a list for those who wish to be *particularly recommended* to the Virgin. Terms, six lire (= six francs) per annum.'

We quote from the *Rosario* Bartolo's own description of this special means of grace :

' Those who give an offering of six lire per annum shall have the title of benefactors or benefactresses of the orphans of the Madonna of Pompei. Their names are inscribed in the list of benefactors, in order that the orphans may learn by heart the names of these charitable persons, and recite the Rosary on their behalf.'

When we have studied and mastered the methods employed to secure due support to the Sanctuary, the idea that there is anything that can be called *miraculous* in the millions that have been received gives place to the conviction that all this prosperity has been obtained by vulgar mercenary means, commonplace strategy, and adroit manœuvring.

There is one way in which Signor Bartolo's appeal to his success as a proof of miraculous intervention may be made no less serviceable to a just estimate of the so-called miraculous element at New Pompei than it has been to the founder in enlisting popular sympathy.

New Pompei firmly believes in the axiom, ' Nothing succeeds like success.' Don Bartolo professes to desire that his work shall be tested by methods as severe as those by which the imponderable forces of Nature are tested. Taking the standing miracle of New Pompei out of the realm of the visionary, he bids us measure the energy at work by the results it has accomplished.

We have accepted the challenge, and every one of our studies has been directed towards ascertaining the character of the forces employed. We have sought sincerely to deter-

mine the question, Are these powers and influences really Christian or not? and our inquiry has resulted in the conviction, Here is not Christian truth, but antichristian error and superstitious folly.

Signor Longo seems to cast his eye over the Sanctuary and the city, and all the flourishing subsidiary institutions of the Sanctuary, and asks proudly, 'Is not this New Pompei, which I have built?' So looked and spoke the ancient King, who, gazing on the great city of his hand and power, with its towers and temples, its gates of brass, its mighty walls, and its hanging gardens, could say, 'Is not this great Babylon, which I have builded?'

Truly it was great Babylon, but Babylon the idolatrous. There it was, in the Plain of Dura encircling the city, that the King set up the enormous image of gold, equal in size to the great modern image of St. Carlo Borromeo above Intra, and bade all the assembled peoples to fall down and worship the image he had set up, on pain of being cast into the fiery furnace.

Good friends, devotees of New Pompei, what if the study we have carefully made of your devotions have led us to this painful conclusion—that little Pompei, no less than Babylon the Great, is an idol city, and its gems and gold the treasure of a deity impotent to save? What then?

Though you, like the Babylonian King, can really call on the nations of the whole earth, through the shrines of your Madonna erected in every land, to fall down and worship at the sound of sweeter music than that of Babylon—the music of your organ and your band, and your sweet-voiced choir of children—when in your next festa you call your devotees to adore the Rosary goddess, what will this profit you if, in the sight of the Heavenly Father, and of Mary the Blessed One, and of all the spirits of the just made perfect, your processions, your chants, your whole worship, be esteemed rank idolatry?

You have set up your image, not in the Plain of Dura, but in the Valley of Pompei, under the shadow of the terrible mountain that pours forth fiery floods of lava on one side, while the shadowy heights of Mount St. Angelo tower on the

other, and the Apennines look down on the old castle of Nocera and the wide Campagna, and you summon tens of thousands to fall down and adore the image which you tell us you have erected in obedience to a heavenly command. How will it be with you if all your energies have during so many years been employed in the service of a mere idolatry? how, if your priestly and monkish directors have been merely blind leaders of the blind? how, if the authority of Popes and Cardinals be only a device of Satan, that great serpent writhing as he bites the heel of the conquering Christ?

New Pompei is your city which you have built, as you yourself declare, not in obedience to the voice of God commanding all men to 'honour the Son even as they honour the Father,' but in obedience to another voice that never came from heaven, and that tells you to honour the earthly Mother if you would win favour with the Divine Son.

Is not this, indeed, mere will-worship, following the commandments, not of God, but of men, and leading—it is the commonest of cases—to false 'voluntary humility and neglecting of the body'?

We accept Don Bartolo's challenge, and proceed to test the value of the undertaking that has cost so many millions, and to estimate its real success, by comparing it with other kindred institutions, the founders of which, no less than Don Bartolo, were faithful vassals of Rome. Let us look at their social work.

We well remember Father Ludovico da Casoria and his work among children, among the poor and the sick. In memory of his active beneficence, the city of Naples has given his name to one of the new streets. He did not spend millions on erecting a church, but there still stands on the Via Nuova of Posilipo the orphans' home that he reared, where poor rickety children are sheltered, and find the sea-air and the sea-baths that can make them sound and well; there also is the refuge for old mariners which owes its existence to him, and is adorned with his portrait—a touching and kindly face.

There was also Father Agostino, of Montefeltre, a famous

orator, whose sermons attracted great crowds of all classes. He, by personal effort and by alms that he himself collected, maintained an orphanage sheltering 600 children.

I take the following statements from the statistics of the Society of St. Francis de Sales :

Father Bosco began his work in 1841. At the end of 1850 more than 800 boys had a home in his refuge ; in 1881, more than 1,200. He had built a church covering 1,290 square metres.

This society established during ten years 35 institutions for girls, under the care of nuns, and 20 for boys. To-day this society counts 180 establishments, where 200,000 children are received. Some of these establishments are educational, some simply refuges.

Our readers will not misjudge our loyalty to truth and our own unwavering trust in the simple Gospel of Jesus because we record these noble doings of Roman Catholic workers, contrasting them with the much-vaunted achievements of New Pompei.

We may glance in passing at the ' Artigianelli,' of whom 800 or more are being trained in arts and industry at Genoa.

The wonderful Don Bosco did not pass through death to life till he had established industrial schools in which more than 1,000 boys now have a home ; while the result of his life and work in various parts of North Italy has not been the introduction of a new Madonna, but the establishment of schools.

Even in London schools have been established in connection with the ' Sacred Heart of Jesus,' which may be styled the posthumous work of Don Bosco, resulting, as they do, from his efforts during life.

We must regret the error and superstition that are blended with these institutions, but they must be classed as honest and largely successful works of social piety for the public good.

Don Bartolo's enterprise sinks into insignificance in the presence of institutions such as these. His vaunted miracles are poor things compared with these works of mercy, Roman

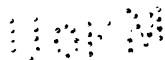
Catholic in their origin and genuine manifestations of Roman Catholic philanthropy.

We have no need to shrink from comparing the social and secular achievements of New Pompei with what is being accomplished by the Evangelical movement in Italy, though it is necessary to remember that Evangelical workers consider that their peculiar business is the diffusion and the defence of Christian truth, and that the uplifting of the people in things spiritual and material, social and human, must rather be wrought through the redemption that is *within* than by Christian philanthropy operating from *without*.

With all the currents of social interest, prejudice, and education running counter to them; with the long inheritance of idolatrous tradition and practice warring against them in the minds of the people; with priest and zealot, inspired by bitter hatred, ever on the watch to trap and destroy them; with all the powers of Papal Rome, its wealth, influence, and immemorial prestige and iron persistency, arrayed against them, these humble Evangelical workers have accomplished surprising things. Theirs are not the millions of New Pompei, theirs are not the methods that have gained those millions; they have no traffic in masses for the dead, in miraculous nostrums, and indulgences for sin. Yet the Christian believers of free, united Italy multiply and grow, unaided by prodigy or priestly power, and the true Evangelical Church of Italy lives and thrives amid the bitterest hostility and the most cruel disadvantages.

We may point to it as the true burning bush, burning with fire, yet unconsumed—as a miracle more worthy to be deemed such than any of the poor little ‘miracles’—at the least paltry, at the worst fraudulent—which are periodically set forth in the pages of Don Bartolo’s *Rosario*.

Come out for a moment from the ‘dim religious light’ of New Pompei. See how from the northern valleys come the modern representatives of the Vaudois, mingling amid all the Italian peoples of to-day, and bringing with them primitive, uncorrupted faith, maintained by their fathers in its purity through the long ages of the apostasy of Rome.



Look at the Baptist missions, fellow-workers with us in their own way ; at the two great Methodist missions, one in doctrine and in fellowship ; recall the Free Italian Church, justly proud of the names of Macdougall and Gavazzi. All can boast true moral miracles, wonders of the saving grace of God.

Signor Longo makes much of his orphan asylum, his home for the children of criminals. *We* can point to the industrial schools founded at Venice by Miss Robertson ; to the Asilo Professionale at Florence, with 100 indoor and 40 outdoor pupils ; and an infant school of some 70 children, all brought under the healing influence of true Christian teaching by the agency of Dr. Commandi ; and to the school established in the same city by Ferretti, and to others in Via dei Benci, the good results of which are around us to-day. Rome, too, has its noble educational centres—Crandon Hall and the Garibaldi Orphanage. Pisa knows the girls' elementary and normal schools instituted by Miss Carruthers, where 500 pupils are trained for useful and prosperous life. Turin had an important industrial school for boys. Naples has to thank Madame Schwabe for a splendid industrial and educational institution, which has survived her death, and where yearly a thousand pupils were befriended and fitted in many ways for life's service. Also, an Evangelical Committee supported at one time seven schools for the children of the poor, and the educational work of the mission at St. Anna di Palazzo, and elsewhere helped 500 children yearly.

The boast of New Pompei that it has 'miraculously' ushered in a new era of salvation for the people is disproved when the Pompeian work is compared with that of other benevolent and Christian agencies. It dwindles into nothing when set beside such a work as that of the late Dr. Barnardo, in whose different homes 8,000 boys and girls, rescued from the streets, were daily trained and transformed from potential criminals into hopeful Christians and useful citizens ; its results cannot be compared with those obtained by the Salvation Army and the Church Army. Work like Dr. Barnardo's, on a smaller scale, is wrought in the children's

homes founded by the Wesleyan Methodist Dr. Stephenson, and carried on under the fostering care of the Wesleyan Conference. Children reared in these orphanages make noble colonists in Canada, and show how the power of Christian love can transmute the least promising material into gold. Here are our miracles !

The Manchester City Mission, another enterprise of Christian philanthropy, directed, under Conference, by the Rev. S. F. Collier, can show a record far outpassing that of New Pompei. Its Sunday congregations of some 16,000 worshippers gathered in from the 'streets and lanes of the city'; its visitations weekly of 10,000 homes; its yearly relief of 40,000 applicants for relief; its refuges, supplying 107,000 beds yearly, with food and work for the destitute; its charity extended at the prison-gate to 4,899 convict women in one year; its noble maternity charity, providing in one year all manner of help to 500 women—all these are miracles of voluntary Christ-like effort and Divine benediction, the like of which neither New Pompei nor any other Madonna shrine can show. Nor should we forget the faith-inspired and faith-sustained work of George Müller at Bristol, where, in five orphanages, 2,050 orphans were yearly cared for, the founder relying on God alone for means. They flowed in freely, and enabled him to found in the colonies schools for 121,000 children. Here indeed are miracles of Christian love and Divine blessing !

But, as wrought through 'heretics,' these were probably wholly unknown to Bartolo, or he might have vaunted less confidently his 'inauguration of a new social era' of Christian helpfulness and heavenly aid.

THORNS AMID THE ROSES

HOW true the proverb, 'No rose without a thorn'! Don Bartolo and the Countess were soon to prove its truth.

The Bishop of Nola had warned them, on the eve of their adventure, that great opprobrium might be their lot did they persevere in it, and his words were soon verified.

Throughout the progress of the enterprise there have been those who have denounced it as a matter of self-interest, a pious fraud at best, and have spoken of its prime mover as an inimitable strategist; moreover, every possible hindrance has been placed in the way by the local priesthood, moved to jealousy on behalf of their own favourite Madonnas, their own special Sanctuaries, by the prosperity of which they 'had their gain.'

Could we but enter into all the details of the open and secret strife that went on, it would present a curious and instructive picture of the ways of present-day sacerdotalism; for the Queen of Heaven does not seem to have purified her priesthood from common human defects, from greed of gain, and from 'strife and envying.'

Even the Bishop of Nola began to speak and act as though the founders of the Sanctuary were carrying matters with too high a hand, and not a few of his clergy showed themselves open adversaries of Don Bartolo and his Countess. Signor Longo, however, proved equal to the situation.

Since the Archbishop of Naples, the Bishop of Nola, and the local ecclesiastical authorities all showed themselves hostile, thwarting him at every turn, and pointing him out

to popular scorn as a vulgar, self-interested trafficker in things Divine, he must lift his work above their reach, and he actually succeeded in putting the Sanctuary under the immediate and sole guardianship of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., Monsignor Della Valetta being formally appointed as representative of His Holiness. To him the clergy, the Prelates, the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples himself, must bow. It will show how our friends of New Pompei have been harassed by the rivalry of other Madonnas if we tell what befell the 'Madonna of New Pompei' in the Church of the Dominicans at Turin. The story is also a most instructive instance of the way in which one Madonna differs from another Madonna in glory.

For us poor Protestants the dear Mother of our Lord is a single personality, and the varying presentations of her by Raffaele, Luini, Correggio, and other Italian masters are merely embodiments of each painter's ideal of that gracious personality. But it is far otherwise with the various wonder-working Madonnas that have been crowned by Rome on account of their thaumaturgic powers, and that are the well-recognised legitimate objects of popular adoration. Of these each has her distinct character, her special claim, her special attributes, her special votaries, who will adore no other Madonna. The merits and claims of each have been the subject of grave debate and adjudication by the Congregation of Rites at Rome, which has signified its final approval by the formal pronouncement in favour of the coronation of the image. Hence the huge, heavy, much-jewelled metal crowns which to-day rather disfigure than adorn the heads of Mother and Child in many otherwise beautiful pictures exposed for popular veneration.

To understand the sad experience that befell our Pompeian Madonna at Turin it is necessary to remember that she is the 'Madonna of the Rosary of *New Pompei*,' as distinguished from all other 'Madonnas of the Rosary,' adored specially by the Dominican Order, whose founder instituted the Rosary.

Now, the worship of the 'Madonna of Pompei' seems to

have advanced rapidly in popular esteem, bidding fair to supersede older Madonnas of the Rosary. This new-fangled Madonna had made her way into sundry temples of the Dominican Order. She had even dared to show herself enthroned beside one of the original Madonnas of the Rosary at Turin.

It was quite enough to make any Madonna jealous. The Dominicans of Turin appealed to Rome, asserting that two distinct Madonnas ought not to be allowed in one church, and requiring the expulsion of the new-comer. The Rev. Marcolmo Cicognani, Procurator-General of the Order, submitted the following doubts to the Congregation of Rites :

‘ Can the Pompeian Madonna be substituted for the other Madonna ? Can a little picture of her be placed together with or below the other ? Can another altar be erected to her in the same church ? Can a picture of her be exposed for the veneration of the faithful in another part of the church ? Can the faithful venerating the image of Pompei gain the same indulgences as those that venerate the original Rosary Madonna ?’

To each and all of these questions the Congregation of Rites returned an emphatic ‘ No,’ and the expulsion of the Pompeian Madonna was decreed and enforced. Thereafter Bartolo was assailed by letters, which he still preserves, taunting him with his disgraceful defeat, and asserting that ‘ all credit was taken away from the image of the Madonna of the Rosary of New Pompei, and that it ought to be taken away from all churches, as having no indulgences and being interdicted.’

‘ Oh, foolish, ignorant, cruel enemies of the Madonna of New Pompei !’ replied the indignant Bartolo. ‘ The interdiction means nothing of the kind. It applies only to Dominican churches, or others where there is already a Rosary Madonna. Thus does the devil seek to deceive the faithful, and lead men to forsake a worship so sweet and so fruitful to Italy !’

Not only has the Pompeian Madonna suffered thus from Dominican jealousy, but rival Sanctuaries have warred against her, and tried to intercept the stream of popular favour

flowing towards Pompei. We may instance the Sanctuary of the Madonna dei Bagni, between Pompei and Angri. The latter town is beautifully situated, and famed in history as the scene, in A.D. 523, of the overthrow of Teias, last King of the Goths, at the hands of Narses, the Roman general.

A little out of Angri, on the Provincial Road, stood a large half-ruinous church, dedicated to the Madonna dei Bagni, in memory of a legendary wonder said to have been wrought, by the Madonna's benediction, through the waters of a pool near at hand; hence the title 'Madonna of the Baths.' The people of Angri—the priesthood in particular—noted the growing fame and prosperity of the shrine of New Pompei, and asked why their church, already famed for miracles, might not be made to vie in renown and wealth with its neighbour.

A scheme was set on foot for the renovation of the church, which already exceeded in size the Sanctuary Church at Pompei. Funds were collected; the work progressed bravely, and some three thousand persons, including many of the Neapolitan aristocracy, assembled for the ceremony of the reopening of the renovated temple, now adorned richly and decorated with appropriate pictures, and ready to vie with New Pompei. The preacher on this occasion, the Rev. Carlo Jovene, discoursed eloquently on the inspiring theme, 'The providence of Mary must of necessity be universal as that of God Himself,' and illustrated this theme by recounting the legend of the Madonna dei Bagni. We reproduce the story from the report given in the *Messaggero di Pompei*, the organ of Romanelli, Bartolo's priestly opponent.

It seems that there dwelt once near Angri a poor pious peasant girl, Maria Villanuova, whose only worldly wealth was one pretty little pig. To her infinite grief, she saw this animal smitten by what seemed a horrible leprosy. Weeping aloud, she bewailed this grievous misfortune. The echoes of the valley alone responded to her cries. Despairing of earthly help, she addressed herself to Mary, and as she prayed felt impelled to bathe the suffering animal in a well of water near at hand. At first she resisted the impulse, asking herself, 'What can

the water of this well, mixed with insanitary filtrations, avail to cleanse from leprosy my dear little pig ?'

But a voice from heaven replied : ' Rise, Maria ; doubt not. Thou hast invoked the aid of Mary, Queen of the Sciences. . . . She can infuse into that water, though scarce drinkable, new and healing virtue. Bathe again and again the dying creature in that pool. Through the blessing of the Queen of Heaven it shall become for all this neighbourhood a new beneficent Siloam.'

Obedient to the heavenly voice, Maria, calling on the name of the Madonna, plunged and plunged again her leprous favourite into the waters of the pool. ' And oh ! superhuman power of the name of Mary when invoked in faith ! the dying little pig came forth from its bath as fresh and clear from leprous scab as if it had been new-born !' Filled with joy and gratitude, Maria Villanuova flew from house to house, declaring to all the wondrous mercy shown to her ; and from that day the pool has been ' a new Siloam.'

Lest it be thought that so puerile a tale could not be seriously recounted in public by a much-esteemed preacher of our own day, we must note that the Rev. Carlo Jovene approved the report of his sermon in the *Messaggero di Pompei* as being substantially correct.

Such preaching has its place and value in the Roman system, with the carefully-fostered belief in the wonders of La Salette and Lourdes and Pompei. All tend to turn away the thoughts of the people from Christ and towards Mary, whom Rome, with steady consistency, represents as supreme in the kingdom of mercy.

Despite the wonderful legend of the Madonna dei Bagni, her shrine has not yet outrivalled Pompei. Perhaps Anghi could not furnish an organizer as astute and resourceful as Bartolo. When I last passed by Anghi, I visited the church, which I found encumbered with scaffolding. No one could tell me whether further renovation was contemplated, or whether the venerable building was being safeguarded from impending ruin.

The antagonism of a certain section of the Catholic press

was no small trouble to Bartolo, his most envenomed journalistic enemies being the *Libertà Cattolica*, the organ of the unfriendly Archbishop of Naples, and the *Messaggero di Pompei*, directed by Romanelli, who asserted that he had been compelled to dissociate himself from Signor Longo and his enterprise by moral considerations. When editor of the *Rosario*, said Romanelli, unfair pressure had been put on him as to the compilation of letters testifying to miraculous cures, and he had lost all faith in the integrity of his old friend. He heaped up charges against Bartolo; he challenged him to disprove them, if he dared, before the courts of law, and, setting up a printing and publishing office in New Pompei itself, kept up a steady attack on the administration of the Sanctuary, describing that pious enterprise, very curiously, as a 'voracious speculation,' averring that its founder 'persecutes with relentless hatred all who do not bow down to him,' and avowing his intention 'to combat for the true religion of Christ, purging it from all impostures.'

But Romanelli's attack was not on the gross, idolatrous superstitions fostered and practised at New Pompei; it was merely on the *administration* of the Sanctuary, which he declared to be managed in the personal interest of the founders, not in that of the Church, and finally his protest was silenced. He was promoted, and sent on a special mission out of Italy.

The *Asino* (the *Ass*)—a paper chiefly comic, and wholly anti-religious and socialistic, which has obtained an immense circulation throughout Italy—revelled in all these Pompeian scandals. Made attractive by coarsely humorous illustrations in black and white, and by flaming coloured cartoons of the same character, it has won and keeps its popularity by savage exposures of the too frequent crimes and follies of the clergy, professing that it seeks to further the interests of the common people, typified as a heavy-laden, hard-toiling, patient 'ass.' By preference, it dwells on the dark side of priestly and Popish social life, and has a certain utility in calling attention to abuses which are sadly common. To the *Asino* the many troubles that have befallen Bartolo supplied abundant food for ridicule; neither he nor his adversaries were spared. The

intriguing Dominicans, who since the death of Leo, the 'Rosary Pope' and steady protector of Bartolo, have moved heaven and earth to deprive the founder of his authority over the Sanctuary, and the suit for the ownership of the picture, promoted by the heirs of Radente, have delighted the *Asino* and its readers, to whom the editors have kindly given in addition a reprint of Romanelli's merciless revelations.

The dispute about the miraculous picture (once purchased for three francs and forty centimes) has been particularly delightful to the mockers. It is not, indeed, the first time that the ownership of a wonder-working image has come before a court of Italian law; witness the case of the Madonna of the Pignasecca, of which public justice had to take cognizance, since the rival claimants, *all* affiliated to the Camorra, or Secret Criminal Society of Naples, had been trying to settle the matter in true Camorrist fashion by a *dichiaramento*, or pitched battle—a *combat à outrance*—when the police intervened, with the result that some thirteen would-be proprietors of a truly miraculous Madonna—one immensely popular—were sentenced to imprisonment for four years.

But the case of the Madonna of Pompei did not wear this vulgarly popular aspect. It was quite an aristocratic trial, having no Camorristic associations. It was 'the cause of Radente *versus* Commendatore Longo,' brought into court in the first civil section of the Tribunal. 'Present, to represent Signor Longo, Advocate Giuseppe Farnararo. The representative of the Sovereign Pontiff not being present, the lawyer of the Radente requested postponement.' So runs the report of the first hearing. The Pope himself, Pius X., is involved in this question of ownership.

The matter of the picture is but a sequel to the claim of the Dominican monks to take over the entire administration of the Sanctuary, including all its financial management—a claim which Bartolo, having obtained a personal interview with Pius X., succeeded in defeating. He produced the brief of Leo XIII., by which that Pontiff guaranteed the whole of the administration of the Sanctuary for life to Signor Longo, in recognition of the devout act by which Bartolo constituted the

Pope the owner of the Church, accompanying that gift with an additional offering of £100,000. The successor of Leo could not, and would not, annul this act of his predecessor, sealed as it was 'with the Seal of the Fisherman,' and Pius X. put an end to the contest, confirming Bartolo Longo in his supreme administrative position, and limiting the control of the Dominicans to money paid in for masses.

Scarcely had this storm blown over than a new one arose, in the vexatious claim of the heirs of Father Radente, promoted by enemies of Bartolo.

He has declared that the Madonna, her throne, and all her adornments, were of necessity included in the gift made by him to Leo XIII. 'It was given to me ; I have given it to the Pope.'

'It was never yours to give,' was the retort ; 'it was lent to you, not given. We, the heirs of Father Radente, assert our right to the picture, which never ceased to be his property. We appeal to Italy, to law, to justice.'

Alas ! what were New Pompei without its wonder-working picture ? Gone would be the miraculous potency of the rose-petals, of the sacred dust, of the holy oil ; ruin would come on all the Pompeian pharmacopœia ; no future millions would flow into the coffers of the Sanctuary !

But Bartolo is a very resourceful man, deeply versed alike in the ways of Rome and of Italian law. There can be no reasonable doubt that a safe and prudent way has ere now been found of conciliating the heirs of Radente, grasping though they be.

The matter will be settled 'out of court,' and 'scandal,' so justly abhorred of Rome, will be averted, though the latest development of the controversy with the Dominican monks seems to show them triumphant over Signor Longo.

XVIII

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

FOR the Roman Catholic world the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin is the most memorable of the whole year, commemorating 'the ultimate glories' of the Virgin-Mother of the Lord. I have heard South Italians, freely talking among themselves of the errors of heretics, say: 'Why, even the Turks believe in the Assumption of Mary!'

Long years ago, at a meeting in our temporary place of worship in Via Roma, my colleague, Signor Sciarelli, was preaching; and the day being the Festa of the Assumption, his discourse was largely a critical examination into that legendary event.

At the close of his address he saw one of the listeners rise to his feet, and, saying that this was his first visit to a meeting held in an Evangelical Church, he asked leave to question the preacher.

'He could not doubt the earnestness and sincerity of Signor Sciarelli,' he said, 'yet one of his statements had been painfully bewildering—the assertion that in Holy Scripture there was no confirmation of the Assumption of the Virgin. From my earliest days,' he went on, 'I have been taught that the Assumption was as truly a part of Gospel history as the birth of Jesus, as His Crucifixion, as His Resurrection and Ascension. But perhaps Signor Sciarelli is speaking of the Gospel as set forth in the *Protestant* version?'

Sciarelli, always prompt in debate, replied with a brief summary of the Virgin's life as set forth in Scripture, and drove home the fact that there is no trace of the Assumption

in the versions of the Bible sanctioned by the Romish Church itself.

The perplexed inquirer, accepting a copy of the Gospels, said that 'if Sciarelli spoke truly, he himself had been fed on lies from his earliest infancy.'

He sought out his confessor, and besought him to come, Vulgate in hand, and discuss the matter with Sciarelli.

The confessor often promised to give Sciarelli the meeting, but never did so, and our friend left all and followed Christ. He became one of the stewards of our Church, and finally passed away, trusting in Jesus.

But though the Assumption has no warrant from Scripture, it has been written deep on the heart of the people by the incessant effort of Rome, exerted through almost every channel. It forms an essential part of the parallel, incessantly insisted on, between the imaginary mission of the Virgin Mother and the mediatorial mission of her Divine Son; it is really an intrinsic part of the Roman Catholic 'scheme of salvation,' and is accepted as a fact of sacred history, not only by the Latin, but the Greek Church, which, celebrating the Assumption on the same day—August 15—as its Western sister, calls it 'the Feast of the Sleeping of the Mother of God.'

The legend is thus set forth by Gregory of Tours: 'When Mary was at the point of death, all the Apostles assembled, and watched with her. Then Christ appeared with His angels, and committed her soul to the Archangel Michael; but her body was carried away in a cloud. Three days after her death, the Apostles being assembled, the room was suddenly filled with a surprising light, in the midst of which appeared the Blessed Virgin, with a great host of angels. She spake to the Apostles, saying: "Peace be with you; I will never leave nor forsake you." The Apostles, transported with joy, replied: "O ever-blessed Virgin, grant us thine aid!" The heavenly vision then vanished, and the Apostles exclaimed: "The Queen is ascended into heaven, and sits at her Son's right hand!"'

Such is the legend accepted by the Roman Catholic world

as a veritable fact of Gospel history, and carefully insisted on as such in the Rosary, which has proved the most potent agency in its dissemination.

It has its place as fourth of the Five Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary, following on the three first—the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ and the Coming of the Holy Ghost—and is classed with these as an authentic fact of the first importance, and is closely followed by the Fifth Glorious Mystery, which is like unto it, being the Coronation of the Virgin by the hands of her Divine Son, Who crowns her as ‘Mother of the Eternal Son, Daughter of the Eternal Father, Spouse of the Eternal Spirit, Queen of Heaven and Earth, Refuge of Sinners, Fount of Mercy, and Dispenser of Salvation.’ On these, and on other ‘glories of Mary,’ tedious to enumerate, the Rosary devotee faithfully meditates.

New Pompei, as we have seen, owes its very being to the Rosary conversion of Signor Longo, and has grown and prospered under the fostering care of the ‘Rosary Pope,’ Leo XIII. With natural gratitude, its promoters are now steadily working for one great end: to have the central belief of the Rosary, the Assumption of Mary, erected into a dogma that shall be compulsorily binding on all the faithful.

‘If the *definition* of the Assumption,’ said the *Rosario* in 1904, ‘should take place at the *golden wedding* of the Declaration of the Immaculate Conception, the whole Catholic world would exult.’

At the great festa of May 8, 1900, this was the watchword for the thousands of worshippers: ‘Long live the Immaculate One, taken up (assumed) body and soul into heaven!’

The movement, urgently promoted at New Pompei, for an immediate definition of the Assumption as a *dogma* of the Catholic faith, was well to the front at the Marian Congress, held in Fribourg in August, 1902. Here the promoters of the Sanctuary presented a Petition of Bishops, numerous signed, and a vast album of petitions from pilgrims to New Pompei, all imploring the Holy Father to procure the definition of this new and precious dogma. The Apostolic Protanotary of Fribourg received the petitions with gracious

thanks, noting that they bore 'twenty thousand signatures.'

'For four years,' writes Cardinal Gennari in the *Rosario*, 'we have been gathering in this periodical the united voices of the Italian and foreign episcopate, imploring from the infallible oracle of the Vatican this supreme glory of Mary, the definition of her corporeal Assumption.'

It is necessary to understand clearly what this means. The real, essential signification of the Assumption is the idea of Redemption wrought through Mary. 'If Jesus came to save sinners by His all-perfect life, suffering, and death,' say the Mary worshippers, 'Mary had the prevenient grace that made her the Immaculate, the Spotless, and gave to her the power of *electing* to become the Virgin-Mother of the Lord. She shared her Son's sorrows, she drank with Him the cup of Divine wrath. Being a sharer in the work of Redemption, she shares in its glory, as being the *instrument* of Redemption. Her Son rose, and ascended into heaven. She also must rise and be taken into heaven. He sits crowned at the right hand of the Father. She, too, must be crowned and sit at her Son's right hand.' Such is the reasoning of the theologians of Rome; we may tarry to quote their very words: 'As Jesus Christ conquered concupiscence and death, sin and its effects, so His Mother triumphed over sin by her Immaculate Conception; over concupiscence by her Virginal Maternity; over death by her anticipated resurrection.' So writes Bishop Ignatius Zuccari from Caltanissetta. Those familiar with Romish theological literature and popular belief will find it easy to adduce many other such teachings, which show how thoroughly New Pompei is at one with Papal Rome, and in especial with the great Rosary Order of the Dominicans. It would not, however, be fair to represent the Franciscan Order as inferior to the Dominicans in their zeal for Mary. They have their 'Garland of Flowers for the Most Holy Mary,' with a glowing, highly coloured account of the 'Transit of Mary,' as they prefer to style it—a purely imaginative description of the glories of her last hours. I once saw a picture representing the Apostles gathered round the vacant tomb of the Virgin, into

which they were gazing intently ; it was filled with blossoming roses and lilies. These enter into yet another version of the legend.

'The New Eve,' says the 'Garland of Flowers,' just quoted, 'broke the scythe of Death, and went beyond the stars to receive the crown she merited. She sits near the throne of God, crowned Queen of Heaven and Earth.'

While we note the growing urgency of the appeals addressed to the Holy See for the 'definition of the Assumption as a dogma,' by great dignitaries of the Romish Church as well as by the humbler votaries of the Rosary, we are impressed by the singular character of the reasons adduced for this step. 'It will be the most sure pledge of universal peace ; it will be the greatest act of homage rendered to the Redeemer of the world ; it will increase the faith of believers ; it will shed new light on the immortality of the soul ; it will reaffirm the authority of the Holy See, now *villainously calumniated, atrociously insulted, and turned into ridicule* by a perverse Press and the perverse occupants of Professorial Chairs.' Such are a few of the not very convincing arguments adduced in favour of a step of the most doubtful wisdom.

Its advocates, we may remark, no longer shrink from being described as Marians. Indeed, theirs is far more a Marian than a Christian religion. They speak fearlessly of 'Marian doctrine' ; they organize 'Marian congresses' ; they call the nineteenth the 'Marian century.' There is a plan for installing in St. John Lateran a 'Marian library,' to which New Pompei largely contributes.

Volumes might be written showing how truly the worship of the Christ of the Gospels is the source of mental and moral freedom. But it is far otherwise with the Marian cult, which is sedulously propagated in order to rivet more firmly the chains of Rome on humanity. It leads to the slavery and effeminacy of the mind, and implies abject submission to the decrees of him who usurps the Divine title and prerogative, the so-called 'Vicar of God.'

What is Bartolo's highest inspiration ? The message of Leo—'Fear not ; the Pope is with you.' Without the *placet*

of the Pope all the miracles of the Madonna of Pompei would profit nothing ; they could not be ranked as Divine wonders ! But the approval of Leo XIII., testified in countless rescripts, briefs, encyclicals, and decrees, has been most abundantly given. The cause of the Madonna del Rosario di Nuova Pompei is the cause of the Popedom. Together they stand or fall.

The chains of the Madonna cult seem golden ; each separate practice appears ideally poetic. Virginal purity, maternal love, womanly pity and helpfulness, are incarnated and adored in her. Arrayed in these winning charms is the Mary of the Gospels, but when she is transformed into the triple goddess—the Immaculate, the Co-Redemptress, the Queen of Heaven and Earth, who, for all her queenship, humbly obeys Joseph, her earthly husband, and is held in vassalage by the Roman Pontiff—her natural womanly majesty is lost, and only the gaudily-attired goddess invented by Rome remains—a goddess who has her terrible aspect also, like the automatic Madonna-image invented by Inquisitors—an image which, opening her arms, revealed an array of sharp knives, by which the victim, clasped in her embrace, was cut and hacked to death.

I have read how, in the ancient Liturgy of St. James, among prayers to be offered for the martyred and holy dead, there appears a prayer for the soul of the Virgin. It would seem that *here* the appeal of Rome to tradition fails, and that the Assumption legend is of later growth than the doctrine of Purgatory and the practice of prayers for the departed.

XIX

A FESTA IN NEW POMPEI

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE
PICTURE TO NEW POMPEI

THE first Sunday of October, the anniversary of that victory of Lepanto, which is claimed as the greatest triumph of the Rosary Madonna, was chosen by the authorities of New Pompei as the most fitting day for rendering Divine honours to their wonder-working picture, used, as they affirm, by the Omnipotent 'to convert and to enlighten hearts and consciences in the closing years of the nineteenth century.'

The scene, then, is Valle di Pompei, the day Sunday, October 7, 1900. The festa is to be the apotheosis of the image, giving the honours of a triumph to the Mother of God, the 'Padrona' (Sovereign Mistress) of Heaven and Earth, the Mother of Humanity.

The evening of the 6th was a busy time. Crowds were watching, waiting, praying, in the church, expecting that she to whom, as Conqueress, they were about to give a triumph like those which old Rome decreed to her victorious Generals, would, like them, lavish her gifts and bounty on those who swelled her train. And preparations for the morrow's festivity were going on all night.

The morning dawned bright and fair and glowing, a perfect Neapolitan day. By ordinary and extraordinary trains crowds of pilgrims arrived at the station, and poured in a steady stream along the Via Sacra, mingling with other crowds from Sicily and Calabria. The little city, freshly whitewashed, was gay with banners, triumphal arches, and

rich carpets and bright-hued coverings hung from the balconies, and waving silken streamers. All the walls bore placarded mottoes in honour of 'Mary, the Peacemaker of the world—the Virgin of the Rosary of Pompei.' The veracious Bartolo tells how '40,000 of the faithful' had gathered 'to thrill, to weep, to pray, and to realize the peace of heaven.'

It must have been a brilliantly variegated scene, what with the rich festal uniforms of the *carabinieri* and officers on duty to keep order, the splendid vestments of the priests, and the various Albanian and Calabrian costumes of pilgrims, among whom were oddly mingled touring cyclists and amateur photographers. There must have been a veritable Babel of differing tongues.

The procession opened with the march of the standards. Of these there were more than three hundred. The great company of guards and soldiers with difficulty cleared a way through the crowd for the advance of the standard-bearers. 'Happily,' says Bartolo, 'the peace and order of the festa had been entrusted to the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary.'

First advanced the standard of the Sanctuary—dark red gold-embroidered satin, showing in high relief the shield and crown and the façade of the church. It was borne by workmen employed on the spot, and preceded by the band of the Boys' Home. The banner was solemnly blessed by the highest ecclesiastics present, after which Signor Longo, standing on a chair, harangued the people.

There followed a small standard from St. Pietro Patierno, amid a group of children bearing lilies, one of whom, in golden breastplate and helmet, represented an Angel; then came some five working-men's societies from neighbouring towns and districts; then hundreds of banners, representing different nations, families, and associations, all differing in form and colour, all magnificently rich.

The banner of the city of Naples, which came escorted by that city's public servants, by its firemen in splendid uniform and guards in gala dress, is, says Bartolo, especially dear to the Virgin; it commemorates the gallant deeds of the Neapolitan galleys at Lepanto.

Two splendid banners are emblazoned with the names of Cardinal Prisco, the Pope's Vicar in the Sanctuary, and of Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to Pope Leo. By these Rome herself does homage to the picture.

Then come a crowd of Bishops and Archbishops of this fair region, with their standards, of whose varying dignity time would fail us to tell; they number sixteen at least. Three standards especially interest us; they come from Ireland and England, remembrances 'of that noble and constant friend of the work at Pompei, Monsignor Edward Stoner, Archbishop of Trebisond.'

La Cava's mitred Benedictine Abbot sends his standard in glory of Maria; the Isle of Malta, the city of Quito, have their representative banners; so have Italian societies and private individuals past counting. After these came the great company of Archbishops and Bishops, and high Papal officials, and mitred Abbots, some twenty-five in number, clad in their bravest vestments, and making a gallant show; for neither rich-hued velvets and satins, gold brocades and jewelled crosiers, are lacking to the princes of the Church on great occasions such as this.

And now, 'on a rich throne of velvet, enclosed in a deep golden frame, wreathed with roses and lilies, and crowned with a most precious golden diadem, comes the prodigious image of the Virgin of Pompei.' It is borne by the Knights of the Madonna, gentlemen wearing the Virgin's jubilee medal over their evening dress, who have come from many a city to solicit this honour. 'Majestically she passes' amidst the thronging people, to halt beneath the triumphal arch of greenery, all gemmed with flowers, when at once the sun shines out, and its rays are flashed back from the countless brilliants 'on the head, the neck, the bosom, the hands, the feet, of the Virgin; the picture is transfigured into a fountain of light. The Virgin appears a moving, living person, regal and august.'

'Every eye is fixed in ecstasy on that luminous centre, and a whirlwind of prayer, of sobbing, of lamentation breaks out; all hands are outstretched towards her. . . . As with the

affection of a mother that majesty and kindness spoke powerfully to everyone.

“Behold me ; it is I, whom you call Lady and Queen—whom you call Mother. What do you desire ? . . . It is I who have chosen this land, once the seat of your enemy and mine ; . . . on the fragments of his throne I have planted my throne as Queen and Mother. On the ruins of his temples I have built my royal home, to receive and console my children. It is I that have called you from afar. . . . What do you want ? Take courage ; what is there that you may not hope for ?”

Such, to Bartolo’s heated fancy, seemed the utterance of his wonderful Madonna to her faithful on this great festal day.

On this storm of prayer and supplication broke the voices of the choral band, in the ‘Hymn to the Madonna of Pompei’:

‘Above the shattered fragments
Of vile, shameless gods,
Signal of joy to the peoples,
Thou, Mary, reignest to-day.’

At this wonderful moment, says Bartolo, ‘I saw strong men and elegant youths, guards and *carabinieri*, devout ladies and gentlemen . . . all dissolved in tears. It made me think of what will take place at the Judgment Day . . . when the great Judge will be seen descending . . . surrounded by His Angels, and *followed by His Mother*. . . . “And all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.”

‘Only this weeping on October 7, 1900, was *the weeping of children at the sight of their Mother, who will save them in the great Day of Wrath*, so that by her protection they will follow the multitude of Angels, ascending to the heavenly country. . . .

‘The procession moves on to another triumphal arch, where a company of the orphans awaits it, in number one hundred and fifty, wearing long white bridal veils. Divided into three bands of fifty each, they represent the three groups of the Rosary mysteries : for one group, bearing white roses, figures the five *happy* mysteries ; another, bearing red roses, the five

sorrowful mysteries ; and the third, bearing yellow roses, the five *glorious* mysteries.'

It is a sort of *tableau vivant*, commemorating the memorable apparition of the Rosary Queen to Dominic in the grotto at Toulouse, when she came, escorted by a hundred and fifty virgin saints, to give him the precious Rosary. The members of many sisterhoods encircled the assembled orphans, with three hundred white-robed children.

'The procession moves on again down the Via Sacra,' amid the cheering crowds, and between houses whence clouds of roses and violets and other sweet-scented flowers, mingled (alas for Italian taste !) with artificial flowers, too, continually descend on it. At last it reaches the Piazza d' Armi, and halts. This public place has been so richly adorned that it seems one vast basilica ; it is set with forest trees, wreathed profusely with greenery, garlanded with flowers ; its walls bear eight great pictures, some testifying how, under Pius V., by the grace of the Rosary Queen, the great fight was won at Lepanto over the Turks ; some bearing witness to the zeal of Leo XIII. for the Madonna of New Pompei, and to the various acts by which he proclaimed himself her votary and defender. Here, in leafy, flowery chapel, the Madonna is placed for the greatest function of the day. All her devotees the world over have been bidden to concentrate their thoughts on New Pompei at this moment, and join with their hearts in the great supplication that is to go up to her at mid-day. After the hundred orphans, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, have chanted their *Ave, Regina Caelorum*, the world-prayer begins :

"O august Queen of Victories, O Virgin Sovereign of Paradise, at whose mighty name the heavens rejoice and the depths tremble" (the multitude confusedly repeat the words), "O, from the throne of clemency where thou sittest, O Mary, cast pitying eyes on us, on our families, on Italy, on Europe, on the Church. . . . We merit the sharpest scourges. But remember how on Golgotha thou didst gather the last drops of the blood Divine, the last testament of the dying Redeemer. And that last testament . . . declared thee to be our Mother, the Mother of sinners. Thou art our Mother, our Advocate,

our Hope. We stretch our suppliant hands to thee, crying,
Have mercy !

“ We confide fully in thee ; we fall at thy feet ; we throw ourselves, helpless children, into the arms of the tenderest of Mothers, and now await thy longed-for mercy.

“ O blessed Rosary of Mary ! we will never more leave thee. Thou shalt comfort our last hours ; the latest kiss of our dying lips shall be given to thee ; our last breath shall call on thy name, O Queen of the Rosary of Valle di Pompei, O dear Mother of mine, O only Refuge of sinners, O Comforter of the sad. Blessed mayst thou be evermore, everywhere, on earth and in heaven !”

The world-prayer ceased at New Pompei, only to be taken up by the votaries of its Queen in long succession the world over, as the shadow on the dial pointed to noon.

Need we point the moral of the scene, thus described in the very words of its enthusiastic organizer ? That vision of the Rosary Queen flashing with gems, that prayer poured forth at her feet by the Roman hierarchy and people, with fullest Papal pomp and sanction—need we better proof how completely Rome to-day has identified herself with the great apostasy which is blotting out everywhere the name of Christ, the Divine Saviour, and substituting the name of Mary ?

It were as needless as tedious to dwell on the later scenes of the festa : the solemn benediction of the Sacrament on the piazza, when the officiating Bishop of Nola utters the mystic words that, as he and his believe, transform the wafer bread into very Christ and God ; the return of the procession to the Sanctuary, followed all the way by a long wave of cheering ; the reading of the solemn Papal blessing (with annexed plenary indulgence) on those present, by the Pope's own representative ; the long discourse pronounced in the name of the Pope ; the solemn benediction of the founder and his wife ; the general, stormy recitation by the great assemblage of the confession of sin, and the final blessing thereafter pronounced, to which thousands of voices respond with loud ‘ *Evviva Maria !* ’ (Long live Mary !). Finally, the discharge of five hundred rockets—for no Neapolitan religious festival is

complete without fireworks—the liberation of countless captive doves and larks, and the chanting of the *Magnificat*, bring the long day's pageant to a close.

Bartolo concludes his narrative of the great day's proceedings with these words, which he tells us constitute his life-motto: 'The Rosary is the star guiding the voyaging of a cross, which seems ready to sink in a stormy sea; but that cross is not entirely submerged, being supported by the Rosary of Mary.'

Here is the true inward meaning of Pompeian religion! To us, and doubtless to our readers, Bartolo's chosen motto appears as false in imagery as in its theological teaching. Neither could well be worse.

THE MIRACLES THAT I WANT TO SEE, BUT DO NOT
FIND, AT NEW POMPEI

WHAT we look for in the innumerable accounts of wonders wrought by the Madonna's power, but cannot trace, are the mighty moral miracles that transform the soul of man, making homes happier and the great world better. In the long lists of miracles of healing published monthly in the *Rosario* we never read of drunkards reclaimed, of victims of lust restored to purity, of despairing souls filled with the peace and joy of heaven—wonders of mercy and blessing that, happily, are familiar incidents of every day to the workers in the great city missions of Protestant England, who never invoke the aid of the Madonna.

Once, as I sat waiting for the train at Valle, I saw a wretched-looking man led off to prison by two guards. In all likelihood he was wearing a picture or scapula of the Madonna of Mount Carmel; for these are worn by the brigands, and, it is said, are always to be seen in houses of ill-fame; there is safety and protection in them. Sitting by the stall of a poor woman who sold lemonade and biscuits, and who was looking sorrowfully after the poor man, I said to her: 'How is it that the Madonna, who, they say, is always working miracles of healing for the sick, does not save her votaries also from theft and murder, from crime and prison?'

'Ah, sir, do you believe in all those miracles?' said she, looking wistfully at me. 'I do not—do not believe in them!'

A warning notice, printed by Bartolo himself, shows how vainly we may look for *moral* miracles at New Pompei.

According to the founder, his 'New Jerusalem' is no holier than Old Jerusalem in the days of our Lord. It has its thievish traffickers in holy things also. He warns the pilgrims to buy their sacred souvenirs *only* at his own authorized emporium, in 'the first hall of the Sanctuary.' Shops have been opened *outside* for the sale of these souvenirs, but 'they have not been *blessed* in the Sanctuary,' and, though sold at a lower price, they are not genuine. Six or eight pages of Don Bartolo's Calendar are devoted to warnings. 'If you want your legacy to be duly applied, you must make it payable direct to Signor Longo *himself*—not "to the Sanctuary," which is not "a moral entity."' "

'Beware of pseudo-orphans, false children of convicts, who go about begging; give no heed to professed guides or porters; go direct to the Sanctuary.'

'Leave no offering in the church or the sacristy—neither is safe; pay your gift into the Hall of Offerings.'

'Trust no person who presents himself as a collector of alms for the Sanctuary or for the orphans—no, not though such collectors wear the dress of priest or monk or nun; not though they declare themselves messengers of the Avvocato Bartolo Longo.'

The last warning is very significant.

Perhaps, in view of the long-continued struggle between Bartolo and the Dominican Order for the right of administering the Sanctuary, he may some day be driven to print yet another warning—'Beware of the monks of the Rosary!'

ONE THING LACKING.

Once in my travels I found myself stranded at the lonely junction of Metaponto. While waiting for the train for Naples, I was delighted to meet an American friend, travelling for a firm of agricultural implement makers. Though born of Roman Catholic parents, and reared in that faith, he was now a true Evangelical Christian, and an ardent student of the Scriptures.

Together we resolved to spend the hours of waiting in

exploring the ancient Greek ruins to be found in the neighbourhood—ruins of what was once a mighty city of Great Greece (*Magna Græcia*), with its noble heathen temple. As we set forth, Tommasino, a peasant farmer known to my friend, met us, and offered to accompany us, but pleaded that we should first visit the little country church that we must pass, and see *what* a church they had.

We did so, and dutifully admired everything that Tommasino pointed out—the high altar, the font, the side-chapels, the picture of the Holy Virgin—Tommasino exclaiming in rapture, ‘Isn’t it beautiful! Isn’t it lovely!’ at every point; and my friend saying in his broken Italian, ‘Yes—good, very good.’ ‘*Che altro volete?*’ (What more would you have?) cried the good farmer. ‘One thing more,’ said my friend: ‘where is the Word of God?’ Tommasino was puzzled. The Word of God! He had never heard of it! Yes, he knew something of the Psalms, but nothing of Scripture as a whole, as the divinely-given Word of Life.

I have not forgotten our subsequent visit to the ruined Greek city, once honoured by the presence of Pythagoras, nor its Doric temples, where the earth-goddess Demeter was once honoured, nor its wasted ramparts and deserted theatre. But more vivid than all memories of those works of a vanished civilization is the remembrance of the little wayside church, and Tommasino’s wonder that it should be thought to lack anything. If he carried his difficulty to his confessor, it would be soon disposed of. He would learn that the Bible is a dangerous Book; that heretical versions were offered for sale, of which he must beware; finally, that he had the Rosary! and *all* the Gospel being there, what need was there of the Gospels themselves? ‘The Rosary is the true Gospel!’

In New Pompei, in all the Papal churches, as in that little church of Metaponto, there is no Bible for the *people*. Rare old copies of the Scriptures, precious manuscripts, are treasured in Papal libraries; such monasteries as those of Monte Cassino and La Cava have done good work in preserving invaluable manuscripts, but these are for learned ecclesiastics and high-placed students of antiquity, not for the people.

Hear the testimony of a Neapolitan priest : ' There are in our Italy thousands of souls who do not know of the existence of the Holy Gospel, nor where to find it ! ' This priest, Professor Ignatius Lazzari, secured Papal sanction for his attempt to circulate cheap authorized versions of single Gospels, and also the guarantee of a Papal indulgence of three hundred days to every person who should devote a daily quarter of an hour to the reading of the Gospels ; but his efforts, like those of the noble translator of the New Testament—the Jesuit Father Curci—have achieved little. Parish priests, confessors, persons interested in Sanctuaries like that of New Pompei, know too well that the Bible and the Rosary, the Bible and Madonna-worship, the Bible and Papal domination, are at variance. Hence a quiet, steady, all but irresistible under-current of opposition to popular study of the Scriptures.

Yet we must not fail to notice certain signs that the Roman authorities are modifying their anti-Bible policy. The French Bishop Lacroix, lamenting that ' a fear of seeming to follow Protestant example ' has led his co-religionists to neglect Bible study, with most deplorable results, affirms that ' during the last fifteen or twenty years ' laymen, priests, and Bishops have striven to circulate the sacred Books among the people, thus following the noble example of Bossuet, ' who circulated thousands of Bibles in French in his diocese of Meaux.'

Noticeable also, as a hopeful sign of the times, is the work of the Pious Society of St. Jerome, which has obtained permission to publish, through the Vatican press, Italian versions of the Gospels and the Acts, of which not less than 320,000 copies have been already issued. This Society secured the energetic approbation of the present Pope when Patriarch of Venice. Himself of lowly origin, he affirmed that the peasants, far from being unable to profit by the Gospels, ' read them with pleasure, and draw their own conclusions from them, sometimes much better than certain preachers.' No book of devotion, added Giuseppe Sarto (now, for his sorrow, Pius X. !), ' is better than the Gospel, the true book of meditation, of spiritual reading and exercise.'

In Brazil even a work similar to that of Lazzari is going on,

and while Protestant versions of the Scriptures are being devoutly burned, a sort of 'Harmony of the Gospels,' carefully compiled from the Vulgate by a Romish priest, is being circulated in the Portuguese vernacular of the country. The translator has the courage to write, in his preface, these noble words :

'To introduce the Gospel into a house is to cause our Lord Jesus to enter into the bosom of the family ; it is to put an entire family into communion with the Word of God. Let us therefore work for the Gospel . . . let us give to our neighbours the power of God for the triumph of the truth.'

We need not dwell on the imperfections of this movement—on the fact that as yet only the Gospels and the Acts are authoritatively offered to the people shepherded by Rome, and that *these* are encumbered with a mass of notes carefully giving the Romish interpretation to every disputed passage. With every drawback, the authorized circulation of the Gospels among the people is a wonderful boon.

But New Pompei will never lend itself to this new surprising movement in the bosom of the Romish Church. It clings to the Gospel and the salvation of the *Rosary*. In the four Gospels there is too little about the Virgin Queen of Heaven ; they do not record her Assumption, her Coronation, her Enthronement as the dispenser of Heaven's mercy. And what is the paltry indulgence of three hundred days for the daily reading of the Scripture ? The Rosary Madonna has richer gifts ; visit her picture, having confessed and communicated, and you secure *plenary* indulgence !

Does Lazzari affirm that 'the only means of salvation is the Holy Gospel' ? Don Bartolo might answer : 'That is flagrant heresy. We have Papal authority, Papal protection, for our Sanctuary and for the Madonna's promise ; "he who propagates the Rosary is saved." Indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures is dangerous ; so the Church has constantly declared. Why do you lay such stress on the written Word ? The Vicegerent of God on earth, the living mouthpiece of Divine wisdom, the Pope himself—Pope Leo—and the Church have spoken : "The Rosary is the Gospel for the people !"'

Should one interpose the objection that the Pope 'has solemnly blessed the Society of St. Jerome,' Bartolo's reply would be easy: 'That may be; but Pius X. has also solemnly blessed New Pompei, and the Sanctuary is now his own possession, his own property. What does the seeming contradiction matter? The Pope has blessed the Society as well as the Sanctuary. So be it!'

The initiated well know how it has ever been the policy of Rome to tolerate such a movement as this towards Bible-study for the people, when it would be too imprudent to interfere with it. Such a movement can be permitted as long as it is not too successful; when that moment dawns, it will always be possible to find a fair colourable pretext for quietly suppressing the inconvenient movement. Not once nor twice, but many times, has such a spectacle been witnessed in the chequered story of Rome since the days of the Reformation.

Meanwhile New Pompei grows and flourishes, and lays claim to ever new miracles, even to the fact that the region encompassing New and Old Pompei has not been laid waste by eruption or earthquake since the inception and erection of the Sanctuary.

Other neighbouring cities, however, not especially holy, can honestly boast of a similar exemption; therefore the miracle is somewhat doubtful.

XXI

CHRISTIANITY OR PAGANISM ?

CAN THIS BE SAID WITH TRUTH ?

'It must be recognised that Popery is not Paganism ; that the Roman Catholic Church holds enough of essential Christian truth, however deleteriously adulterated, for souls to breathe in and live by.'

MY work is finished. We have seen New Pompei within the Sanctuary and without. As we look upon it and bid adieu to it, and to the great mountain so majestically threatening, its mighty girth so still, like a giant sleeping, and as we say farewell to the mountain ranges, to the Valley of Nocira, and the island castle on the sea, we feel one other question must be answered to our soul, and answered here on the ground of New Pompei, here with the desert waste of the ruins of Old Pompei, side by side with the new city of Pompei. The former has unquestioned right to its title, 'Pompei the Pagan,' but can New Pompei be known as Christian Pompei ? This is the title that she claims. Is, then, the religion and the city life that we have found Christianity or Paganism ?

We tarry but a while to call up to our mind as in an animated, living, moving picture a fair answer to the question, What is Paganism ? What is its form, what its soul, its spirit ? As we stand here in the midst of the ruins of Old Pompei, the pagan city of the Greco-Roman times, where far older religions, Etruscan, Oscan, and the like, even Egyptian, were not unknown or forgotten, it is not so difficult to gain a realistic view of Paganism thus, for both science and art, painting and literature, have reconstructed and portrayed

the houses, and temples, and basilicas, and ways, and ceremonies, and amphitheatres, and barracks, and baths, and tombs of this, as of other cities of the past. Our museums are overflowing with their treasures of jewels and gems, and the furniture of their dwellings, and the symbols of their religious ceremonial, and the instruments of professional and of social life. Bread from the oven, colours for the painter—everything can be seen as they were of old. And the frescoes portray and dramatize the religion and the customs of all classes of that distant age.

What of the sights and scenes and festal idolatry of Old Pompeian days? Had I lived so long ago, I might have stood before the high altar, near to the image of the great Jupiter, the All Father, the Father of the Gods, which overlooked the great Forum and the assembled crowds of busy men. I might have then walked on, with some Arbaces for my guide, down the deep-rutted streets, past fountains which are standing yet in the old places, until I reached the Temple of Isis, and, entering the consecrated area, I might have watched the priest as he went out of view, into the holier place, to work the oracle. I might have heard the speaking statue voice the priestly oracular response, and as the people bowed and trembled I fancy I could not but have felt as though the air were charged with mystery and supernatural awe, even though I knew I was in the presence of an idol-nothing. These memories of worship and oracle, and of the great ceremonies on days of sacrifice, when with banner and music, and all a pagan pageant could supply, and priests and augurs, trod those streets, leaving the animals all garlanded and ribboned and sealed to the sacrificial altar—these memories seem to say to us, This is the form, the outward show of Paganism.

Let our thoughts wander for a moment from Old to New Pompei, from the heathenism of the days of Christ to the present Christian city, Christian Pompei. We have no intention of laying before you polemical abstractions. We have shown you the city and all the descriptive detail of place and ceremony in their own promoter's descriptive

explanation. We do not need aught else. It is there before your sight, and what we see there we see wherever Romanism reigns supreme. The Pontifex, the Via Sacra, holy water, and sacred lustrations, the Great Festa of the Goddess, not the Demeter of Greeks or the Ceres of the Romans, but the Apotheosis of the Queen of Heaven. Idol-worship we have seen. The idol, a fetish for those inclined to fetishism ; a symbol, an image, for the æstheticism of the more refined. Gods, goddesses, demigods, and demi-semi-gods and goddesses for all ; and charms, and counter-charms, and amulet, and talisman ; sacred flowers, sacred dust, sacred oil, strips of paper made sacred by touching the holy image—as many as you can wish.

Is this heathenism, or something more heathen than Paganism ?

I can imagine Signor Longo being rather pleased than otherwise at my putting thus in apposition Old and New Pompei, and his not caring to rebut the charge of Paganism, because the analogies, in form and nomenclature and ceremonial, too clearly mark the oneness of the two, the religions of Old and New Pompei. I can even imagine him thanking me for furnishing him with a new proof of the omnipotence of the Madonna of Pompei. To have reminded him of these proofs of the nomenclature and ceremony of Paganism as living again in the city and Sanctuary would be to *his* mind to supply evidences of the triumph of the Madonna of Pompei. Yes, I can almost hear him say : ‘ All that is pagan here is Paganism vanquished by our Lady ; all are but signs and proofs of her victory ; every pagan ideal, all that once was pagan in ceremony, now is the trophy, the slave, the vanquished one dragged at her chariot-wheels. As the Pantheon at Rome is now the Church of Mary and the Saints, as some of the churches in Naples were originally pagan temples, the conversion of these to Christian uses is the proof of the triumph of Christianity, so this taking into the worship of the Madonna the formulæ of Paganism, and making them subservient to her cult, is but the evidence of her victory over old Paganism.’

But the evil of old Paganism is gone for ever! Look on yon amphitheatre so very near to us. That was the gay delight of pagan pleasure-seekers. We have no gladiatorial shows, no massacre of human life! We Christians who are not Papists attribute the cessation of the horrors of the bloody arena to the gracious word and spirit and love of Jesus Christ, and to the uplifting of the peoples by His grace. Bartolo would claim it for the Queen of the Universe. If so, how comes it, I might ask, that the nearest approach to the massacre of human life and deadly cruelty to animals still is so favoured in Spain, the land of all others most abjectly devout to the Virgin, and perhaps more abjectly devoted to the Pope and Rome? Who that is sane could attribute the cessation of the gladiatorial combat to the influence of the mythic Mary?

But all this, Signor Bartolo tells us, is the outside of things, the form and formula, the nomenclature of Paganism. Taking Old and New Pompei in apposition—for we do not find a contrast—we would seek a manifestation of the soul of Paganism. Oh, to get beneath the outward, beneath the mere form, the mere name of things, beneath the mere material vest that cloaks and covers, the mere material medium that touches, to sound the heart, the will—yes, we seek to know, to feel the soul of Paganism that animated all that Old Pompei.

I find myself in its very presence as I listen to the echoes of the voice of Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles. He is speaking of and to the Romans of the Gentiles of his day; he takes us into the inner court of heathendom; he lifts the veil of mystery, and we are in contact with the inner soul and life of Paganism. 'When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened' (Rom. i. 21). Here is the soul of heathenism; poor soul, though it knew God, it glorified Him not as God. Oh, the vain imaginations of this spirit of heathenism, have we not seen them everywhere? Its wild dreaming of heavenly things, and of the world and life, its projecting into the future, into the spiritual and eternal of our poor earthly surroundings,

its transference of the human relations of life to the economy of redemption, where God is all in all, where God is to be glorified as God, supreme, alone. Ah, how true it is that the heart of Paganism grows darkened. The very desires for God grow weaker, fainter, and 'the glory of the incorruptible God they change into an image made like to corruptible man' (Rom. i. 23). Out of the heart of Paganism, out of its very soul, out of its vain imaginings, it comes that they have 'changed the truth of God into a lie,' and have 'worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen' (Rom. i. 25).

All the great Marian heresy evolving day by day we could show, had we but time, is merely the truth of God transformed into a lie. We cannot stay; the theme is full of sacred import, but there are other things that we must say.

Let us in sight of those ruins of Old Pompei, and with the memories of the rites and ceremonies of heathenism, of satisfaction by sacrifice and prayer, confronting them with the ideals of the Sanctuary of New Pompei in the light of Apostolic teaching, determine whether in the new city we are in the presence of the soul-life of Paganism or the spirit-power of Christianity?

Is it more like Paganism or Christianity to rear the altar to the unknown God, the God shut out and off, and far away from common view—too far off, too immense, too great, too holy, and too high to be approached by mortal, sinful man? to make more dense the darkness round His throne? to rest in silence, or to deny the voice of God pealing down the ages: 'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones'? Is it more like heathenism or Christianity to be silent, in teaching and in ceremony, as to the free access of souls redeemed to the throne of the heavenly grace in time of need—that free access by the one Mediator, without the intercession of Madonnas, or the intervention of Saints in heaven or sacerdotal mediation on earth?

Christianity says : ' We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ : by Whom we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God ' (Rom. v. 12). ' Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father ' (Eph. ii. 18). Jesus Christ our Lord, ' in Whom we have boldness and access with confidence ' (Eph. iii. 12).

Pagan prayer was the approach of the soul to the heavenly and Divine, through the innumerable divinities with which their vain imaginations and darkened heart had peopled heaven. Their worship was the offering of sacrifice to appease the gods—a satisfaction, an atonement. What did Jesus tell us of the prayer of the pagans ? ' But ye, when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do : for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.'

With this thought of the free access to the throne of mercy in your mind, look out on the motley crowd, beads in hand, using ' vain repetitions,' as the heathen do, in defiance of the command of Jesus. *Paternosters* fifteen times repeated ; fifteen *Glorias* ; fifteen repetitions of the invocation, ' Jesus, Joseph, and Mary,' and *Ave Maria* repeated 150 times—this, we have seen, is the Rosary, ' the star that guides the almost submerged Cross, upheld by the Rosary.' Is this Christian prayer, or vain repetition, such as the heathen use ?

When we are trying to evoke the spirit of heathenism in its grosser and more cruel form, we find it pictured in that sacred story of the priests of Baal ; we see the soul of Paganism materialized, the altar on the mountain, and the praying priests ; they are crying and cutting themselves after their manner, with knives and lancets. Yes, those are Baal's priests ; that was their manner, ' till the blood gushed out ' (1 Kings xviii. 28). Is there no lingering of the heathen spirit of ' satisfaction ' by the suffering of the body in expiation of the sin of the soul, so devoutly taught by New Pompei and by the Roman Church ? Marguerite Alacoque, who signs the love contract with her Saviour in her own blood, and cuts in her own flesh the name of Jesus—is she not following a heathen custom which the name of Jesus does not make Christian ?

Dominic, who with the sharp discipline of the iron chain beats himself until the blood flows down ; and Bartolo, of whose cruel penance we have heard from his own lips—Bartolo, who cuts out from prayer all the free and intimate communion of the child asking of the Father, and transforms the happy duty, the glorious privilege, of drawing near to God with humble boldness, into a spiritual drudgery, and the wailing cry of a tortured slave : is this the informing spirit of Christianity, or is it the soul, the life-breath of Paganism ?

How sadly, yet how mightily, comes over me the terrible consciousness that I am face to face with a tremendous living idolatry, seducing the peoples ; that the spiritual atmosphere in its tone and tenor is fatal Paganism, not the less deadly, but the more harmful, because baptized into the name, and disguised from many beneath the vest of Christian truth and faith ! We have before us a heathenism worse than the heathenism of Old Pompei, because it is a travesty, a degradation, a wicked betrayal of Christian redemption and of the Redeemer. We see that Papist devotees resemble those of whom we read in Hebrews vi. 6 : ‘ They have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come ; they have fallen away ; they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.’

As we think of the growth of the Marian myth and of its awful heresies, fostered, taught, pressed on by all the authority and all the influence and energy of the Roman Church, which teaches the co-redemption wrought by Mary, her participation in the suffering of the Cross, the kingdom of mediatorial mercy taken from the Redeemer and given over to Mary, and seeing all this intentionally favoured and intensified by Popery, we see in the Papacy the despising of the Christian truth, the setting of it at nought. ‘ He that set at nought Moses’ law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, think ye, shall he be judged worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the Covenant, wherewith He was sanctified, a common thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace ?’ (Heb. x. 28, 29).

Our homeward journey is a time of thought and serious reflection ; for we are brooding over what we have seen and felt at New Pompei, that microcosm of Popery. Thoughts of what we have seen and known of Popery in England, where the outward form seems much less Pagan than we find it here, come to us. The conversion of Albion calls for very careful management, not necessary in Italy. Rome is wonderfully tolerant where she cannot obtain unchallenged rule. The spirit, the soul of Popery is ever and everywhere the same. I thought of what I had seen of Roman Catholicism in that boasted Americanism, where Catholics and Catholicism are said to have dared to break off allegiance to the Vatican, and where I witnessed the miracle of hearing in my own tongue the lesson (Eph. iv.) read from the pulpit by the priest. Yes, Rome is wonderfully elastic in her adaptations of form to meet the requirements of the moment. But I found the spirit, the soul of Popery out there to be ever and everywhere the same—the same as at New Pompei. Popery is a degradation of Christianity—a betrayal, a corruption of the truth, an ever-growing error. Corruption only breeds corruption. Whilst thinking thus, we recall the happy utterance of Monsignor Bonomelli, who, after confessing that the worship of the Virgin should consist in our reproducing in ourselves her lofty virtues, ‘and that our veneration for the Saints and their relics ought to be the simple honour due to men of eminence, such as would be rendered to men of art and science,’ denounces the absurd legends with which preachers stuff their discourses, and the too numerous and grotesque devotions that tend to win coppers for the offering. He gives the remedy : ‘ Let us leave off these practices and these devotions, and strip off the useless foliage that slowly has been gathering around the tree, the Church, and that impoverishes the Divine sap, to the harm of the fruits which are the true and valid virtues of the Christian life.’

True words and brave to be spoken by a Monsignore. Frank is the confession ; but the Bishop—God bless him !—hardly seems yet to have seen the heart and soul of things. The useless leafage he would tear down is really the outward

and visible growth of the inner and spiritual life, the soul of Popery. Christ would say: 'Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also.' Let us just imagine the Bishop attempting to tear down the useless, harmful, parasitic leafage at New Pompei! I rather think he would be puzzled where to begin. I fancy he would find that the whole tree must be plucked up by the roots; and then he must go home in despair. He would be more at home in his own diocese, amongst his own churches and his own clergy. How will he deal with the excessive worship of the Virgin there? Will he content himself with counselling his preachers, not to make their discourses effective with those legendary lies? But will his counsel be more potent than the force of interest and the desire of fame? How will he get the parish priests, the rectors of the churches, to drive from out the temple the traffickers in the authorized *divozioni*, and to overturn their altar-tables? Will he find it more easy to do this than he would find it possible to convince Signor Bartolo and the Dominican monks to forswear the legend of the grotto at Toulouse, and the gift of the Rosary to Dominic, and banish the whole Rosary affair, miraculous picture and all? Poor Bartolo would have to alter his loved escutcheon, with the sinking cross only upheld by the Rosary. Then the Sacred Heart would have to go, and Marguerite also. What about the legendary Purgatory? I think before the good Bishop had gone far he would find that his contest was not with leafage only, but with the very soul and life of Popery, with Vatican authority and Inquisitorial decree.

We know there are others, highly to be admired for scholarly endowment and for natural gifts, whose personal acquaintance with Italy and Italians, the Papacy, and Evangelical mission work, with priest and people, has been as intimate as ours, who think and write of Popery in a very different strain to the purport of our experimental exposition of Popery.

'It must be recognised that Popery is not Paganism.' We submit that we cannot tell whence this 'must be recognised' comes. Just the contrary seems to be the unanswerable testimony of all our studies. It seems so clear to us that

Popery is Paganism, practically Paganism—paganized Christianity, if you prefer the term. So far paganized that the salt has lost its savour, and that now, as in the days of Paul, we have to do with 'false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ; and no marvel,' says Paul, 'for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed into ministers of righteousness, whose end shall be according to their works.' 'The mystery of iniquity'—of lawlessness, if you will—'doth already work' (2 Thess. ii. 7), says Paul. It has been working ever since. It seems so clear to us—we trust we have made it clear to others—that Popery, as it is in this workaday world, as it is a living power, acting and reacting on the mind and conscience and life of the people around us, giving *lares et penates* to the homes of the rich and the poor, and saintly guardians to the villages and towns, to the city and the hamlet, and working by all devices, and engaging all interests to ensure the development of those very paganizing elements which we see growing stronger from day to day, is Paganism; this is Popery, living, and fatally energizing the religious and social life of to-day. You cannot describe as Popery the noble protests of men who themselves bewail the apostasy, and would do battle for the truth. You cannot call Popery the truths of fossilized creeds that, though the truth of God, have been transformed into a lie, and are only known to the people as they are falsely presented to the people.

We are thinking, when we speak of Popery, of the religion of the Romish Church, of Popery as it is—as it presents itself to the people, a ruling, dominant power in the conscience; as it is preached from the pulpits; as it is brought to bear on souls in the confessional; as it is wrought into the human spirit by Sacrament and daily services, public and private too; as it is idealized in picture, and represented in statuary—the Popery that revels in festas, and processions, and fireworks, and squibs, and rockets, and crackers, and duly authorized ceremonial, performed by approved officials of the Church; and this, not only as it appears at New Pompei

alone, though there you see it well, for New Pompei is a microcosm of Popery. In a sense New Pompei is Papal Rome, an image of the Romish world. All the great paganizing tendencies which Rome has used so skilfully in the 'rally' of late years, and which make New Pompei what she is, we have seen were given forth to the world by Papal infallibility. The Rosary, the glorification of St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the legendary follies, and what seem to us crude heresies, and damnable heresies too, have one and all the guarantee of Rome. So much for Popery. But we read on : 'It must be recognised that Popery is not Paganism, that the Roman Catholic Church holds enough of essential Christian truth, however deleteriously adulterated, for souls to breathe in and live by.'

We very gladly try to follow out the research for this modicum of essential Christian truth which the Roman Catholic Church holds. We suppose the writer refers to the great dogmatic truths, the great words of Jesus Christ—to God, immortality, redemption, reconciliation, salvation, life in Jesus Christ, life eternal; that he would remind us how Rome holds the great truths confessed in the creeds, especially in the Apostles' Creed; that she holds these truths enshrined in her Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist; and that, therefore, however deleteriously adulterated, Popery—viz., the Roman Catholic Church—is not Paganism, that the essential Christian truth she holds is enough for souls to breathe in and live by. We know this style of thought is supposed to be the very flower of the 'charity that suffereth long, and is kind, that hopeth all things, that believeth all things,' and gladly do we concede to those who differ from us in judgment and in expression, their possession of all sincerity and fidelity to truth, even when we think their verdict more kind than just, and when we ask for their guidance into the happy consciousness they have attained, that in the Roman Catholic Church of to-day 'there is enough of essential Christian truth for souls to breathe in and live by'; requesting also that they will recognise in those who ask their help the same sincerity and charity that we own in them.

Will they tell us where they find this sufficiency of 'essential Christian truth'? Is it in the history of the Christian Church, where stand recorded the names of those great followers of Christ—Augustine, Ambrose, Benedict, Francis Xavier, Francis of Assisi—men who really 'moved the world'? But are not these merely the names of an elect few, of men whose souls moved and worked in times of special vision, men who took part in mighty moral and providential movements, but who were too often trammelled and hindered by the way in which Rome held the 'deleteriously adulterated' truth? And these were the chosen few. But what of the multitude of unknown, obscure souls who must be 'quickened,' brought from death to life, before they can breathe at all?

The problem is not to be solved by a high appreciation of the noble character and life of certain great Saints whom Rome has canonized; not a few of these Saints in their lifetime were at variance with the Pope and the Papal Court, and warred against the godless spirit of the Papacy. The wonders of Xavier's apostolic life and successes, the ideal charm of Benedict's character and labours of love, the loving sacrifices and heroic achievements of the 'Poverello' of Assisi, do not prove that Rome holds and promulgates among the peoples the spirit and essence of Christian truth.

The real question does not concern the life and work of a Xavier, but the Jesuitry of to-day, and the peculiar Jesuitic manner of manipulating and perverting Christian truth. What is the spirit, what the working of the various Orders in whose ritual the 'essential truth' is enshrined?

We have seen something of the way in which Christian truth is held and given to the peoples of the earth by the threefold Orders of St. Dominic; we have learnt how the modicum of Christian dogmatic teaching is buried beneath rubbish-heaps of blasphemous idolatries, overgrown by legendary fiction, and garlanded by pious frauds.

Is not the truth held in an unknown tongue in which it cannot have free course and be glorified? Is there no moral obligation on us to be very sure of this 'holding enough'?

before we pronounce judgment, and turn the weighty key on a matter of such high importance ?

Is there no question as to whether the Roman Church has or has not so 'deleteriously adulterated' Christian truth as to contaminate the air in which souls breathe, so that the very atmosphere which should minister life is no longer the vital air of Spirit, but the deadly pestilential air of earth's stagnant lagoons ?

Is it not our plain duty to ascertain exactly where and how the Romish Church holds 'essential Christian truth,' and what care she takes that it shall reach those souls who to *live* must *breathe* ? Where is the sacred deposit held ? Is it held out to the people, or held in from them, imprisoned as it is in a dead language, which not one in ten of the faithful can understand ?

Are not these vital, saving truths only proffered to the believer as believable and intelligible, when illustrated by libraries of ancient Christian lore, by the 'Fathers' and the 'Doctors' of the Church ? Consequently the soul finds no resting-place, save through the oracular utterances of ecclesiastical authority and teaching ; and we have seen what that teaching results in--a paganized Christianity. The truth of God is held in poisoned vessels.

If we are told that we shall find the saving truths of the Gospel to be held in the Romish Missal and in the theatrical pageant of the Romish Mass, our reply will be crushing when we recall the fact how the one full, perfect, sufficient sacrifice and oblation of Himself made by Christ Jesus is associated in the Romish ceremonial with the 'self-sacrifice,' 'the merit,' the 'intercession' of Madonnas, Saints, and Angels, so that in Missal, Mass, and Church the atmosphere that souls 'breathe and live in' is changed from the vital air of life eternal into something truly deleterious. Nowhere in Rome's sanctuaries or ceremonies will you find Jesus Christ set forth as the only hope of the sinner, the one only refuge of the guilty !

We endeavour to make clear that this holding of the truth of God in unrighteousness, this burying it under a mass of

idolatrous error, is not the peculiar reproach of New Pompei ; the Sanctuary does but share in the shame of every Romish church and Romish altar, does but embody the false teaching of Missal and of Mass.

The Mass and the Missal alike sanction Madonna-worship, even as the Sacrament of Confession involves all the evils of the confessional.

Every error of Romish teaching has the highest ecclesiastical sanction, and is found embodied in authoritative Romish ritual, turning the streams of religious aspiration into the channel that pours into the treasury of Rome, at the disposal of him who, holding the 'weighty keys,' presents himself as God's almoner of salvation here on earth.

If we consult the Missal on the Festival of our Lord's Circumcision, we find that the Post-Communion prayer is to be offered, 'intercedente Beatæ Virginis Mariæ' (the Blessed Virgin Mary interceding).

In all the Marian festas of the year, such as the festas of the Mother of Mary, of the Espousals of Mary and Joseph, of the Annunciation, of the Purification of Mary, of the Name of Mary, of the Sorrows of Mary, not to enumerate many others consecrated to her glory, the sole aim is to exalt her to the deified rank of co-redemptress and saviour. In all these festas also the intervention of the Saints is implored.

Let our readers take note that the Rosary has full recognition in the Missal.

The Festa of the Rosary is the first Sunday in October. The *Introit* for that day reads: 'Salve, sancta parens, enixa puerpera Regem, qui cœlum terramque regit in secula seculorum!' (Hail, holy parent, who didst bring forth the King Who rules heaven and earth from everlasting to everlasting!) And the silent prayer is to be: 'Vivifa nos, quæsumus Domine, tui ipsius hostia salutaris: sanctissimæ Matris tuæ solemnia Rosarii recolentes' (Quicken us, we pray, O Lord, Thou of Thyself the saving victim; honouring again the solemnities of the Rosary of Thy Most Holy Mother).

Thus the Missal makes the Rosary and the Rosary mysteries

all its own, confirming them with the most sacred authority of the Mass.

The way in which 'essential truth' is held in the Breviary—that key and comment on the Missal which forms the daily study of the priesthood—we have already seen in the quotations referring to St. Dominic, St. Michael, St. Joseph, the Assumption, and other matters. One cannot but feel that the saving truths are most warily concealed from both priests and people.

We give one other quotation.

In the Breviary we look at the Office for the Festival of the Royal Saint, Francis III., a 'festa duplex major,' and find much said of the Saint's zeal for God and for the Church, of his 'magnanimity, clemency, and justice.' But he is specially praised for his persecution of the heretics, whom he would not suffer to live within his dominions. Such, we are told, was the fervour of his persecuting zeal that with his own hands he would gather and put in order the wood of which was built the pile on which heretics were to be burnt at the stake. Such is the 'clemency,' the 'justice,' approved and glorified in the official Breviary of Rome!

Is this the vital atmosphere in which souls may breathe and live?

Has not Rome rather changed the truth of God into a lie? Has she not transmuted the loving zeal of the Christian for God and man into the persecuting zealotry of the false Mary of the Rosary?

We look at the salvation of souls from a rather different standpoint.

It is this: The only breath which the soul of man can breathe and live by is the breath of God, in whom we live and move and have our being; even we, to whom the Gospel teaching lies wide open, revealing the essential saving truths of Christianity, unadulterated, all holy and all hallowing—we know that only the Spirit's life and love and power can bring those truths in saving might to our souls, and so we pray:

‘Breathe on me, breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do !
 Breathe on me, breath of God !
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity.’

The many tongues, the glowing fires, of Pentecost are faithful guarantee of the Saviour’s word fulfilled, and still being fulfilled day by day : ‘ When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will convince the world of sin, of righteousness, of judgment ’ (John xvi. 8). It is the world’s Pentecost, for Jesus has told us of the enlightenment and saving influences He hath sent on the whole world—on the Jewish world, on the Gentile world, on the world which the Romans and the Greeks looked on as barbarian. ‘ The Spirit bloweth where it listeth.’ Over the great wide field of human nature ; over the drear wastes of present-day Roman Catholicism ; over the bare steppes of Greek, Armenian, and Sister Churches ; over Mohammedanism ; beneath the crescent moon on Turkish soil ; in Afric’s forests ; over the dreamy Buddhism of Indian kingdoms and Chinese pagodas ; the Spirit works, not held in by Churches, or systems, or aught else : ‘ Its streams the whole creation reach.’

We know not *how* the Spirit blows, nor whence it comes, nor whither it goes. The ‘ how ’ we know not. It may be by secret influence, by dream, by vision, by the written Word, by light on conscience, by illumination on latent truth, by memory’s recollection, by utterance of friend or foe, by mysterious movements of secret thought, by sudden stirring of the awakened affections of the soul. If man can speak his mind to man, so assuredly can the Spirit of God who is Love speak to the spirit of man.

We do believe that the Divine Spirit speaks to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to those of other flocks and other folds than ours. Nay, does not the Spirit speak by acted love, by providential mercy, which has no other voice than the evidences of universal benevolence ?

We utter words of truth when we sing :

' The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.'

Our trust is in the instrumentality of Holy Scripture for the regeneration of the world. The return to the teaching of the Word of God it was which gave to Protestantism a living energy surpassing that of all other communions, and secured for Protestant nations and communities the foremost rank in the world's progress. Wherever Protestantism has become tainted with Romanism this vital energy is seen lessened. But the day of God is dawning, the powers of evil are waxing faint.

' Far and near, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit's new creating,
Love's pure flame, and Wisdom's light.'

ONE OF THE LATEST 'MIRACLES' OF NEW POMPEI

WE propose to give an outline of a recent and very notorious case lately dealt with in the Italian courts of law—a case which sheds a rather sinister light on the ways of both Church and city life in that New Pompei which is held up as an object-lesson in the reconstruction of society. Only through cases like this does the public obtain a real insight into the ways and working of ambitious devotees and wily ecclesiastics.

The case of Filomena Sposato, self-styled Marchesa Raimondo-Venezia, has presented only too vivid a picture of the private doings of the Dominican monks—not the Dominicans of New Pompei, but of Rome and Florence.

Filomena Sposato, after a rather lengthy absence, returned to her home in New Pompei a year or two ago. The Sposato family comprises Filomena's mother; her eldest brother, a priest engaged in the service of the Sanctuary; a second brother, employed in the Post-Office; a third, engaged in some business near Naples; and the illustrious Filomena herself. She found the atmosphere of New Pompei very congenial, and not less the society of the priests vowed to the work of the Sanctuary.

Filomena assumed all the airs of a great lady, but was noted to be rather too lavish of smiles and gracious looks; her manners hardly comported with the austere sanctity of the Madonna of New Pompei. Yet she managed to gain the goodwill of all, telling wonders of her wide experience in travel, vaunting her intimate relations with persons of high standing

in the clerical society of Rome, and announcing that she was on the point of establishing her claim to a large inheritance as niece of Cardinal Rampolla.

She posed as a person of great refinement and of high education, and affected the niceties of Tuscan pronunciation, though her native Apulian accent was still a little unmanageable. Unhappily for her exalted pretensions, it shortly became plain that she was affected with a painful, perhaps a fatal, malady—a foul disease had attacked her spine. The public prints gave a harrowing description of her pitiable condition. The terrible disease 'had robbed her flesh of its firmness, her cheeks of their roses; she was the mere shadow of her former self. . . . Only her dark, dark eyes retained their witchery; but their gaze was that of a dreamer, and seemed to forebode hysteria.'

Her medical attendant, who was unremitting in his visits, was Dr. Consiglio, of the neighbouring commune of Scafati.

Death seemed fast approaching. Filomena asked for and received the last Sacraments, and declared herself resigned to her fate. She seemed to be struggling in the last agony, and the news of her decease was daily looked for, when suddenly she appeared openly in the town, flushed and glowing with what seemed religious exaltation, apparently quite regenerated and transfigured. At every street corner she loudly proclaimed to the many who collected about her 'that the Holy Virgin of the Rosary, and her own patron Saint, Sta. Filomena di Mugnano, had raised her from her bed of sickness and restored her to health, in answer to the fervent supplications and vows which she had addressed to them in her extremity.'

She told her wondrous tale with the most touching, true-seeming earnestness. The miracle was highly applauded by the listening crowds, who praised and glorified the heavenly helper for having deigned to bow down to a sinful woman, that she might repent and live.

At this time a family of the name of Belingieri, from

Cotrone, was visiting New Pompei. The Belingieri were one of the richest and noblest families of Calabria, a branch of the Barons Belingieri, who have vast possessions in Calabria, on the Ionian coast, and in the great plains of the ancient Eraclea and Metaponto.

The ladies of this family heard of Filomena's story, and were deeply impressed. They sent for the heroine, wishing to hear her own account of the miracle. She told the tale with a charming simplicity; her eyes swam in tears, her voice trembled, all her being seemed to thrill as she gave utterance to her passionate gratitude for the heavenly blessings vouchsafed to her.

'The Madonna,' she said, 'appeared to me at midnight—the ceiling of the room seemed to split to give her passage—she commanded me to leave my bed. "Rise," she said; "I do not wish thee to die."'

The Baroness seemed quite hypnotized as she listened to Filomena, who possesses an insinuating, almost irresistible charm of discourse, and who went on to suggest that the room where the vision had appeared to her ought to be bought and set apart as holy (at her own expense), and an altar raised on the very spot where she had seen the Madonna standing after her descent through the roof. And such an altar was really set up, and solemnly consecrated by the Bishop, Monsignor Trotter, according to the report in the newspapers.

This miracle was blazoned abroad through the whole Roman Catholic world. It proved an excellent passport for La Sposato, who now gained what had hitherto been denied her—the *entrée* of the highest clerical circles of Rome. Having gained this end, she planned further exploits. The Naples *Mattino* says that the miracle was 'principally profitable to certain monks, Filomena's friends.'

Amongst these friends were two Dominicans officiating in the Sanctuary—Padre Cenani, a Florentine, and Padre Azzopardi, a Maltese. They praised her religious fervour with an enthusiasm that seemed almost excessive. Filomena had

thought it best to side with the Dominicans in their contest with Signor Longo, and had said much evil of the poor founder of the Sanctuary.

It seems, however, that Azzopardi, finding his close friendship with Filomena made a subject of unpleasant remark, has gone off to Malta, and Padre Cenani has also thought it well to disappear. It was said that his lady penitent kept him busied with her spiritual affairs rather too long and too late.

Says the *Mattino* : 'Signor Bianchi, the Delegato of Scafati, was apprised of "irregularities" connected with Filomena and her ghostly counsellors. A full and detailed report was sent by the Delegato to the Prætor at Angri, and by him referred to the Prefect of Salerno and Procuratore del Re.'

The great influence of the Dominican Order was, however, brought to bear on the case ; and the removal of Azzopardi to Malta and of Cenani to his convent of St. Miniato at Florence put a quiet and timely end to the scandal that seemed imminent.

La Sposato, deprived of the aid of her banished friends, still found her favour with the Madonna profitable, and induced various persons of the city to advance her the sums of money she needed.

A certain shadow of doubt, however, fell on her story of the miracle vouchsafed to her. The Dominicans in charge of the Sanctuary naturally wished to have the wonder properly authenticated, and applied to Filomena's physician, Dr. Consiglio, for the certificate that the recovery of his patient was a patent miracle. But the doctor, being honest and independent, refused their request. 'On all grounds of scientific evidence,' said he, 'what you ask is simply absurd.' The parish priest, the Rev. Gennaro Federico, expressed the same opinion. After these painful events Filomena found the little world of New Pompei too narrow, and took flight to the strange priestly and monkish world of Rome, and also visited Florence, equally interesting to one of her views.

